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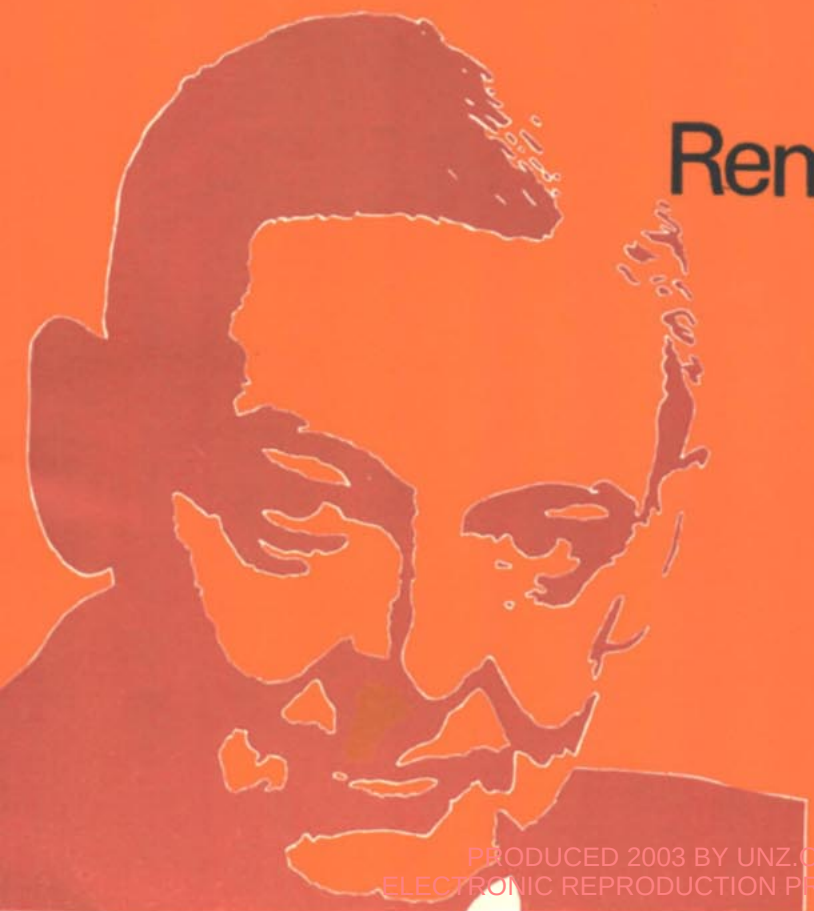

Remembering T S Eliot

Stephen Spender

edited by
Stephen Spender & Melvin J. Lasky
4s/75c April 1965

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Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

APRIL 1965 VOL. XXIV NO. 4

ASSISTANT EDITORS: *Margot Walmsley, John Mander, John Gross.* BUSINESS MANAGER: *Derek S. Dyerson*

Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1. 4s. a copy (USA & Canada 75c. India Rs. 1.50). Postage: 6d. Annual subscription (inc. postage): 50s: USA & Canada $8.50: India Rs.18. Six months: 27s. $4.50: Rs.11. Subscription & Trade department: Rolls House Publishing Co. Ltd. Breams Buildings London EC4 (Holborn 5708). US & Canadian subscriptions: British Publications Inc. 30 East 60th Street New York NY 10022 US newsstand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. 485 Fifth Avenue, New York 17 (MU 7-2645). Binders (for six copies) available from 25 Haymarket SW1, 13s. or $2.00 each. © *1965 by Encounter Ltd.*

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Stephen Spender

Remembering Eliot

IN *World Within World* I wrote that I first met Eliot in 1930 when he invited me to lunch at a London restaurant. I had forgotten that the first meeting must have been at University College, Oxford, when he addressed an undergraduate club, the Martlets, on Wednesday, May 16th, 1928. There was a dinner, at the end of which the menu was passed round and signed by all present. I still have this menu, with Eliot's autograph; that I should have kept it bears witness to the aura Eliot's name already had for undergraduate poets. Eliot attended the meeting of the Martlets, on the condition that he should not give an address, but would answer questions only. Inevitably, the club being half literary, half philosophical, the discussion turned to the problem, "How can we *prove* that a work of art is beautiful?...."

"...One generation's taste is another generation's vomit. How, then, can a work of art stand outside the changing value which it has in the mind of human generations?.... How can we be sure that there is a consciousness in which *Hamlet* and the Acropolis forever remain the same and constant in their truth and beauty?...."

T., an undergraduate who was reading philosophy and who grew tenser and tenser in his cups, and more and more voluble about Santayana, said that he did not believe there could be any absolute aesthetic criterion unless there was God. Eliot bowed his head in that almost praying attitude which I came to know well, and murmured something to the effect of: "That is what I have come to believe."

ALREADY, in 1928, T. S. Eliot was a legend to the young poets. Now, when his poems seem almost inseparable from the explanations of them, may be a good time to recall the attitude of young writers to him a few years after the publication of *The Waste Land*.

The notices that appeared after his death show that there is a danger of two opposing attitudes towards him becoming crystallised. The one, that he was the Grand Master of the academy of allusiveness and strategy in deploying influences in modern poetry, and that his attitudes and beliefs do little more than provide occasion for him to push forward the "frontiers of language." The other view is that he was a once-revolutionary poet turned reactionary in politics, narrow-minded (and anti-semitic) in his culture, and obscurantist in religion. In case this second view seems overstated, the reader can consult the correspondence columns of the *New Statesman* a week after Eliot's death. And I may add that when I said recently to a well-known Oxbridge don that I thought it strange that no member of the cultural branch of the present government—neither Miss Jennie Lee nor Lord Snow—had attended the Westminster Abbey Memorial Service to Eliot, he replied that it was entirely appropriate that a man with the liberal views of C. P. Snow should have abstained from paying homage to the author of the unfortunate *Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar*.

I think there is a danger of people interpreting the whole of Eliot's development as the unfolding of a predetermined pattern. Philip Toynbee (in *The Observer*) seemed to suggest that Eliot conformed to the pattern of Wordsworth: the revolutionary who becomes a reactionary, disappointing his followers. Most recent critics seem to read Eliot's conversion of 1927 into *The Waste Land* which was published in 1922. They do not seem to reflect that if Joyce had, like Graham Greene, written novels of wry Catholic orthodoxy, instead of *Finnegans Wake*, they would have been reading his reversion into *Ulysses* (which has already been interpreted by

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an American critic as a hymn to the sacrament of marriage, as perhaps it may be).

With all its virtues, the danger of critical analysis is that in tracing the graph of a writer's development it arrives at a pattern which looks like a rigid plan. Eliot lends himself particularly to this kind of treatment on account of declarations like the famous one about his being royalist and Catholic, and the still more famous one about the "progress of an artist" being "a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality." Yet the position of an artist is decided not just by himself but by an interaction between his work and his readers at various times. Part of the effect which a poem or a painting has is not what people think about it forty years later, but what they thought and felt about it when it was painted or written. In deciding, for example, whether *The Waste Land* adumbrates a Christian orthodoxy which became clarified in the *Four Quartets*, I. A. Richards' view (put forward in 1926) that it was a poetry "severed from all beliefs" should be taken into account just as much as the view of someone today who using hindsight sees *The Waste Land* almost as a Christian poem. A different evolution of Eliot's ideas was possible, and if it had happened, would have made Richards right. Incidentally, if Eliot's own views are to be considered, I once heard him say to the Chilean poet Gabriela Mistral that at the time when he was writing *The Waste Land*, he seriously considered becoming a Buddhist. A Buddhist is as immanent as a Christian in *The Waste Land*.

In 1927 and 1928 writers like Eliot and D. H. Lawrence had not undergone any rigorous process of critical evaluation. They had their supporters and detractors, that was about all—except that the supporters seemed on the side of "the future" and the detractors against it. One effect of the comparative lack of analytic discussion of contemporary writers was that we tended to relate poetry and fiction by living writers directly to the world around us, and to our own behaviour. We did not ask ourselves whether a work was in line with the Great Tradition. We felt drawn to it if it was about the world we knew we lived in, the things that deeply concerned us, and—if we wanted to write—written in a way that seemed to help us to do so.

For example, it never occurred to us that Lawrence was a novelist in the Great Tradition, in direct line with the Organic Community by way of a puritan chapel-going culture, which was a hotter line connecting with the past, than T. S. Eliot's one of the Anglican communion.

This lack of critical evaluation prevented us perhaps from understanding the wealth of reference, the allusiveness of contemporary writing. But the fact that, if a poem or novel seemed living, we felt the presence of a force challenging us, made discussion lively. We were divided in our views about Lawrence, because although we were agreed that he was one of those very rare writers who can make the reader feel alive beyond the surroundings of his room and his armchair—we also were agreed that Lawrence's main purpose in writing was to recommend behaving in a Lawrentian way. While I, for one, felt romantically drawn by this, most of my friends felt differently. Alec Grant—one of those whose autograph is on the menu of that Martlets meeting—said, after reading *The Plumed Serpent*, that after all what Lawrence stood for was "a dervish dance."

Lawrence, indeed, did seem to be addressing us forthrightly, sometimes too much so. He wrote poems sneering at our "superior Oxford" voices. And in *Sea-Bathers* he slammed the whole younger generation:—

> *Oh, the handsome bluey-brown bodies, they might just as well be gutta percha,*
> *and the reddened limbs red india rubber tubing, inflated,*
> *and the half-hidden private parts just a little brass tap, rubinetto,*
> *turned on for different purposes.*

This would seem hitting below the belt anyone determined on cool detached critical appraisal. Perhaps this is why—apart from that frenetic trial of *Lady Chatterley*—there has been no sustained attempt to fit the later Lawrence into the approved Lawrence canon.

Even Eliot could be less than helpful if one tried to "explicate" him. In 1929, there was a meeting of the Oxford Poetry Club at which he was the guest of honour. Before it, some of us arranged a separate meeting with Father M. C. D'Arcy, with whom we studied the text of *Ash Wednesday*, just published. Some points were not cleared up, and at the later meeting an undergraduate asked Eliot: "Please, Sir, what do you mean by the line: '*Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper tree*'?" Eliot looked at him and said: "I mean, '*Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper tree.*'..."

This was not altogether a fair reply, indeed it was flirtatious, considering that Eliot had surely opened himself to this kind of question about

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his poetry with the notes to *The Waste Land*. Yet later he gave as his reason for adding those notes that Leonard and Virginia Woolf considered the poem rather short for the volume they were printing, so he added them; much as he explained to me once that some of the poems in his first volume were only there because the book seemed so short. In the notes to *The Waste Land*, there is a good example of the kind of interpretation leading away from the poetic image to the literary reference which Eliot seemed to be taking exception to when he mildly snubbed the undergraduate at the Poetry Club. One note tells us: "... the one-eyed merchant, seller of currants, melts into the Phoenician Sailor, and the latter is not wholly distinct from Ferdinand Prince of Naples...."

Now this all too easily might cause the student who reads the explanation first (and the trouble now is that nearly everyone reads about the poem before he reads the poem) to write in his note-book: "One-eyed merchant = Phoenician Sailor = Ferdinand Prince of Naples." But it is far more important to see the Phoenician sailor as a white, new-drowned corpse, devoured by fishes, than to see him as a concept. The fact that this section of the poem is a translation of an earlier poem of Eliot, written in French, confirms the suspicion that the linking up is an arbitrary cinematic effect like a "fade-in." We saw the Phoenician Sailor as the Phoenician Sailor.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, sensitive undergraduates worried a lot about what was "real." It would take too long to analyse all we meant by this. But looking back I can see that the concern with being "real" or "unreal" arose because we felt ourselves to be living in a contemporary reality from which we were somehow shut out by circumstances. One aspect of this reality was the events which had produced the War and the General Strike, and were later to produce the slump and Fascism, leading into yet another world war. The sense of *entre deux guerres* was pervasive, though not fully conscious, and this contributed to the sense of unreality. The other aspect was the feeling that we were prevented in some way from becoming, intellectually and physically, ourselves. We were encouraged by the writings of D. H. Lawrence and vague intimations of psycho-analysis, to think that we might discover our real instinctual selves through sex.

When we looked at what was being written, we instantly felt that some writers were concerned with the problem of "reality" and that others were not. From our undergraduate viewpoint, writers fell roughly into three groups.

(1) The generally approved Book-Society-Chosen novelists and poetical poets who were names to us, mostly respected, not thought about critically, but who, though we thought of their work as literature, did not seem to touch our lives at any point.

(2) Writers who were experimental, concerned with being new at all costs, and whom we connected in our minds with new painting, new sculpture, new music, new art movements in Paris and Berlin.

(3) Writers who were directly or indirectly concerned with our own problem of living in a history which though real was extremely difficult to apprehend, and with the problems of living real lives.

The first group included Georgian poets and the novelists praised week after week by Gerald Gould, J. C. Squire, Frank Swinnerton, *et al.* in *The Observer* and *Sunday Times*. The second group included Gertrude Stein, Edith Sitwell, E. E. Cummings and experimental writers in the little, mostly Paris-published, magazines. Also, the occasionally published fragments of James Joyce's Work in Progress, and puzzling cantos of Ezra Pound which were beginning to appear in rare editions.

The third group included the James Joyce of *Ulysses*, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster, W. B. Yeats (when *The Tower* appeared) and T. S. Eliot. So *The Waste Land* was exciting in the first place because it was concerned with the life which we felt to be real. It carried the equipment of the world beyond the screen, a landscape across which armies and refugees moved.

To us, in 1928, it very definitely made a pronouncement. It pronounced doom. The poet also had the sense of our problems. For him sex seemed to be rather sordid, involving "Stockings, slippers, camisoles and stays." "The young man carbuncular" who assaulted "the typist home at teatime" had a great deal in common with any undergraduate who went down to London and had a whore in a bed-sittingroom, returning, in time to climb in to college, by the train called "the fornicator."

We connected *The Waste Land* in our minds with other great modern works of destruction and evil: Proust's volume *Sodome et Gomorrhe*; various German novels appearing about this

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time, notably Hermann Broch's *The Sleepwalkers*; and current philosophies of doom—the most famous of which was Spengler's now rather discredited *Decline of the West*.

Read together with *The Sacred Wood*, Eliot's poetry combined plunging into a world of chaos and absurdity with a *"rappel à l'ordre."*

APART FROM THE CONCERN with "reality," various catchwords of the time are revealing: for instance, "symptomatic," by which was meant that writing must not only be technically interesting but also be significant in relation to the time; and, a bit later, catching on, I think, from Leavis' *New Bearings in English Poetry*, "contemporary sensibility." There was a great deal of discussion about the concept of a "new synthesis." In the Auden-Day Lewis Introduction to *Oxford Poetry 1927*, the editors allot to poets a role in achieving a new synthesis.

> Emotion is no longer necessarily to be analysed by "recollection in tranquillity": it is to be prehended emotionally and intellectually at once. And this is of most importance to the poet: for it is his mind that must bear the brunt of the conflict and may be the first to realise the new harmony. . . .

In 1927 Eliot was the poet who seemed, in *The Waste Land*, to be fulfilling this role.

The charge of "intellectualisation" was at the centre of the subsequent battle round Eliot. That he was an intellectual was precisely the complaint of his opponents, who felt that poetry should not be intellectual.

In June 1935, *New Verse* cited some opinions of contemporaries about poets, collected by a New Zealand journalist, Ian Donnelly, and published in a book called *The Joyous Pilgrimage*. A foremost novelist is quoted as saying: "The trouble is that all these people (i.e. Day Lewis, Auden, Spender and the rest) have been influenced by T. S. Eliot, and Eliot is definitely a bad influence. He is donnish, pedantic, cold. He is an example of the over-educated American, and Henry James was another. It would have been better for contemporary English literature if Eliot had stayed in Louisville, or wherever he came from." Humbert Wolfe: "Eliot is a poet who cannot write poetry. He has a great mind, but spiritually and intellectually, he is musclebound." Blunden: "I don't know why Eliot should feel so badly about things. There is no reason why he should have to write in that 'I-cannot-be-gay' manner. He did not have to go through the war."

These quotations sum up pretty well the literary establishment's dislike for Eliot even as late as 1935.

Today one can feel envious of a poet who is attacked by adversaries whose function seems to be to define only their own incomprehension, making themselves the foil to his intelligence.

Their mistake was to think that the intellect is necessarily cold. If Eliot had been cold we would not have been drawn to him. The fact is, of course, that his intellect burned white hot. What attracted the young poets to *The Waste Land* was that rhythmically the language was so exciting. To say this is to say a great deal, for rhythmic excitement of the order of *The Waste Land* is rare in poetry, and not necessary to it. What is necessary is that rhythm should be interesting, unique to the poet, the handwriting of his sensibility, even of something beyond sensibility, the indefinable quality of his being. All Eliot's poetry has uniqueness and interest, but *The Waste Land* does more than hold the reader's interest and admiration, it makes the poetry become a passion to the reader. When this happens with a poet, his readers take up an entirely new attitude to him. Of modern poets, one could see it happen to Yeats when he published *The Tower* which has rhythmic excitement. Although what is now perhaps Yeats' most famous poem, *The Second Coming*, was written as early as 1922, it was not until *The Tower* that readers really woke up to the fact that Yeats had emerged completely from the Celtic Twilight, and from being a minor had become a major poet of the present century.

ONE LEARNED from *The Sacred Wood* of Eliot's views about tradition. But I myself enjoyed reading *The Sacred Wood* as I might any excellent critical essay, relishing particularly the quotations from the Elizabethans. It was not *The Sacred Wood* so much as the rhythmic excitement of *The Waste Land* and *The Tower* which really gave me an appetite to look for the same excitement in past poetry. It is a quality so present in the Elizabethans that when one is young one can be deluded for a time into thinking Webster and Tourneur almost as great as Shakespeare. I found it in Donne's epistles, in *Samson Agonistes*, and in passages of *The Prelude*. It occurs in one poem of Dylan Thomas (*In Memory of Anne Jones*). It is the lack of it

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in Pound that caused Yeats to say to me once that he considered his poetry "static."

Apart from *The Waste Land*, Eliot's only poem which has this quality is *Gerontion*, which after *The Waste Land* is his poem the most Elizabethan in feeling. One might say that intellect in Eliot is Dantesque, but up to the *Four Quartets*, the passion is Elizabethan.

WE FORMED A mental picture of Eliot. He was the poet/anti-poet—if long hair, long country walks, shaggy tweeds, beer and bread and cheese made a poet, as one gathered they did from the Georgians. For us, his private life was summed up in the line "the awful daring of a moment's surrender"; and apart from his pin-stripe suits, rolled umbrella, short hair and ordinary man's job in a bank, his poetry had a good many stage properties, of a slightly music hall kind: the boarding house, Doris padding with bare feet down the passages, the seaside, and the beach.

The bank clerk image was superseded by that of the editor of *The Criterion*. The loss of romantic appeal was compensated for by the possibility of being published by Eliot, of meeting him.

The secret of Eliot's influence over the young lay in a paradox of his personality. With a gesture of reversing current theories about the self-expressing poet, he dramatised a necessary shift in sensibility, from a subjective concern with the poet's self, to an objective one with the values of a civilisation endlessly created in men's minds. He wrote a new, a really new poetry, which set up connections with the old, the really old. He was more inimitable than any other modern poet (as would-be imitators find to their cost) yet more could be learned from his theory and practice than from any other writer. This man who seemed so unapproachable was the most approached by younger poets—and the most helpful to them—of any poet of his generation. Whoever had the will and intelligence to do so, could grasp the principles by which he worked and lived, could read what he had read, could understand what he believed. All this was far more important than whether one agreed with all his opinions. One could see the relevance of his relation to the time in which he lived, and to the past. Religiously, poetically and intellectually, this very private man kept open house. And all the rooms, and the garden, made clear sense. Yet in spite of all this, he was sly, ironic, a bit cagey, a bit calculating perhaps, the Eliot whom Ezra Pound called "old Possum."

AT THE MARTLETS we glimpsed the Eliot of whom it was rumoured that he was being converted to Christianity. But at this time the unredeemed Eliot whom we got from the early poetry seemed more real to us. And there was some evidence in his lesser works for the existence of a street-haunting dandified night-bird Eliot. Undergraduates who went to Paris came back with copies of Charles-Louis Philippe's *Bubu of Montparnasse*, with an Introduction by T. S. Eliot. Then, later, there was the Eliot who advocated Djuna Barnes' *Nightwood*, and who admired the *Tropic of Cancer* of Henry Miller. Of course, these were literary judgments, but they also contained an obscure element of empathy.

Our next meeting was the one I have described in the restaurant, which took place in 1930. Eliot inquired rather searchingly about my attitude towards my work. I said I wanted to be a poet, adding also that I wanted to write stories and novels. He said that if one wanted to write poetry one could not write anything else creative. I said: "What about Hardy?" He said he thought that Hardy's poems were amateur. "Then what about Goethe?" "I have always considered Goethe rather an extreme case of Hardy." This was not meant altogether seriously, for later (in March 1932) he wrote to me that he liked Goethe's poetry but was bored by most of his prose, with the exception of one magnificent book, "the invaluable *Conversations with Eckermann*." This was the year of Goethe's centenary. And he went on: "What I chiefly dislike about Goethe is the fact that he is having a centenary. I always dislike everybody at the centenary moment. . . ."

When Eliot talked about poetry it was as the one wholly serious activity to which a poet should devote his life. He didn't speak of it as though it were a kind of by-product of being born with a poetic gift. The phrase so often heard from the mouths of Georgian poets, "in these lines there is a true poet," would have meant nothing to him. The question would be—"are the lines poetry?" Poetry required concentration, dedication and work. There was also a place for magic and inspiration, but I think one of the things that marked the difference of Eliot from the Georgian poets was that they thought that inspiration and magic preceded work, he thought that work preceded magic and inspiration. He once mentioned in a letter that he found he began a poem "with a rhythm." This being so, it is evident that a part of writing

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poetry is a kind of perpetual listening, waiting for the rhythm. One of the things that may prevent one writing poetry or that may coarsen one's writing is filling one's mind with the rhythms of prose fiction.

The other thing I remember from that first luncheon is his answer when I asked him what future he foresaw for our civilisation. "Internecine fighting.... People killing one another in the streets...."

AT THIS POINT I should emphasise that although I knew him for a long time, I did not know Eliot well. A few times when he was sharing a flat with his devoted friend and adviser John Hayward, my wife and I dined with him and Hayward, and after his very happy second marriage we dined two or three times with him and his wife. But between 1930 and the outbreak of war I never went to see him at any rooms where he was living. He was rather hierarchical by temperament, and in the hierarchy of his friends I was certainly in an outer circle. On the other hand, he was consistently kind and even affectionate with me. Also—and I expect that others who knew him as much or as little as I did, will understand what I mean—although at the time when one spoke with him or even received a letter from him he never seemed to reveal anything of his feelings and personality, when one added up a sum of impressions got from being with him, they were very revealing of his attitudes, if never of his personal life.

His conversation could be dry and factual, and if early on one got on to some unpropitious subject—the weather or the sales of poetry—he might pursue it remorselessly, like a tram going through a slum. Rather drab yet not unmusical dialogue which occasionally breaks into a shrewd observation or characterisation, or irony —a bit sententious in tone—characterises some passages of the plays. And his conversation was often like this. Some people were disappointed or bored, but to me his conversation always seemed music. His talk had a subdued metric quality which held my attention, as in the line made at tea once I have quoted elsewhere: "I daren't take cake, and jam's too much trouble." He made shrewd observations in his manner of gravely considering the problem: "I've often noticed that it isn't what's said in a review that matters, but the length of the review." When he laughed he bent his head forward and looked down at the table or floor and seemed to chuckle inwardly. He had a peculiar brand of sharp comment, without malice, almost affectionate, and yet to the point. Of that first conversation with me, Allen Tate has reported his saying: "I noticed that Spender spoke of wanting to be a poet, not of writing poems." Of all my generation, he most admired Auden, but once when we were praising Auden's criticism, he said: "All the same, he's not a scholar." "Why?" "I was reading an Introduction by him to a selection of Tennyson's poems, in which he says that Tennyson is the stupidest poet in the language. Now if Auden had been a scholar he'd have been able to think of some stupider poets...." And of the anarchism of his friend Herbert Read, whom he loved and esteemed very highly: "Sometimes when I read Herbert's inflammatory anarchist pamphlets I have the impression that I am reading the pronouncements of an old-fashioned nineteenth-century liberal." He said that James Joyce was the man the most completely centred on his own inner world he had ever known. We were talking about a book which had just appeared on his *Four Quartets*, and he said slyly: "Sometimes it occurs to me that people when they think that they are writing about my poetry, are really writing about the kind of poetry they would have wished to write."

He was very deeply concerned for others. He once told me that he had always felt disturbed and unhappy that a contemporary of his at Harvard, Conrad Aiken, had had so little success as a poet. "I've always thought that he and I were equally gifted, but I've received a large amount of appreciation, and he has been rather neglected. I can't understand it. It seems unjust. It always worries me."

THE VERY ELUSIVENESS of Eliot's poetry and character—of which one occasionally caught glimpses like the vivid blue flash of a kingfisher's wing—fascinated, so that younger poets when they met him gathered up Eliotana like crumbs that fell from the table. Aden, who was staying with me in Hampstead in 1929, went to see Eliot about the publication of his verse play *Paid on Both Sides* and waited an hour in a waiting room at Faber & Faber. In 1930 Wynyard Browne when he was an undergraduate had the temerity to call at the Eliots' home. A lady opened the front door, asked him what he wanted, and on hearing "Mr. Eliot" wailed "Why, oh why, do they all want to see my husband!" and slammed the door in his face.

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During the war, at Eliot's request, I gave a lecture about Yeats to something called The Tomorrow Club at which Eliot took the chair for me (I have a vague impression that he did this as the price for avoiding giving a lecture himself). It was terribly embarrassing to stand there talking with Eliot sitting a yard behind me, to the side. I wrote out the whole lecture, as though it were an essay for a tutor. Before going to the hall where I had to speak, Eliot took me to dinner at his club. Sherry, wine, and brandy with the meal. I was so overcome by the liquor and my awe that whenever in the course of my lecture I came across the name W. B. Yeats, I said, "T. S. Eliot," and then turned to the chairman and said, "Sorry, I meant W. B. Yeats."

AMONG THE FEW NOTES I made of Eliot's conversation, the only ones I can find are about the first meeting of Eliot with Igor Stravinsky, which Nicolas Nabokov asked me to arrange. In them, Stravinsky steals the show, but that he should have done so is also characteristic of Eliot:

> I drove Eliot to the Savoy. He was in a good humour. The conversation was carried on mostly in English, though some of it was in French which Eliot talks slowly and meticulously. Stravinsky started talking about his health. He complained that all the doctors told him to do different, sometimes quite opposite, things. He suffered from an excessive thickness of the blood. Moving his hands as though moulding an extremely rich substance, he said: "They say my blood is so thick, so rich, so very rich, it might turn into crystals, like rubies, if I didn't drink beer, plenty of beer, and occasionally whisky, all the time." Eliot said that a pint of beer did him less harm in the middle of the day than two glasses of red wine. Stravinsky returned to the subject of the thickness of his blood.
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> Eliot said meditatively: "I remember that in Heidelberg when I was young I went to a doctor and was examined, and the doctor said: 'Mr. Eliot, you have the thinnest blood I've ever tested'."
>
> Stravinsky talked about Auden writing the libretto of *The Rake's Progress*. He said it went marvellously. Auden arrived at the Stravinskys' house in Hollywood, ate an enormous dinner and drank much wine, went to bed at exactly half past ten, and then was up at 8 the next morning ready to listen to Stravinsky's ideas. No sooner were these divulged than he started writing the libretto. He would think of something, write it, then ask himself where it could be fitted in, pulling out lines and phrases, and finding places in which to insert them, as though he were fitting the pieces into a puzzle. After consulting with Chester Kallman, within a few days Auden returned the libretto, neatly typed out. Only minor alterations had to be made, and Stravinsky only had to suggest that there was some difficulty somewhere and the solution to the problem would arrive by return of post.
>
> Stravinsky started talking about the annoyance of publicity. A reporter had rung up and suggested coming to his hotel to take down notes of his reaction to the performance of one of his works on the B.B.C. Vera Stravinsky chipped in here and said: "We explained that we never listen to the radio." Stravinsky added a terse comment on the British conductor.
>
> Eliot asked him what he did when people wrote asking for photographs.
>
> Stravinsky said he did not send them, because they cost money. He said that when he was in Venice where a choral work of his was performed in St. Mark's, *Time* had created a link between him and T. S. Eliot by captioning their review of it: "Murder in the Cathedral." He said that after this performance, he waited 25 minutes so that the crowds might disperse, and then, accompanied by friends, walked out into the piazza. There were very few people by this time, but as he walked across the square, a few people seated at tables saw him and started clapping. He said he was extremely touched. The performance had been broadcast through amplifiers into the square, and these people, most of them young, had waited in order to applaud.
>
> I asked Eliot how it felt to address 14,000 people at a meeting in Louisville. He said: "Not 14,000—13,523. As I walked on to the platform which was in the largest sports stadium there, I felt like a very small bull walking into an enormous arena. As soon as I had started talking, I found it much easier to address several thousand people than a very small audience. One has not the slightest idea what they are thinking, one sees no features of any face, and one feels exactly as if one were speaking to an anonymous unseen audience through a broadcast system. They all seemed very quiet, but I could not tell how they reacted. . . ."

AFTER OUR FIRST two or three meetings in the early 'thirties, I was abroad, in Germany and Austria for a good deal, and we corresponded by mail. When one received a letter from Eliot, often it seemed flat and impersonal (and indeed most of these letters are purely about business) but on re-reading them a good deal stands out that is revealing both of his own work and of his wish to help and advise a young man. "I confess that personally I take so little interest in novels that I am inclined to deplore your devoting so much time to prose, instead of poetry"—this is a theme he returns to several times. His criticism of my writing is thoughtful, sympathetic, encouraging. There are flashes of self-revelation. He

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writes that he is very glad I am listening to the posthumous Quartets of Beethoven. "I have the A minor Quartet on the gramophone, and find it quite inexhaustible to study. There is a sort of heavenly or at least more than human gaiety about some of his later things which one imagines might come to oneself as the fruit of reconciliation and relief after immense suffering; I should like to get something of that into verse before I die." (March 28th, 1931.)

I have written above that I could never seriously disapprove of Eliot as a "reactionary." But in the spring of 1932 I seem to have written him a letter attacking the Church, calling religion an "escape" from social struggle. He quoted this letter in a broadcast (which I did not hear) and writes excusing himself for doing so without my permission. In his letter he answers some of the points I had raised. He points out that religion is a less effective escape than that used by thousands who "escape by reading novels, by looking at films, or best of all, by driving very fast on land or in air, which makes even dreams unnecessary." He asks me whether I mean what I say when I write associating "chastity, humility, austerity, and discipline" with school-room chapels. "If people really knew what the words mean, they would lock up or deport anyone who pronounced them." Events of coming years in Germany (and those to-day in South Africa) prove that there was some truth in this.

In 1933 I published a review attacking some of his views in *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*. I felt miserable at doing so, and wrote to him apologising. He replied: "Your criticisms are much milder than my own; in fact you give me the impression of having gone as far as possible to be generous; perhaps too far." He then goes on to point out that some of my attack is based on my not understanding when he is being ironic. "In short, your only weakness consists in taking the lectures too seriously."

In a letter (May 9th, 1935) about my critical volume *The Destructive Element*, he is severe with me whilst also being severe with his own *After Strange Gods* (though he also writes that he thinks his criticism in that volume is more interesting than his early work; later he came to dislike it more than any other book he had published). He says the danger of this kind of criticism is that one reads in order to prove one's point. "I was not guiltless of that," and he insists that it is necessary to "know one's authors from cover to cover—and I didn't," adding with courteous irony, "I am not quite sure that you did either." "You ought to have read every scrap of James before trying to fit him into any social theory... you don't really criticise any author to whom you have never surrendered yourself." And: "Even just the bewildering minute counts; you have to give yourself up, and then recover yourself, and the third moment is having something to say, before you have wholly forgotten both surrender and recovery. Of course the self recovered is never the same as the self before it was given."

Applying these principles to his own work, he thinks his essays on Jonson, Tourneur, and Bradley good, that on Machiavelli "rubbish." He thinks that a study of Henry James' story, *The Friends of the Friends*, would make "otiose and irrelevant your questions about James' virility." Rather astonishingly he pronounces that "James wasn't an American" because, although he had an acute sense of contemporary America, he had "no American Sense of the Past." Eliot adds about his own America that "*our* America came to an end in 1829, when Andrew Jackson was elected president," and he qualifies what he has said about James by adding that James had unconsciously "*acquired*, though not inherited, something of the American tradition. He was not a descendant of the witch-hangers."

Looking back, I see that in my twenties I was too much in awe of Eliot to realise how much trouble he was taking in seeing me and writing to me. Being over-impressed by others makes one fail to take seriously what they have to give, because one cannot really believe they take one seriously. It is almost a form of ingratitude.

ELIOT WAS A MAN with the highest standards, in his poetry, his criticism, and his behaviour to others. I think it is worth while to draw a contrast between his attitude towards young writers and that of the magazine *Scrutiny* which also maintained and presented high standards. Eliot encouraged, talked with, wrote to young poets. He may have been too kind, too generous, he may have made mistakes, and one (I deliberately choose the impersonal pronoun) may not have deserved his charity and trust. *Scrutiny* took none of the risks involved in charitable judgment; which did not prevent them in the exceptional cases, where they went all out to use one or two reputations as sticks with which to beat others, from making glaring

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mistakes. Their frequent policy with young writers was to destroy a reputation before it was made. It was bad enough that a young poet had been published at all, but at least they could do their best to prevent their readers liking him. Moreover, the publication of their literary periodical was also bound up with theories of education. Young men reviewing were given editorial instruction as to the lines on which they should attack other young writers.

In pointing out how immensely concerned Eliot was, I want to emphasise that there are ways of encouraging literature other than being intolerant to beginners. The reason why this may be a good occasion to do so is that the English Schools in the new universities are likely to play an extremely influential role in criticism of contemporary writing during the next few years. The power of English teachers will extend beyond the universities to the B.B.C., the British Council, and to literary periodicals. They really have to choose between the methods of *The Criterion* and those of *Scrutiny*. Not that *Scrutiny* was not admirable in criticising and drawing attention to works which the editors liked. Referring back to Eliot's letter about my early essay on James, one might say that *Scrutiny* performed the greatest services in appreciating and criticising some dead and a very few living writers when its critics had accepted and read them in their entirety.

SO TO OUR GENERATION, Eliot was the poet of poets, closer to us than Yeats though Yeats might be "greater." We looked to the poetry, and all disagreements about the opinions seemed superficial and could be shrugged off. As a man we thought of him as sophisticated, ironic, erudite, serious, but approachable and friendly, though keeping one at a distance. On account of his seriousness, his lack of emphasis on cleverness, he seemed less alarming than, for example, Lytton Strachey, who could soar far above one with his wit and then follow this up with the depth-charge of one of his famous prolonged silences. Other than Eliot the only two older writers who made themselves *present* to contemporaries twenty years younger were E. M. Forster and Virginia Woolf.

It was astonishing to discover that to his immediate contemporaries, Eliot was a subject for endless anecdotes, in which he appeared extraordinary (that was the Bloomsbury word—*"extraordinary"*) for his naïveté. It was not at all that they did not appreciate his genius, nor feel, indeed, extremely fond of him. But they doubted whether he put "personal relations" as high in the scale of values as they did, and they disapproved of his being religious.

Recently I questioned a lady who knew Eliot well from 1913 onwards. The first time she met him was at Bosham in Sussex. She described him as wearing white flannels, standing by the shore looking out at the waves. Her family and the Eliots went on picnics together. What struck her about the young Mr. Eliot was his inability to express himself conversationally, to enter into personal relationships. She thought he knew little about other people. His first wife, who had been a dancer (she was called by someone the "river girl"), was gay, talkative, a chatter-box. She wanted to enjoy life, found Eliot inhibiting and inhibited, yet worshipped him. (One knows tragedies of the too-light-hearted tied to the too-serious.) There was a time when the Eliots separated, and Eliot lived by himself, wore a monocle, was known to the neighbours as Captain Eliot.

I asked her whether she thought that Prufrock and the other "I" characters of the early poems were self-portraits. "Oh, no," she said, "they weren't him. They were characters in a scene which he thought represented what life was like. Prufrock and 'the young man carbuncular' who seduces the typist with 'her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,' were vignettes of what he thought real people to be. They weren't his own life, not at all."

Aldous Huxley used to describe Eliot taking dancing lessons, rolling back the carpet of his flat and seriously fox-trotting with his wife. He went to dances at the Hammersmith *Palais de Danse*. "When I visited him at his bank," said Aldous Huxley, "he was the most bank clerky of all bank clerks. He was not on the ground nor even on the floor under that, but in a sub-sub-basement sitting at a desk which was in a row of desks with other bank clerks."

Eliot and Virginia Woolf understood each other very well on the level of their poetry. (It is unfashionable to say so but I think she had a poetic gift comparable with Eliot's.) An extremely complex game of serious-nonseriousness was being played when one day at tea in Tavistock Square, Virginia Woolf needled Eliot about his religion. Did he go to church? Yes. Did he hand round the plate for the collection? Yes. Oh, really! Then what did he

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experience when he prayed? Eliot leaned forward, bowing his head in that attitude which was itself one of prayer ("Why should the aged eagle stretch his wings?") and described the attempt to concentrate, to forget self, to attain union with God.

There are many other anecdotes, probably most of them exaggerated and some invented. My reason for referring to them is that they do lead back into the atmosphere of Eliot's poems up to and including *Sweeney Agonistes*. The anecdotes are, as it were, the masks or *personæ* created in other people's mind by Eliot the bank clerk, with his bowler hat, carrying his umbrella. After 1930 or so—that is, after the break-up of his first marriage, and after his conversion—this Eliot disappears, and that is why the early legendary Eliot seemed strange to us. But hearing such reminiscences of the early Eliot we rediscovered the poet of the "awful daring of a moment's surrender" whose character we had vaguely intuited when we first read *The Waste Land*.

I DID NOT realise when I met him in 1928, that Eliot was just traversing a period of great unhappiness, when he was separating from his first wife, who was on the verge of insanity and who later did become insane. It is true that in conversation with outsiders Eliot gave no indication of this, and with his closest friends, I am sure, he never showed any sign of pitying himself. But I do not think it is correct to say (as some writers have done) that he never spoke to anyone about his private affairs. I suppose that he confided in Geoffrey Faber, Frank Morley, Herbert Read, and, later, John Hayward, whose advice he sought in his writing. I suspect that in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, some of the heads of the firm of Faber & Faber were a kind of committee, advising and helping Eliot. Not only was his office a home from home, but during the most agonised years of the break-up of his first marriage Geoffrey Faber and his family provided Eliot with their own home.

In the last ten years or so of his life, after his second marriage, Eliot achieved with his radiant wife the happiness which had been denied him during most of his maturity, a happiness of which one guesses he had glimpses as a child. There are indications of a great personal assuagement in his published poetry, for example in the references in *The Elder Statesman* to the bliss of Oedipus at Colonus, and in the dedicatory lines of that volume to his wife.

These late works are not Eliot at his best and strongest. They suggest a return to the personal, as though towards the end Eliot felt that the aim of a complete objectivity and impersonality in poetry had in it an element of pride, like that of James Joyce's Stephen Daedalus.

Eliot's last poetry does not quite round off his life work, but it suggests how it might have been rounded off, with a return to human affection, acceptance of sensual experience, and perhaps even a less catastrophic attitude towards society. In America, shortly after the war, I once brashly said to him that in his early poetry there was a feeling of despair about this world and the next, and the imprisonment of each individual in his separateness; in *Four Quartets* and the plays, he had expressed his belief in a metaphysical world, and hope for the redemption of each individual; but he still offered no hope for civilisation. My thought was that at some point he would envision people as citizens in the human city (of course, in *The Idea of a Christian Society* he did this, but he had never done so in his poetry). He smiled and said: "Now you have put that thought into my mind, I shall instantly forget about it. But perhaps one day it will bear fruit."

Probably I was merely being foolish, and he was being ironic. What I am trying to suggest though is that if one regards Eliot's development not as a kind of logic of the mind and imagination which developed a pattern inevitable from the start, but as architecture, then it suggests a structure planned as a whole, but which has gaps, unfinished fragments, and only indications of a crowning tower. The underlying logic of the design is everywhere felt, but the whole has not been realised in the concrete imagination.

Moreover, although Eliot gives hints and indications of consistency, unity, wholeness, yet when one comes to examine the separate parts of the poetry, one has a Wyndham-Lewis-like picture of a man who for the purposes of making each poem has separated part of himself from the whole. Thus in *Prufrock* and the early poems, despite the elaborate self-mockery the point of view is essentially aesthetic. The artist, too sophisticated to be a Ruskin, a Pater, or a Wilde, nevertheless has a deep nostalgia for a past—almost any past—in which men lived by their visions. In the poetry after *The Waste Land* the poet seeks to free himself of the love

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of creatures, particularly human ones, and to penetrate moments outside time, moments in which the temporal intersects with eternity. The rejection of ordinary values of living, and of the animal side of human nature, is absolute. But the poetry even when it is very beautiful runs the risk of running into simplist generalisations, which many people might feel to belie human experience:

Those who sharpen the tooth of the dog, meaning
Death
Those who glitter with the glory of the hummingbird, meaning
Death
Those who sit in the stye of contentment, meaning
Death
Those who suffer the ecstasy of the animals, meaning
Death

Reading these lines and reading in all the plays, until the very last, the poet's doctrine of renunciation of life and of man's attachment to other human beings, I am struck by the fact that the poet has renounced so much, that the poetry, beautiful as it is, is forced into very narrow channels of vivid spiritual experience. This narrow and concentrated poetry is intensely beautiful, intensely expressive, with a command of language that is absolute:

It is possible that sin may strain and struggle
In its dark instinctive birth, to come to consciousness
And so find expurgation. It is possible
You are the consciousness of your unhappy family,
Its bird sent flying through the purgatorial flame.
Indeed it is possible. You may learn hereafter,
Moving alone through flames of ice, chosen
To resolve the enchantment under which we suffer.

In its expression in controlled language with a rhythm inseparable from a translucent imagery to which it adds force, this is great poetry. A question arises, though, of how much experience the poet can imagine and express in poetry of this quality. What I think one finds in Eliot is that in different periods his imagination dwells on different phases of experience, but in each work the view of life is partial. In the early poetry life is seen exclusively as hell, in the middle poetry it is rejected too easily—everything (like marriage and work) to do with actual living is reduced to the same gray dull average. The temptations of Thomas à Becket in *Murder in the Cathedral* are not tempting, and the knights who assassinate the martyr are figures out of Bernard Shaw. In spite of this, *Murder in the Cathedral* is a masterpiece because it is conceived of as a great processional scene of sacrifice rather than as a tragedy in which there are temptations which tempt and a conflict between good and bad forces which are fairly equal.

I CANNOT GO FURTHER here than to suggest that Eliot's work points towards a synthesis in which opposing worlds are reconciled—not, of course, in the sense of good coming to terms with evil, but in the sense of the body and the soul, the reality of time as well as of timelessness, being imagined with equal intensity. But the synthesis is never fully complete. The two great works in which he comes nearest to a marriage of heaven and hell are *The Waste Land* and the *Four Quartets*. And both those poems have public and social aspects: *The Waste Land* having deep roots in the first World War, and the last three of the *Four Quartets* in the second World War. It seems that the objectivisation of his poetry towards which Eliot strove came nearest to realisation when the poetry was concerned with an actual crisis of civilisation: the phase of disillusion and despair against a background of revolution and collapse after the first war, the air-raids and the cause of Britain during the second.

At the same time, when he turned outwards in his poetry towards society, it reflected the fragmentation of his own soul. So he was driven back on to the position that in times of the breakdown of civilisation the individual becomes peculiarly responsible to himself, has to remember that he lives not just in this time of collapse, these disrupted cities, but also in eternity, and in the city of God.

Possibly, then, the centre of Eliot's work is its exploration of the truth that there cannot in our time be a synthesis between the modern city of the industrial world—bound entirely to the temporal and gambling at every moment with destruction—and the eternal city with aims of civilisation outside the temporal. And therefore true art has to be, for us, fragmented art. Perhaps the force of his attack against Lawrence is not that of the puritan against the sensualist, but of this truth—that there can be no synthesis—against the false idea of Lawrence that the modern world can be saved by the sexual relation of the human pair.

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THIS BRINGS ME back at the end to considering again Eliot's idea that the progress of an artist is "continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality," with its rider that "to escape from these things" one must "have personality and emotions." On one level all he is doing here is oppose the kind of self-expression found in the poetry of Rupert Brooke, and upon which Owen's poetry is dependent, with the truism that the artist has to draw upon techniques and traditions which are objective and greater than himself, to surrender himself to the past. But there is also a hint of something else: that the artist has to fight against attitudes in his personality which distort his vision, with hatred, with unhappiness even. These attitudes of intense personal feeling we find in writers who agreed with Eliot's kind of classicism: in Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis, for instance. The problem of objectivisation now becomes more complex and difficult. A programme of extinguishing the personality seems inadequate. For to achieve the kind of objectivity where the writer's view is not distorted by his personal emotions of suffering, rejection, and so on, means that he must develop as it were a personality beyond even the impersonality. And here by tracing the progression of the sensibility which calls itself "I" in Eliot's poetry one is able to follow the development from the projected *personæ*—the mask of Prufrock and the other "I" characters in the early poetry—to the "Issues from the hand of God, the simple soul," "I" thrown back upon itself, seeking redemption, of the Ariel poems and of *Ash Wednesday*; to the impersonal representative wartime air-raid warden and church-warden "I" of the *Four Quartets*; and finally to the Oedipus-at-Colonus "I" in whom there is a hint of the reconciliation of body and soul, of the marriage of heaven and hell in a person beyond both personality and impersonality.

In Eliot's personal life, one can rejoice that during the last ten years, the synthesis was achieved, the reconciliation was complete. This fulfilment was hinted at but not realised in his poetry. Somehow, one knew all along that it could not be, that he would hymn no Yeatsian triumph of old age.

Some Place

I resolved it, I
found in my life a
centre and secured it.

It is the house,
trees beyond, a term
of view encasing it.

The weather
reaches only as some
wind, a little

deadened sighing. And
if the life weren't?
when was something to
happen, had I secured
that—had I, *had*
I, insistent.

There is nothing I am,
nothing not. A place
between, I am. I am

more than thought, less
than thought. A house
with winds, but a distance

—something loose in the wind,
feeling weather as that life,
walks toward the lights he left.

Robert Creeley

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Z. K. Brzezinski

Peaceful Engagement

A Plan For Europe's Future

THE COLD WAR in Europe has lost its old meaning. It had vitality and passion as long as either side had reason to believe that it could prevail and felt genuinely threatened by the other. Neither condition truly exists today. The West feels that it cannot remove the Communist régimes in East Europe, re-unify Germany, or, most important of all, eliminate the Soviet presence on the banks of the Elbe by direct political action. The Communists, and particularly the Soviet leaders, now privately discount the likelihood of Communist revolutions in the West. The two Soviet rebuffs suffered in Berlin—in 1948–49 and again in 1958–62—have had much the same effect on Communist expectations as the passivity of the West during the East German uprising of 1953 and during the Hungarian revolution of 1956 had on Western hopes.

Yet the *status quo* in Europe is far from satisfactory. The division of Europe on the Elbe is unnatural, unhistorical, and contrary to present trends favouring not only European economic and then political unification, but also the rapidly spreading psychological sense of European unity. Hardly anyone in Europe, on either side of the river Elbe, is willing to argue that the division is in the interest of Europeans, and this includes even the Russians. It certainly is not in the interest of peace.

Yet policies derived from past illusions, fears, and aspirations freeze both sides on the dividing line. Meanwhile, the danger mounts that the East, frustrated ideologically, torn by internal divisions, will turn against itself, with the possibility of bitter political explosions. The West at the same time becomes increasingly divided. Its former unity of purpose, born largely out of fear of Russian aggression, is dissipated in a destructive feud over priorities, objectives, and interests. Western spasms of resolve reinforce Soviet insecurity while Western irresolution reawakens Soviet offensive hopes. Both postures serve to perpetuate artificially and pointlessly the European partition.

THE SOVIET ATTITUDE is still wedded to the expectation that West Europe will fragment, and accordingly Soviet policy in Europe still makes the achievement of that fragmentation its principal objective. German policy, influenced by narrow national perspectives, remains committed to the pursuit of basically contradictory goals, "reunification" and (formally, at least) frontier revision, with the latter having the effect of stimulating Polish and Czech support for the division of Germany. The French envisage a "Europe to the Urals," but by seeking simultaneously to exclude America from Europe,

THE READER *of the two comprehensive articles by Richard Lowenthal on "Has the Revolution a Future?"* (ENCOUNTER, *January and February*) *could scarcely help putting a question—in view of these radical changes in the present political situation what, then, can and must be done? With this new study of the tragic East-West partition, we offer for discussion a bold and dramatic plan for the future of Europe. Professor Brzezinski, a well-known member of Columbia University, has been travelling extensively in Eastern and Western Europe. His most recent books are* The Soviet Bloc: Unity and Conflict (*Pall Mall, London*), *and* Political Power: USA/USSR (*Chatto & Windus and Viking*); *his article on "How to Control a Deviation" appeared in the September 1963* ENCOUNTER.

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are fragmenting Western unity, re-awakening Soviet offensive hopes, and denying themselves the necessary Western wherewithal for the pursuit of this grand goal. The British seem to speak simultaneously in terms of the Anglo-American alliance and European disengagement. The United States, having abandoned "liberation," is tending to pursue "bridge-building" to the East almost as an end in itself, thereby confusing means with ends of policy. Thus no major power is effectively addressing itself to the problem of European partition.

How to bridge the gap dividing Europe without either side seeming to capitulate? How to achieve the restoration of Europe without creating new tensions in the process? These questions pose the central problem of the coming decade in Europe. With the internal pressures for change (accelerated by the Sino-Soviet dispute) surfacing in the Soviet Union and in East Europe, and with West Europe increasingly preoccupied with its identity, the division on the Elbe becomes more intolerable and the questions more urgent. To-day Europe is still, to borrow de Gaulle's striking phrase, "without soul, without backbone, and without roots." But more and more Europeans, both eastern and western, are coming to resent this condition.

Indeed, the time has passed when Germany could be satisfied with a purely declaratory Atlantic policy on the issue of German reunification. The present internal trends in Germany, as well as general change in the European relationship to America, point clearly to the re-emergence of "the German issue" as the key problem for Western policy, and the nature of the American response to it may determine the future American relationship to Europe. To be meaningful and effective, the response will have to be based on a broader evaluation of the European scene, particularly with regard to the changes in the eastern bloc. The problem of the German partition has become critically linked to the problem of the European partition, and neither can be resolved without the resolution of the other.

To be sure, since that partition is the outcome of a historical process spanning two world wars, the European restoration accordingly cannot be accomplished by a single political settlement. Neither will it come about by American or Russian disengagement from Europe. America and Russia will not abandon Europe, for neither could be certain that its departure will not mean the extension of the power of the other—no matter what formal guarantees were seemingly provided. Moreover, in spite of de Gaulle's oratory, Europe in the foreseeable future will not be powerful enough to end its own partition. This partition can only be ended if the American-Soviet confrontation in Europe is gradually transformed into co-operation. That requires both patience and imagination. And it does not exclude an occasional bold initiative, designed to make the gradual process take a qualitative step forward.

De Gaulle once wrote that great leaders are remembered "for the sweep of their endeavours." This is true of great nations as well, for their leadership is measured not only by their power but also by the scope of their goals. Commitment to a grand goal by itself can generate the power of attraction and mobilise adherents. Leadership is a dynamic—not a static—condition, and it expands with the tasks undertaken.

To-day, the West faces a great and growing challenge: to take the initiative towards ending the partition of Europe. In present circumstances, merely to strive to tie Western Europe to America in order to defend it from Russia will only awaken European suspicions of "American hegemony," especially as the European fear of Russia wanes and the European sense of dependence on America declines. New security schemes (*e.g.*, some form of MLF), even if otherwise desirable, will not solve the problem of the American-European relationship for the problem is now less one of European security than of the *purpose* of the relationship. There is widespread evidence of growing European feeling that America is becoming irrelevant to the future of a divided, safe, but somehow frustrated Europe. The fact that de Gaulle's appeals for a "European Europe," including a "Europe to the Urals," have been evoking an increasingly sympathetic reaction among a growing number of Europeans and the fact that German politics give every sign of mounting restlessness, are testimony to the proposition that a new era is dawning in Europe, that a new European mood is shaping. This new condition has special implications for America's relations to Europe.

By taking the initiative in developing policies designed to bring both Russia and East Europe into a closer relationship with the West, and

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thereby to end the European partition, America would be furthering its own basic interests. First of all, the very fact of such commitment would do much to revive America's waning relevance to Europe. Secondly, it would provide a framework for restoring the East European nations to independence without simultaneously creating new instabilities or stimulating narrow nationalisms. Finally, by laying the foundations for a broader East-West settlement, it would eliminate the persisting European fears of an American-Soviet power duopoly. All that would be consistent with domestic American values and the American quest for world order.

IT IS SOMETIMES SAID that a Europe "free from America" would be in a better position to solve the problem of its partition. Such a Europe would seem less threatening to Russia and East Europe, and hence they would be more inclined to accept a closer relationship with it. But this view overlooks the probability that the process of achieving such an "independent" Europe, detached from America, would cause conflicts and instabilities which the Russians would be tempted to exploit. Secondly, and just as important, such a Europe would probably be dominated by Germany, and hence would be unlikely to offer an appealing magnet to the East Europeans and to the Russians. Because the U.S. has no claims beyond the Elbe, its continued association with Europe offers the best guarantee to the Russians and the East Europeans that the West poses no direct political threat to them.

As far as the West Europeans are concerned, American commitment to the goal of peaceful reunification of Europe is more likely to command European support than either past calls for "liberation" or present attempts to develop a more equitable control of nuclear weapons, not to mention efforts to involve Europe in the rather remote problems of Asian or African development. Such a broader design could displace the Gaullist appeal, or even preempt eventual Gaullist approaches to Russia. Moreover, it would mitigate the danger that the disintegration of Western unity would leave the American-German alliance as the sole bond between America and Europe.

A bilateral German-American relationship could only be defensive; it would have no appeal in East Europe and no constructive Eastern policy could be based on it alone. Such a relationship could perhaps provide a shield for West Europe, but its effectiveness in this respect would paradoxically contribute to further divisions in the West. European dissensions would flourish in the protected haven provided by American-German power. There would be little room for America in such a Europe, and eventually even the German-American ties might crumble as their insufficiency in assuring German reunification became more evident.

Three Assumptions

THREE CARDINAL assumptions should guide U.S. and Atlantic policy in the pursuit of the goal of European restoration: First, *Western military strength must be maintained and Western interests vigorously protected*. This point may seem self-evident. But military strength is a prerequisite as much for policies of increasing co-operation and eventual reconciliation, as for those of pressure and hostility. Precisely because both the objectives and the means of the policy advocated here are *peaceful*, it is important that there be no uncertainty on the other side as to the West's determination to protect its interests. If the *status quo* is to be the starting-point for an eventual reconciliation, it follows that the West must remain vigilant in protecting it.

The Soviets have provided much evidence over the last two decades that they consider Berlin to be an exposed Western outpost, vulnerable to pressure. Occasional acts of Soviet pressure may, therefore, be expected. These ought to be resisted, for even a few hours' interruption of the lines of access to Berlin undermines the Western position. The final release of a Western convoy after a fifty-hour delay represents not a Western victory, but proof of the Soviet capacity to interrupt access. More vigorous responses than those heretofore applied are needed in the future. Since the United States has indicated that it will not invade Cuba, Cuba could perhaps serve as a useful hostage for Berlin. Soviet-engineered delays in the Allied right of access to Berlin should perhaps be immediately reciprocated by similar harassment of Soviet shipping on the international waters around Cuba. Exactly because that action would be arbitrary, it would drive home the lesson to the Soviet leadership that the West will not tolerate impairment of its present position.

The fundamental point is that no Western policy of conciliation is possible in a context which allows the other side opportunities for

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effective military blackmail. The historical significance of the Cuban confrontation was its deflation of the confidence of Soviet leaders in their ability to extort concessions from the West by military threats. We must never allow them to think they can.

SECONDLY, *any basic change in the East-West European relationship will have to involve East Europe jointly with Russia.* A policy based on the assumption that individual East European states can be encouraged to defect to the West is not likely to succeed because in the final analysis the ruling Communist élites have no interest in becoming absorbed by the West, even though pushed in that direction by economic and popular pressures. The Soviet Union is likely to exert every effort to prevent open defections either from COMECON or from the Warsaw Treaty Organisation. Moreover, the experience of Yugoslavia and Poland suggests that the ruling Communist élites gravitate back towards a closer relationship with Moscow, once the more objectionable aspects of the relationship with the Soviet Union have been eliminated. Their defections were thus limited and revocable.

Indeed, defections of the East European countries individually, even if possible, might not be in the interest of peace. The United States and the Soviet Union will remain for a long time to come the two leading competitors for global power. Dramatic change either way —the defection of the East European states to the West or the fragmentation of West Europe and the expulsion of America—would directly threaten the present balance of power and set in motion dangerous reactions and counter-reactions. In addition, individual defections, especially if the result of encouragement from the West, would reduce the moderating influence of East Europe on Russia, and thus decelerate the ultimately crucial process of Russian evolution.

The more desirable sequence of change would begin with the internal liberalisation of the East European societies and lead towards their gradual evolution into a Greater Europe jointly with the Soviet Union. This obviously does not mean a synchronised evolution. East Europe, given its historical links with the West and in some cases more advanced internal conditions prior to Communist take-over, is likely to evolve more rapidly than Russia. This is especially true of Czechoslovakia, and to a lesser extent of Hungary and Poland. While it would be unrealistic to expect these East European countries soon to become democratic societies, or leave the Communist orbit, their more rapid evolution may be more effective in bringing similar evolution of the Soviet Union, precisely because of their continuing links with it. In its turn, change in the Soviet Union may stimulate further changes in those East European states which (also for historical reasons) may lag behind even Russia. Thus East Europe, while not breaking away, may pull the Soviet Union forward while moving ahead of it, thus cumulatively preparing the ground for a better East-West relationship.

Not that we should actively discourage the occasional acts of nationalist self-assertion, as, for instance, in the case of Rumania. Bucharest's nationalist self-assertion automatically reduced the restrictive influence of the Soviet Union on East Europe. To the extent that Moscow was compelled to reconsider its own heavy-handed economic nationalism in dealings with the East European states, the development was all to the good. Its importance, however, should not be overrated. It is doubtful that a healthy Europe can be built by promoting anti-Soviet nationalist dictatorships. They could bring in their wake all the traditional territorial and ethnic conflicts, providing temptations for the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. again to become involved. It would be short-sighted for the West to ride the tiger of nationalism in the hope that it will threaten only the Soviet dominated world; the tiger could endanger all of Europe.

THIRDLY, *the end of the division of Germany will come only as a consequence of a gradual but qualitative change in the relationship between both Russia and East Europe and the West.* In all likelihood, German reunification will be the last and not the first act in the evolutionary unification of the European continent. It will come about through a process of change, and it is not likely to be the outcome of some far-reaching diplomatic settlement around a green table. At long last, both German and American policies have come to recognise this reality. But this recognition carries with it additional implications for our perspective on such problems as the Berlin Wall and the issue of the eastern frontier.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the Wall has increased the long-range prospects for German reunification. As long as East Germany was

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drained by massive defections of its population, the situation became increasingly unstable and the front-line confrontation on the German demarcation line was intensified. Since the Soviet Union was far from ready to resign itself to the dismantling of the East German régime, this merely forced a further assertion of the Soviet presence in East Germany and the reinforcement of Soviet domination throughout the adjacent regions. Moreover, the events of 1953 and 1956 show the improbability of Western intervention in support of a major rebellion in Eastern Germany. Accordingly, the tensions and the massive flights merely increased the hostility between the East and the West without in any way increasing the prospects that the dividing line could be erased.

The Berlin Wall, however, provides the West with a striking symbol of the basic artificiality of the East German régime but without the dangers inherent in the daily exposure and exacerbation of that artificiality. More important, the relative quiet on the German front-line permitted Western activity in East Europe designed to stimulate evolutionary changes; the East Europeans were more responsive because of the seeming security provided by the buffer East German state. The cumulative effect was clearly in the West's (including Germany's) long-range interest, despite the anguish and demoralisation it caused.

Moreover, the shifting of the central focus of the European problem from Germany to East Europe has created more favourable conditions for a more genuine enlistment of British and French support for the cause of European reunification. Although paying lip-service to the proposition that Germany should be reunified, neither could look forward with equanimity to the prospect of a reunified Germany 70 million strong, and by far the preponderant power in Europe. But though a mere shift of the European partition from the Elbe to the Oder River, with East Europe in the Russian sphere and West Europe dominated by Germany, was not very appealing to many non-German Western Europeans, a broader solution involving East Europe and Russia could mobilise the support even of those who are fearful of Germany, and make their commitment to German reunification more than a hollow ritual. This broader solution, however, requires a normalisation in Germany's relationship with East Europe, particularly on the critical issue of the German eastern frontier.

Western policies in Europe thus should be based on three main premises: the maintenance of Western military power, the joint involvement of Eastern Europe and Russia in any ultimate solution, and the interdependence of German reunification with evolutionary change in the East. These premises are interdependent and the policy goals they imply should be pursued simultaneously. The West cannot solve the German problem without developing policies which transcend it to encompass the whole range of problems associated with the division of Europe. The five policy goals that follow are designed to meet that need.

The Problem of Eastern Germany

1. *To convince the East Europeans, particularly the Czechs and the Poles, that the existence of East Germany limits their freedom without enhancing their security.* Otherwise, the Czechs and the Poles will continue to support the Soviet presence in East Germany as a convenient and reassuring buffer against West Germany. To undermine the East European stake in East Germany, the West will have to differentiate sharply in its attitude towards East Germany and towards the rest of East Europe. For East Germany, the policy must be one of isolation; for East Europe, one of *peaceful engagement*—economic, cultural, and eventually political. Only then will East Germany become a political anachronism on the map of Europe, a source of continuing embarrassment to Moscow, and no longer a source of security to the East Europeans.

The efforts so far undertaken by the West German government to establish closer relations with the East European states have already contributed greatly to isolating the East German régime. To further this process, the West German government should be encouraged to find some formula freeing it from the self-imposed limits on relations with the East European states inherent in "the Hallstein doctrine." Perhaps excluding from the application of the doctrine those states which are members of the Warsaw Treaty Organisation (or possibly those that border on Germany) could provide a loophole, without encouraging other states to recognise East Germany. In any case, it is only through better relations with West Germany that the East Europeans can eventually become convinced that the reunification of Germany opens to them the doors to the West that are now

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shut by the Soviet occupation forces in East Germany.

Only the Communist fanatics attach any ideological importance to the continued existence of a Communist East Germany. Otherwise, East Germany is valuable to the East Europeans primarily in terms of their national interests, largely defensive since the East European states are themselves small and cannot entertain any aggressive designs. But with the progressive evolution of the East European states, skilfully abetted by a conciliatory West, East Germany eventually may lose even its appeal as a buffer, and begin to resemble a Soviet Mozambique—a source of irritation to the East Europeans and of embarrassment to Moscow. Only then will the Kremlin consider the possibility of liquidating East Germany, and it is only the Kremlin, not the German Communists, who *can* consider its liquidation. Creation of conditions for this should be the goal of Allied and German policy —not merely the transformation of the East German régime into a more moderate Communist régime, more acceptable to the West and to its own people.

THE OSTRACISM OF East Germany can be further advanced by treating the East European states as if in fact they were fully independent states, unlike East Germany doomed to remain a mere Soviet puppet. The East European states can gradually evolve because they are national states. Their nationalism inherently works in the direction of increasing the independence of these states from *the* one state that now limits this independence—the Soviet Union. Therefore, the United States and Western Europe ought to respond seriously to any East European foreign policy proposals, and even encourage the East Europeans to make more.[1] Our response to these proposals need not be affirmative, but more of an effort should be made to engage the individual East European states in prolonged negotiations and discussions. These breed national pride, expose East European leaders to Western counter-arguments in relative privacy and with freedom from Soviet supervision, and stimulate an awareness of their own national interest. It is counter-productive to Western interests to simply dismiss (as has often been the case) the East Europeans as proxies for the Soviet Union even when, in fact, they are acting as such.

[1] That this is becoming a more sensitive issue among the East Europeans was suggested to the author by the reaction of a high East European official when he was asked why his country, unlike Communist Poland, did not take any foreign policy initiatives. After an embarrassed silence, he agreed that perhaps his country had been remiss on the international scene and hoped that perhaps in the near future it would become more active in taking international initiatives.

Poles and Germans

2. *To promote a German-Polish reconciliation*, somewhat on the model of the Franco-German reconciliation of the 'fifties. Such a reconciliation should be a proclaimed goal of the United States, the closest ally of Germany and the home of many millions of Americans of both German and Polish parentage. Just as peace and stability in Western Europe could not have been achieved unless the old Franco-German quarrel was ended, so a German-Polish reconciliation is the *sine qua non* of peace and stability in the East. The U.S. could benefit greatly in terms of moral prestige from proclaiming such a reconciliation as one of its principal objectives, in contrast to the Soviet Union and the Communists who find it convenient to keep alive the bitter Polish-German hatred.

The pursuit of this goal inevitably raises the difficult and sensitive issue of the Oder-Neisse frontier. Perhaps some day frontiers will cease to be important in Europe, but that day will come only after the European frontiers have become secure and accepted. A sense of insecurity as to frontier issues keeps alive national hatreds and fears. At the present time, since "anti-Germanism" is the principal asset of a weak and unpopular Polish régime, it may not be in the interest of the Polish government to reach any substantial agreement with Germany, which would include the frontier issue. Indeed, the ideal situation for that government would be to obtain Western economic aid while *not* obtaining but persistently demanding the recognition of the Oder-Neisse frontier. Moreover, it is certainly in the Soviet interest to keep the issue alive. Accordingly, Western moves will have to be designed to dispel the widespread Polish popular fears of the Germans, even in the absence of a formal German-Polish agreement.

In seeking this goal, the U.S. will have to be careful not to rupture the American-German relationship, on which both the unity of the West and internal German democracy much depend. A German feeling that America has "betrayed" them will certainly not serve the

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cause of German-Polish reconciliation. The Poles ought to realise this, just as the Germans should perceive that the propitiation of Polish fears would deprive Moscow of a major asset and represent a major step towards German reunification. The Germans increasingly realise that it is politically self-defeating to demand German reunification without defining precisely the location of the eastern frontiers of Germany. But since sudden recognition of the present frontier would provoke bitter resentment in Germany, one can only proceed by stages, designed to convince the Poles that no one in the West either expects or favours a change in the present frontiers.

A preliminary step would be an immediate opening of American consulates either in Szczecin or Wroclaw: this would be useful both politically and symbolically. Further, a NATO pledge to oppose the use of force to change the existing European frontiers would also go far in creating the preconditions for a German-Polish reconciliation (it would fortify the unilateral 1954 German declaration to the same effect). Having made such a declaration itself, the West German government could hardly object to NATO doing the same. Yet an international Western pledge would certainly be more convincing to the Poles than one coming from Germany alone, given the possible German interest in changing the frontier.

A similar declaration by the American President at some appropriately symbolic occasion (but *not* during an electoral season), with specific reference to the desirability of ending the Polish-German feud, would also serve to put to rest an issue which simply keeps alive old hostilities, primarily to the advantage of the Soviet Union. Such a statement could perhaps even be modelled on the several French statements on the frontier issue, made without harm to the Franco-German relationship. This declaration would have special significance to the Poles, given the popularity and prestige of America in Poland. Finally, the Western powers could pledge in advance their intention to recognise formally the present frontiers at the moment that Germany is reunified, thereby stimulating a Polish national interest in that reunification, even if the Polish Communist government should initially oppose it.

FROM THE STANDPOINT of advancing German reunification, such assurances to Poland would be more productive if made at a time when the Poles feel so insecure on the frontier issue. Eventually, the sense of insecurity may fade; the Poles may come to care less for Western guarantees and may derive greater security from the existence of the two German states. German policy should strive to prevent the development of a lasting Polish vested interest in the partition of Germany; it should strive to rekindle the bonds of sympathy and co-operation that at different times in history did link these two neighbouring states. Only then will the foundation be laid for an eventual settlement. Without this foundation, the Poles can hardly be expected to see any interest in having any settlement of the German issue.

On the West German side, this may require a non-partisan political approach, since it has been said that neither of the two major parties could afford to give the other the opportunity of charging that German interests have been sacrificed. A non-partisan stand, which explicitly links the solemn renunciation of claims to territories lost in the aftermath of World War II to German reunification, and which is presented to the German people as a historical contribution to the reconciliation of the German and Polish peoples, could overcome much of the inevitable resistance from the more nationalistic elements.[2] The cause of German-Polish reconciliation is growing increasingly popular among German youth. Moreover, prior adoption of that stand by the Western allies would reduce the risk of charges that German politicians are precipitately "betraying" German interests.

In addition, the U.S. could promote specific undertakings, designed to forge bonds of mutual understanding between the Germans and the Poles, thereby also re-emphasising America's own constructive relevance to Central Europe. To the extent possible, three-way meetings could be sponsored, in addition to the various bilateral German-Polish activities already in progress. Special emphasis should be put on youth activities; collaborative humanitarian efforts could perhaps help to erase the recent memories of conflict and restore some of the fraternal atmosphere that prevailed among the

[2] This would be in keeping with the recent pledge made to East Europe by Chancellor Erhard (October 15th, 1964): "We shall therefore leave nothing untried to demonstrate to these countries again and again that the only hindrance to a mutual reconciliation is the unsolved German question, and that for this reason an early settlement for this issue would be in their own best interests."

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Germans and the Poles as recently as during "the spring of nations" of 1848.

The Russian Obsession

3. *To minimise the Russian obsession with Germany.* It is probably impossible to eradicate the deeply-grounded Russian fears of the Germans, especially in view of the relatively recent memories of the war. Furthermore, there is no doubt that the Soviet leaders find it convenient to use Germany as a bogey, and accordingly will take advantage of every opportunity to portray West Germany as "militaristic" and "*revanchist.*" Nonetheless, given the slow but still discernible evolutionary trends in Russian society, it is desirable not to stimulate counter pressures or to provoke needless and pointless irritations. It is essential to bear in mind that the solution for the partition of Europe (and hence German reunification) is not to be found either in the context of worsening relations between America and Russia, or intensified Russian and East European hostility towards Germany.

The kind of approach to *avoid* is exemplified in the proposal, occasionally voiced in West Germany, that China be aided as a form of pressure on the Russians. The political argument on behalf of aiding China (leaving aside the purely economic interest of some business circles in obtaining Chinese trade), is based on the thesis that the Soviet Union can eventually be induced to seek an accommodation with the West if it becomes fearful of a new, hostile encirclement. A weak and isolated China (so goes the argument) cannot effectively threaten Russia. Furthermore, a Chinese-West German trade agreement, containing the Berlin clause (which includes West Berlin as part of the West German *mark* area), will mean the further isolation of East Germany and hence be a step towards eventual reunification. Although in deference to the U.S., the matter was postponed until after the 1964 elections, Germans apparently have considered exploring the possibility of concluding with the Chinese first an informal trade agreement, signed perhaps by a consortium of German firms, to be followed later by a more formal arrangement, with the Berlin clause in it, and even including credits.

An even more extreme point of view has been taken with regard to China by those Germans (fortunately a minority) who fear a reduction of tensions between Moscow and Washington and who see in China an instrument for upsetting the existing territorial arrangements in Europe. The notion of a "second intermediate zone," directed at both Washington and Moscow, has a special appeal to those who chafe under the apparent restraints of the American-German alliance and who would like to pursue a policy of revision with regard to the territorial *status quo*.

Yet to follow this course would be to reawaken the relatively dormant European border disputes. This would have a highly divisive effect in the West, where there is a universal lack of support for any change in the existing European frontiers. In Germany itself it would serve to strengthen the extreme right wing and eventually contribute to Germany's isolation in the West. Moreover, it still involves a "political warfare" approach to the problem of German reunification. It could only have the effect of intensifying East Europe's dependence on Russia and of stimulating a new wave of anti-German Russian nationalist sentiments. Such pressure would merely confirm to Moscow what it tends to assume anyway: that West Germany is unalterably hostile and perhaps even dangerous. It is difficult to see how this would contribute either to the cause of German reunification or to that of peace. Indeed, in a self-fulfilling prophecy, it could help to produce an implicit Russian-American alliance dedicated to the preservation of the European *status quo*, thereby consummating the division of Germany. The road to East Berlin seems hardly shorter by way of Peking.

THESE CONSIDERATIONS suggest why West Germany ought to be very cautious in even exploring trade ties with China. The objective of further isolating East Germany is desirable and perhaps an agreement with China (containing "the Berlin clause") would serve that end.[3] But it should not be forgotten that China once before, in 1957, signed such an agreement (which later was not renewed), and that this inherently reduces the political import of any new arrangement. More important, to generate real "pressure" on the Soviet Union a German-Chinese trade agreement would have to involve a very major effort to underwrite Chinese industrial

[3] Nervous editorials in *Neues Deutschland* suggest that the East German régime was quite uneasy about this possibility. On October 29th, 1964, a commentary concludes with the hope that West German calculations "will not succeed because the leadership of the Chinese People's Republic is not interested in supporting West German monopoly capitalism."

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development and hence also military potential. Such an undertaking is hardly possible now, without introducing strains in the German-American relationship, given the continued conflict between the U.S. and China. And of course the inherent economic obstacles to any single-handed Western effort to sustain the development of as large and backward a country as China are close to insuperable.

The effect would be the opposite from that achieved by limited collaboration with East Europe. Since East Europe does not represent a hostile and competitive challenge to Moscow, closer contact with the West can serve also to bring the West closer to Russia; Western and particularly German aid to China, Russia's growing challenger, could hardly induce in the Russians a pro-Western orientation. Thus if trade develops between Germany and China, as well it might for purely economic reasons, the Germans would be well advised not to give it a political flavour or to strive to expand it artificially for political purposes.

A MORE DIFFICULT PROBLEM in the Russian attitude towards Germany is raised by the issue of military security. In facing it, certain basic facts must be recognised: Germany is now rearmed conventionally; it is not going to be disarmed; no one in the West would contemplate that task and it could not be undertaken without fragmenting the West. Thus all schemes advocating the "military neutralisation" of West Germany are politically unrealistic. The Central European problem cannot be solved by drastic changes in the existing security structure—faulty and tense though it may be—for the problem is basically a political one, and the military situation is its consequence. Political changes will have to precede the military changes; and political changes, as both sides have now learned, can only come gradually. The creation of a "neutral" or disengaged vacuum through the co-operative efforts of the two adversary super-powers—leaving aside its general improbability, given West German and even French opposition to it[4]—would simply mean the creation of new "hunting grounds" for the two opposed sides, unless that step was *preceded* by profound changes in their political goals. By that time the scheme would no longer be necessary.

Rejecting disengagement is not tantamount to standing pat on the present division of Europe, nor does it justify the argument for the independent development of a militarily powerful West Europe. The legitimate Western interest in Germany's defensive forces ought not to obscure the fact that under certain circumstances it may increase the Soviet military stake in East Germany. Again, this is not a matter for "either/or" solutions. It is now probably idle to speculate whether Germany should have been denied rocket weapons or kept out entirely from the nuclear club (especially given the complications of the Franco-American rivalry). However, the possibility should not be excluded that under certain conditions it might be desirable for Germany to limit its further military build-up, in view of the historically founded Russian fear of Germany.[5]

[4] "For us, Central Europe is vital because it is a matter of life and death. It is a question of our survival. We think that neutrality would be a great danger in Central Europe, because neutrality means a vacuum, and it would be a vacuum between the immense mass of Soviet military might and what would be left of Western Europe, that is, France, the Benelux countries, and Italy." Couve de Murville, Interview, *U.S. News and World Report* (March 16th, 1964).

American disengagement from Europe would also be politically self-defeating, "for nothing thrusts Germans more rapidly towards a Gaullist view of the world—or towards thoughts of a deal of their own with Russia—than fear of American disengagement from Europe." Robert Kleiman, *The Atlantic Crisis* (1964). For a good review of the various disengagement plans, see E. Hinterhoff, *Disengagement* (1959).

More recently, some warmed-over versions of the plan rested on the premise that the American role in Europe is finished and that a joint Soviet-American disengagement would restore both European stability and unity. For example, see the somewhat obscure and pontificating attack on NATO by Ronald Steel, *The End of Alliance* (1964).

[5] In this connection, there is an illusion shared by some that a West German military build-up may some day become a useful basis for bargaining with the Soviet Union: East Germany for the denuclearisation of West Germany. The fact is, however, that the development of armed forces creates a vested interest. Subsequently, it becomes inconceivable that these forces be sacrificed, *in toto* or even in part, in return for Soviet political concessions, because then the argument is raised that unity is purchased at the price of dependence. Since (in the meantime) the Soviet defensive stake in East Germany would have been increased, rearmament as a bargaining device is an illusion.

It is also wrong to think that the U.S. might be able to trade German participation in an MLF or in nuclear planning for Soviet concessions. Nothing is more likely to undermine Western confidence in American protection than the thought that Western collective security measures may be subject to bilateral American-Soviet negotiations.

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It is therefore not too late to note that the cause of German reunification is not likely to be served by the development of an independent German national nuclear force. To the extent that the Russians and the East Europeans strongly suspect that the MLF—or some Atlantic nuclear force—is a first step precisely in that direction, it is in the interest both of Germany and the West to disabuse them of that impression. Accordingly the United States might be well advised to reiterate formally and more explicitly the position taken in this regard by President Kennedy in his *Izvestia* (November 1961) interview. Germany might also derive political advantages from filing a formal declaration with the U.N. to the effect that under no circumstances will it seek an independent nuclear deterrent outside of multilateral control and management.[6]

Similarly, more thought should be given to the political implications of providing West Germany with rockets capable of striking directly at the Soviet Union. While still subject to the "two-key" system of control, the availability of such rockets to the West German armed forces brings Russia directly within reach of German striking power for the first time since World War II. This cannot but intensify the Russian, Polish, and Czech feelings that a divided Germany is preferable to a united one. In this situation West Germany stands to lose little—and perhaps to gain a great deal—by repeatedly offering to conclude bilateral non-aggression treaties with the East European states and by reiterating past pledges never to use force against the security and territorial integrity of its neighbours.

IN A NUTSHELL, Western military policy should always strive to meet three basic requirements: to provide an adequate defence of West Europe; to develop a satisfactory distribution of responsibility in order to cope with the political problems of the Alliance; and, without sacrificing either of the preceding, to avoid a negative political feedback to the East. The last consideration has been most often neglected, even though it has become all the more important since the West is now increasingly inclined to promote "evolutionary changes in the East." In our preoccupation with Western security we often tend to forget that the world looks quite different from the Russian and East European perspective, and that the history and psychology of the adversary must be taken into account, especially when our policy has as its ultimate objective the peaceful resolution of existing differences and a peaceful change in the *status quo*.

It cannot be stressed too often that no basic change in the division of Germany can be expected until such time as the Russians and the East Europeans are prepared to accept the reunification of Germany. Such acceptance will require at some point a qualitative change in their outlook. The way to it is by gradual, marginal steps, carefully calculated to bring about a situation whereby some day Moscow and the East Europeans discover that they no longer have any stake in East Germany (as in 1955 in the case of Austria).[7]

At this stage the basic preconditions for a German reunification that involve *neither* a Communist take-over (a maximum Soviet goal) *nor* a unilateral Soviet pull-out (a maximum Western goal) can be outlined only in very general terms:

(*a*) The Soviet position in East Europe must have changed to the point where the East European states are no longer pliant tools and East Germany has become an isolated Soviet colony, still entirely dependent on Soviet garrisons. It is clearly within the power of the West to exert some influence to bring about this condition.

(*b*) Poland and Czechoslovakia, at least on the broad popular level, must have ceased to view Germany as a territorially revisionist power; they must no longer feel the need of a Soviet presence in East Germany, and must have ceased to be responsive to Soviet manipulation of the German bogey. Here, too, the West can exert influence by providing explicit guarantees

[6] See my "Moscow and the MLF: Hostility and Ambivalence," *Foreign Affairs* (October 1964). This suggestion was subsequently seconded by Senator J. William Fulbright in November 1964.

[7] Those who advocate the development of the power of the West without much regard for its impact on the East inadvertently perpetuate the division of Germany. See, for example, Dean Acheson, "Withdrawal from Europe? An Illusion," *The New York Times Magazine* (December 15th, 1963). That is also why the opposite point of view as expressed by George Kennan, namely, that East Germany should at least transitionally be accepted ("Polycentrism and Western Policy," *Foreign Affairs*, January 1964) is also undesirable. Formal acceptance of the *status quo* would inevitably prompt dissension among the West Germans and the Americans and permit the Russians to have their cake and eat it too.

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of East European national and territorial integrity.

(*c*) The Soviet Union and the East European states must have been guaranteed that East Germany, once united with the rest of the country, will not become an outpost of NATO. This the West could certainly promise in advance. For example, commitments and arrangements could be made for an agreed period of time to keep East Germany a demilitarised area. While one German government would exercise sovereignty in all of Germany, only the present western part would remain in NATO (assuming the organisation still existed), while in the present eastern part U.N. peace-keeping forces would temporarily be stationed. From the Soviet point of view, a more acceptable alternative could involve the transitional retention for some years of Soviet garrisons in East Germany, even though the country will have been reunited under one political authority (in effect, the Austrian precedent). Furthermore, the residual Polish and Czech fears of Germany would provide reassurance to Moscow that a new *cordon sanitaire* was not being created on its frontiers.

(*d*) The economic benefits now flowing from East Germany to COMECON and to the Soviet Union must be maintained. This too is within the power of the West to assure. East Germany is the Soviet Union's principal economic partner and the Soviet Union's economic stake in East Germany is considerable. Substitute arrangements could be made bilaterally by Germany, or if such should develop, within a broader framework of European economic co-operation. However, for all of this to happen, more general changes in the East-West economic relationship will be required.

Economics and Culture

4. *To relate the expansion of economic ties to more extensive cultural and social contacts.* In the expansion of East-West trade, the West should attempt to erode the narrow ideological perspectives of the ruling Communist élites and to prevent them from restricting closer contact exclusively to the economic realm, thus resolving their economic difficulties while consolidating their power and perpetuating the present partition of Europe. The Communist leaders, with their public pleas for closer commercial relations (including Western credits), have been successful in representing themselves as the apostles of international co-operation. Western statesmen should be as vocal in stressing that concrete improvements in cultural relations, more intellectual dialogue and freedom of expression are as important as trade in creating genuine co-operative relationships. The two should always be related in every East-West negotiation.

The economic situation in East Europe and (to a lesser extent) in the Soviet Union has arrived at a rather critical point. These countries desire closer economic relations with the West and in some cases even large Western credits. This makes East-West trade a potential Western asset, and it should be used to advantage. Those in the West who oppose the expansion of such trade on the grounds that it helps the Communist governments overlook the fact that, first of all, such trade will grow in spite of American objections and that, secondly, to the extent that such trade and credits are badly needed by the Communists, they could be useful as sources of leverage.

The Communist leaders have made it plain that they see in the "eventual economic superiority" of their system the way to victory. Helping their economic development can be justified only if at the same time other consequences follow, resulting in the erosion of the Communist commitment to domination, in structural reforms in the Communist economic systems, in the growth of closer contacts, in an increasingly free flow of ideas and people.

These changes will not take place spontaneously, but as a result of steady pressure. Economic difficulties in the East stimulate intense power conflicts and tend to loosen the Communist structure. It should not be forgotten that the strongest impulses towards liberalisation—the Malenkov period in Russia and the later Khrushchev period of economic decentralisation, the first Nagy period in Hungary and the recent reforms in Czechoslovakia—came because there were severe economic crises. They strengthened the hands of those who argued on behalf of liberalising the system; they undermined the position of those who wished to avoid making a choice between political totalitarianism and economic reforms. It is no accident that foreign trade officials of the Communist countries are foremost among those who advocate structural reforms in their economic system. An indiscriminate Western approach to trade and credits merely plays into the hands of those ruling Communist officials who would

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like to avoid making substantial internal changes.[8]

Precisely because acceptance of Western aid and development of trade with the West is no longer proscribed as heretical by the Communists, the West needs to define for itself a clearer political perspective on the problem of East-West trade. It will not do to view it, as often is the case among otherwise conservative and staunchly anti-Communist businessmen, as merely an opportunity for profit-making, the more so because once the gates have been opened it becomes increasingly difficult to control economic appetites. Advance precautions will have to be taken to preserve a proper political perspective. Perhaps trade can be considered to be purely an economic issue when it takes place spontaneously, on the basis of reciprocal needs and advantages of the trading parties. But when such trade has to be artificially stimulated by Western governments, when such trade is fostered in the context of continued political and ideological conflict, and when the Western businessmen who wish to extend credits to the East at the same time desire their governments to underwrite these credits, such commercial relations cease to be purely an economic matter.

IN VERY BROAD TERMS, American and West European economic assistance policy with respect to East Europe should be guided by two criteria: whenever a country increases the scope of its external independence from Soviet control, or liberalises appreciably its domestic system, it should be rewarded. And similarly whenever an opposite trend develops, the West should be prepared to discontinue its assistance, withdraw special privileges (such as the U.S. "most-favoured-nation" clause, a matter of vital importance to the East Europeans), and should not hesitate to indicate the real reasons involved. Given East Europe's acute need for foreign capital investment, the flexible use of American long-term credits in this regard could be an important factor for change.

That is why it is cause for regret that the U.S. Congress has been so rigid with regard to the "most-favoured-nation" clause and to the application of Public Law 480 to Communist countries. Legislative restrictions on economic policy towards the Communist states automatically restrict the power of the executive to negotiate with the Communist states. Increasing the executive's room for manoeuvre would increase its ability to negotiate concessions from the Communist states in exchange for more trade and credit.[9]

To be sure, it is difficult to use economic relations simply as a spigot, turning them on and off. Applied too obviously, such leverage could become self-defeating, making trade relations with the West seem undesirable to the East European countries. Furthermore, it would be pointless to react to every unfavourable domestic turn in East Europe, given its political flux, by turning on economic pressures. Indeed, there is some long-range advantage in developing a relatively stable level in trade relations with East Europe as that inescapably helps to widen the range of its contacts with the West.

Unlike the case of East Europe, it is difficult at the present to see any political advantage in granting long-term credits to the Soviet Union. The West has no political interest in promoting Soviet economic development, or indirectly subsidising Soviet economic aid programmes, designed to reduce Western influence and to increase Soviet prestige in the developing countries, not to mention Soviet arms exports and efforts to encourage subversion. The argument that "a fat Communist is a good Communist" is too patently specious to be taken seriously. One need only speculate what the Soviet attitude would be if a Western economy needed Soviet credits for further development and what conditions then the Soviet Union would try to impose. Therefore, limits on long-term credits to the Soviet Union should be maintained. Private enterprises which are permitted under special circumstances to extend longer term credits should do so at their own risk and not be entitled to government guarantees. The recently concluded trade agreements between West Germany and some of the East European states demonstrate that marginal political concessions can be sought and obtained

[8] Giving aid to individual Communist states and letting them use it as they see fit is exactly what Molotov proposed in 1947, in response to the Marshall Plan invitation. It was unacceptable then and there is no reason to feel that it should be acceptable now. For details, see Harry B. Price, *The Marshall Plan and its Meaning* (Ithaca, 1955).

[9] However, the use of surplus food for this purpose is ill-advised, for it creates the impression that the U.S. is playing politics with people's hunger. Accordingly, the U.S. would be wise to avoid making surplus food the principal commodity extended to countries to be influenced politically. Once granted, it becomes almost impossible to withdraw (*e.g.*, the difficulties with Nasser).

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in exchange for trade. The West Germans were wise at the same time not to demand too much (*e.g.*, a rupture of relations with the Ulbricht régime).

Examples of marginal concessions which could be sought in exchange for a liberalised trade policy and for Western credits include rules governing access to Berlin, thereby minimising Soviet opportunities for mischief-making arising out of the absence of formal rules guiding that access; binding and applicable consular agreements with all the Communist states; the admission and free circulation of the Western press; more extensive and less regimented cultural exchanges; relaxation of Communist controls on travel of their citizens to the West.[10]

IN THE CASE of actual aid to the East European states, either by grants or credits, it is important that symbolic items of a lasting nature be also included. This facet of the problem has been almost entirely neglected. Few Russians remember to-day that millions of Russian lives were saved in the early 'twenties by the Hoover missions. Decades from now few Egyptians might remember the free distribution of American food, but the Russian-built Aswan dam will remind them of Russian aid. Accordingly, at least some of the assistance extended occasionally ought to be earmarked for undertakings which represent a lasting investment in popular good-will. For example, the reconstruction of the Royal Castle in Warsaw with American funds (like the Rockefeller-financed restoration of Versailles) would be a fitting symbol, contrasting favourably with the generally unpopular Soviet-built Stalin Palace of Culture that dominates the Warsaw skyline. Better yet, the offer to construct a modern housing district in the war-devastated Polish capital would certainly have a major impact, regardless of official response. Joint American-West German financing of such a scheme might also be beneficial, given the desirability of healing the Polish-German hostility.[11] In Czechoslovakia or Hungary the offers to construct and operate schools of business administration and/or agricultural colleges have a real impact, given the present difficulties faced by the Communist governments in these areas. Similar gestures elsewhere would provide symbolic proof of the West's desire to bridge the political and ideological partition of Europe.

Western scholarships have already made a considerable contribution to bringing closer together the intellectual communities of the two sides. In this connection it is important to make certain that scholarships for study in the West, especially in the U.S.—an opportunity most eagerly sought in the Eastern states and one providing enormous personal prestige to the recipients—are not misused as awards for loyalty to the Communist régimes and ideology. This danger is implicit in arrangements that leave the nominating process entirely in the hands of the Communist governments concerned. Obviously, no Communist government will permit foreign institutions to reward its political opponents; the point is that more of a systematic effort should be made in the West to be aware of those scholars and intellectuals who have demonstrated both creativity and intellectual integrity and to insist that Western-financed fellowships not be awarded on the basis of other criteria. Unfortunately, departures from this standard have occassionally occurred, with some demoralising effects within the East European intellectual community. To the extent that the Communist governments are gradually becoming more sensitive to their own public opinion (and to the extent that the intellectual community certainly has been pressing for closer contacts with the West), the West should become more vigorous in asserting its own standards, while continuously and openly insisting that closer economic contacts must be paralleled by closer and freer cultural relations.

A special issue arises with respect to the role of East European public opinion. The present

[10] To promote such travel, the Americans and West Europeans might be well advised to consider lifting existing visa restrictions, especially with regard to the East European youth. It might be possible to consider a scheme whereby East European students are freely admitted for visits to the West and benefit from special arrangements designed to overcome the East European shortage of hard currency. For example, thought could be given to a plan under which the East Europeans would be permitted to exchange their currency at the frontier for convertible Western funds with the East European currency thus acquired then used by the West to finance common East-West undertakings designed to establish closer contacts: fellowships for worthy students, perhaps funds for West European tourists travelling in the East, highway systems, waterways, all of which would have the desirable effects.

[11] The American-built children's hospital in Cracow, scheduled for completion in 1966, is a good precedent. This venture, however, was conceived and executed by a private individual, who had to overcome obstacles on both sides of the ocean.

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diversity in the Communist world has made the Communist leaders more responsive to the attitudes of the people. It would be counterproductive to focus U.S. and Western policy on the sole goal of improving relations with the present governments and to abandon efforts both to inform and to shape East European public opinion. The 1964 trip by Robert Kennedy to Poland, with its direct access to the masses, provided a good illustration of how relationships with the people can occasionally be established. It is incorrect to dismiss this as merely an empty gesture or to argue that it complicates relations with the governments in power. Cultivation of these relations, it should always be remembered, is a means to an end and not the end in itself. A certain amount of direct popular appeal is desirable to keep alive pro-Western popular sentiment and stimulate it anew. The Communist leaders, especially Khrushchev, have done this on their trips to the West; there is no reason for Western leaders to be more reticent in appealing directly to the people.

East and West

5. *To promote multilateral ties with West Europe and East Europe.* As direct Soviet control wanes, as East European nationalism (even under Communist leadership) reasserts itself, as the East-West dichotomy becomes less sharp, it should be an explicit goal of U.S. and Western policy to promote multilateral political and economic relations, lest East Europe—and even all of Europe—become Balkanised.

Closer multilateral European ties would eventually render superfluous the present semi-totalitarian East European régimes which thrive on isolation; involvement in all-European undertakings would mellow their ideology and would inhibit the tendency already noted for some of them to become more autonomous national-Communist technocratic dictatorships. A Rumanian-style external independence with a semi-Stalinist dictatorship at home is not enough; a Hungarian-style internal liberalisation with almost complete external dependence on the Soviet Union is also not enough. The two processes should be linked, but the West cannot encourage that to happen from the positions of the Cold War. That is why economic assistance is important, but employed constructively with a long-range goal in mind. Had more of an effort been made in the early 'fifties to draw Yugoslavia into all-European activities, perhaps some of its recent drift towards more regimentation at home and closer identification with the Communist world abroad might have been averted.

Therefore, in subsequent relations with states that have nationally asserted themselves, it is essential to emphasise their gradual internal liberalisation and the creation of more binding multilateral links with the developing European community. The response to such Western approaches is likely to be twofold: an effort to achieve a compromise with the West, thereby meeting some of its concerns; and, to prevent absorption by the West, avoidance of a complete break with Moscow. This would contribute to the desirable evolutionary trends in the region as a whole, both with regard to more autonomy and evolutionary liberalisation.

A policy of bilateral differentiation made political sense in a period when Soviet control in East Europe was solid, because it weakened Soviet hegemony. In the period of greater East European diversity, bilateral relations of individual East European states with the West cease to have the same desirable effect. And just as in the West multilateral economic relations became the first step on the long road towards a broader political solution, so in the East-West European relationship the beginnings of a multilateral economic approach could pave the way to an eventual political reconciliation. Economic assistance to the East European countries inevitably has to begin on a bilateral basis, in conjunction with the expansion of other relationships. However, it should be clear that it is neither in the interest of East Europe nor of Europe as a whole to assist the economic development of individual East European states entirely on a bilateral basis, for this will resolve neither their specific economic problems nor the basic political issues dividing Europe.

THE TIME MAY HAVE COME to create a special fund for underwriting multilateral East-West economic projects. Hungary, for example, has been eager to undertake common industrial enterprises with Western partners. The creation of a special fund to assist such endeavours would encourage greater economic multilateralism. Also, to the extent possible, the multilateral West European institutions could make it a matter of policy to hire the quite numerous East European specialists now resident in West Europe in order to train a *cadre* of "European

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technocrats." Similarly, the East European states should be invited to permit their surplus working force to participate in the European labour market. Some East European countries suffer from hidden unemployment, while France, Switzerland, and Germany badly need labour and import it from afar. Greater East-West labour mobility could be beneficial to all concerned while also undermining the existing European division. The exposure of many thousands of East Europeans to West Europe would have in time a profound effect on the East.

Some East European states are beginning to engage in limited regional co-operation outside of COMECON, the membership of which is determined ideologically and includes even Mongolia. This development also deserves Western encouragement. East European regional economic co-operation helps to overcome the national antipathies still very strong in the area, and inevitably will soften Soviet political control. So far, the East European states have not taken advantage of the facilities of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. Other developing nations have derived great benefits from such assistance, which, unlike many bilateral arrangements, is given on a continuing, long-term basis. Perhaps widely publicised offers by the World Bank and the IMF to assist East European *regional* economic undertakings might arouse both the interest of the Communist government in joining the institutions and East European popular pressure on behalf of more regional ventures.[12]

As a preparatory measure, it would be desirable for Western multilateral economic organisations to review, from a more political perspective, the character of East-West economic relations. The Common Market's headquarters do not have a regular political planning organ. The creation of such an office, charged with responsibility for analysing the long-range political implications for East Europe of West European economic development, should be undertaken without delay, before the Common Market is in a position to shape a common commercial policy.

On their side, the Communist states eventually will have to abandon their ideologically motivated hostility towards Western multilateral economic organisations, and it is to be hoped that they will do so as economic relations between the East and West develop. To encourage such evolution the Western states should continue urging them to join GATT and to extend formal diplomatic recognition to the Common Market as a supranational Western institution. The designation of Communist ambassadors to the EEC would have considerable ideological significance: it would mean a change in a doctrinaire position. From a practical point of view it would mean that, on some issues, the Communist states would be able to negotiate directly with the EEC instead, as now is the case, of having to deal indirectly with the various member states. It would mean greater contacts with a major supranational European organisation and hence it would have the effect of drawing the Communist states into a more involved relationship with Europe.[13] Perhaps as a preliminary step, some third institution (*viz.*, the Ford Foundation, which has sponsored many East-West conferences) may find it desirable to sponsor special conferences on the subject of the Common Market to which Eastern European and Soviet economists would be invited.

A more flexible and less ideological Communist attitude towards Western multilateralism may pave the way to other measures that could be economically beneficial to the Communist states and could serve to unite Europe. The domestic acceptance by the Communist states of world prices as a basis for their pricing system would facilitate multilateral trade, now in part inhibited by the arbitrary and incalculable Communist pricing system. Consideration could be given to special arrangements providing for the accession of Communist states to some sort of association with the OECD, or at least of inviting them into particular phases of work that concern them. The advantages of East European participation in OECD would be: (1) They would be allowed to take part in preliminary and private discussions of measures that some member states may intend to take and that affect states that do not belong to the OECD: this would

[12] In a stimulating article on "World Bank Credits," in *Kultura* (Paris, 1964), W. A. Zbyszewski discusses the extensive long-term credits obtained by Spain in modernising its railroad network and by India for its economic development, and proposes that Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Rumania should formulate joint proposals for their further development, to be assisted by the World Bank and the IMF.

[13] Since the EEC is a supranational organ and COMECON is not, Communist diplomatic recognition of the EEC should not be equated with Western recognition of COMECON. There is no formal or structural equivalence between the two.

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give them an indirect share in the economic decision-making of greater powers; (2) they would benefit from a certain amount of pooling of information, both economic and technical, that is of importance to their economic planning and development; (3) they could take advantage of the limited technical assistance that OECD provides to less developed states. Some members of the OECD have insisted on being categorised as less developed states so that they could benefit from such technical aid.[14] East European participation in the OECD would thus symbolise the triumph of the Western conception of European multilateral development, while also benefiting the East European nations economically.

THE DEVELOPMENT on a multilateral basis of economic relations between the East and the West could gradually pave the way for progress in the more sensitive field of politics. It would minimise the fear of the East European ruling élites that the West's intent is to absorb the East European states one by one. It would work against the revival of historically retrogressive inner-oriented nationalist states. With progress in increasing economic, cultural, and human contacts, consideration in turn could be given to more formal steps on the political level. For example, the formation could be explored of a standing committee of prominent East and West Europeans (also with Soviet and American participation) for the purpose of periodically examining and discussing East-West relations. A formal standing committee, on the model of the various precedents that paved the way for the West European unification efforts, would have an advantage over the occasional *ad hoc* bilateral and multilateral East-West conferences, for it could gradually develop into a working body with a professional staff, in effect creating the first nucleus of functional all-European bodies.

It is to be expected that the Soviet Union would wish to take advantage of any multilateral forum to enhance the status of its East German régime. However, with the passage of time and with progress in the areas of policy already discussed, it may be expected that not all of the East European states would give Moscow complete and unilateral backing on that issue. Some of them may be tempted to become involved in all-European undertakings, even if it does mean that East Germany is excluded from them, provided some face-saving device could be found.

The development of multilateral ties also *within* East Europe would be desirable as a stepping stone towards a larger European community. Since much of the tragic history of East Europe can be traced to its internal divisions, there may be a special merit for the United States, which continues to enjoy unequalled prestige among the East European peoples,[15] to go on public record as favouring the eventual formation of an East European confederation, thereby emulating the West European development. Historically all the foreign efforts to "organise" East Europe have been associated with hostile designs to dominate the region. No one in East Europe could suspect hegemonistic designs on the part of the United States if, at some appropriately historic and symbolic occasion, the President was to outline in bold terms the hope for an East Europe that would rise above its traditional divisions and assume a more prominent role in the shaping of the future Europe. With the decline in Soviet control and with the weakening of the ideological commitment of the ruling East European élites, the resulting East European void could be filled by an idea that is in keeping especially with the widespread but often unarticulated aspirations of the younger generation to surmount the old divisions. Otherwise, there is the danger that as the Communist élites become "nationalised," the old antagonism will be rekindled and even exploited by internal and external forces.

[14] Finland, which for political reasons must be extremely careful not to offend the Soviet Union, participates in OECD through observers and specifically in regard to matters affecting its basic industries. Yugoslavia, which has recently become associated with COMECON, is a full member for confrontation of economic policies, scientific and technical matters, agriculture and fisheries questions, technical assistance and productivity, and participates through observers in other matters. Yugoslavia and Finland could both serve as useful precedents for the other East European states.

[15] Whereas in many places in the world the United States seems to be losing its hold on popular imagination, in East Europe it is still viewed in highly idealised terms as the society of to-morrow, a feeling strengthened by personal bonds with many millions of Americans of East European origin. Symptomatic of the feeling of the youth was the finding of a survey conducted in Warsaw during the Communist May Day Youth Celebration: when asked where they would like to go if all restrictions were lifted, the universal answer was "America." (See Z. Bauman, *Kariera*, Warsaw 1960.)

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Such a U.S. statement might be particularly timely because many East Europeans (including even officials) are concerned that the new American-Soviet stability might result in East Europe becoming again a backyard of international politics—an area to be occasionally exploited in order to put pressure on the Soviet Union, but otherwise left to its own devices and to its own more powerful neighbours, including eventually also Germany. That is why a constructive policy statement defining the hopes for the future development of East Europe would have more than merely a propaganda effect. Even if initially criticised by the Communist press as "interference," it would inevitably give a new sense of direction to many East Europeans who are concerned about their future but see no one providing them with a constructive alternative to the present.

From Confrontation to Co-operation

UNTIL NOW, most East-West agreements have been negotiated during periods of tension and crisis. Since most of the crises were initiated by Soviet efforts to change the *status quo*, the initiative has tended to rest with Moscow. The settlements (with the exception of the Austrian Treaty and the Test Ban Agreement) involved merely the restoration of the previous situation. In the present post-Cuba *détente* there is a broader opportunity for the West to come to grips with the basic problem of East-West relations. By taking the initiative America would point up the wider European scope of Western policy and also accelerate the tendencies in the East which are favourable to closer East-West relations. The appropriate content of such an initiative would be economic, since this is the most sensitive point in Eastern Europe, and since the possibility of East-West economic co-operation has achieved a certain ideological respectability in Eastern Europe.

To that end, a proposal should be addressed to the European powers, including Russia, to join with America and Western Europe in formulating a joint all-European economic development plan. The Plan would be designed to cut across the present European partition, to narrow existing disparities in European living standards, to reduce the economic and political significance of existing frontiers, and to promote East-West trade and human contacts by the development of an all-European system of communications. The proposal would be a fitting climax to past American efforts to foster the unity of Western Europe, to bring about closer contacts between East and West, and in this context to build a stable relationship between Germany and East Europe. In such a plan American financial participation would be conditioned on complementary efforts by Western Europe. Britain and Europe could participate as an entity by creating a special fund to finance East-West trade and common European investment projects, or by extending the scope and the size of both the Development Fund and the European Investment Bank. Working out new trade agreements with the East in the context of a larger plan of East-West economic activity would accelerate also the process of West European co-operation.

A venture of this kind would take advantage of the West's economic strength, of economic pressures in the East, and of the growing appeal of "the European idea" in Eastern Europe in contrast to the waning attraction of Communist ideology. There is reason to hope that West Europeans would be ready to make the contributions necessary to bring this collective enterprise into being. For example, a 1962 poll showed a large majority of the West Europeans in favour of using national taxes to promote the development of the poorer regions of Europe (while a small majority opposed the same for Africa). That West Europe could contribute substantial capital is suggested by the present size of West German commitments to international development: $1,050 million to the capital stock of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, $200 million to the development fund of the EEC, $300 million to the European Investment Bank. Together with contributions from the other Western European states and from the United States, a proposal of this kind would have a dramatic appeal in both Eastern and Western Europe.

The proposal would be premised on a phased reunification of Germany and on an implicit acceptance by the East of the principle that the reconstruction of Europe would involve in time the reunification of Germany. A general plan of European economic co-operation, involving multilateral Western participation and open both to Russia and to East Europe, would be more acceptable in the East than any bilateral attempt by West Germany "to buy" East Germany in exchange for credits to Russia, as has at times been proposed in the West German press and repeatedly rejected by the East. A

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direct German-Russian relationship would create fears and opposition in East Europe, not to speak of suspicions of "a new Rapallo" in the West. Only a solution of the German problem in the context of broader East-West co-operation could reasonably assure both that the consequence of unification will not be the fragmentation of one side or the other.

No doubt the Soviet Union would try to take advantage of a proposal of this kind to legalise the existence of the two German states by insisting that East Germany should formally participate in any all-European undertaking. Yet it is by no means certain that, if the West takes the steps already suggested to reassure the East Europeans on the German question, the Soviet Union would be able to count on the solid support of the East European states. The idea of "rejoining Europe" would generate popular enthusiasm in East Europe. The economic opportunity thereby presented would doubtless be attractive to the harassed East European economic cadres. The economic character of the proposal would diminish the suspicions of the political élites. Increasingly concerned with their own well-being, these governments might be receptive to a formula excluding East German participation on the grounds that East Germany benefits already from advantageous bilateral economic arrangements with West Germany.

If actually launched, and in operation for a period of years, such unprecedented multilateral economic co-operation would sooner or later create a favourable context for resolving peacefully the many outstanding European political and security problems. In the new atmosphere, it might be possible to find solutions for the more intractable problems of arms control; to achieve perhaps a freeze on nuclear weapons; and even to explore again various regional security schemes. In the present hostile confrontation it is unavoidable that each side assumes that any security scheme proposed by the other has ulterior motives.

Of course, the Soviet Union may reject any such co-operative venture; or, more likely, it may equivocate and attempt to shift the focus of the proposal to direct grants to individual Communist states, thereby frustrating the underlying purpose of the initiative. Yet at least some of the East European states would surely be attracted, and there would be great popular pressure in East Europe for participation. It is by no means certain that a Soviet refusal would be automatically followed by East European refusals, as happened with the Marshall Plan. Indeed, one should not assume that the Soviets will reject it indefinitely.

In assessing possible Soviet reaction, one must recognise that the general evolutionary trend in Russia towards a more European orientation is counterbalanced by increasing Russian nationalism and even chauvinism, and by the power interests of the bureaucratic technocratic dictatorship which is likely to continue to dominate the Soviet political scene. It is quite possible that the ruling élite may justify their power by emphasising the global competition with the United States, building on the desire of many Russians to become "the Number One world power." It is therefore quite possible that the Soviets may be unwilling to participate in any scheme which would involve eventual reunification of Germany and lessening of Russian control over East Europe. For this reason, Western policy must reckon both with the possibility of a favourable Soviet evolution, and with persisting Soviet hostility.

The proposed initiative for all-European economic co-operation does just this. If the favourable Soviet evolution, foreseen in this article, comes to pass, the proposal opens the way for the Soviet Union and East Europe to move towards a grand settlement and reconciliation with the West. If Soviet hostility persists, the proposal would put increased strain on the Soviet control of East Europe. It would magnify the cost of Soviet domination by giving the East Europeans new leverage to extract greater Soviet economic assistance in return for their rejecting the Western initiative. Thus, the initiative is desirable on either assumption about the trends of Soviet developments. Once made, the proposal would become an objective force, just as Khrushchev's bold disarmament proposals gave Soviet foreign policy a certain positive momentum, though they were never implemented. The initiative could revivify the West and attract the East, irrespective of formal acceptances or refusals. Its positive appeal would doubtless create at least some divisions of opinion in Moscow and might help the moderate forces in Soviet society.

The reader will not have failed to note the historical connection between the proposal here made and the original proposal of the Marshall Plan. The immense political force of a far-reaching initiative, made at the right time, was

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never more clearly demonstrated. In the eloquent words of its chronicler, Harry Price:

> The Marshall Plan demonstrated that the free nations can seize the initiative in the East-West struggle if goals are set which exert a wide and potent appeal and if enough intelligence, energy, and resources are devoted to the attainment of these goals.
>
> The Plan began with an idea. It was an idea which satisfied a widely felt yearning and fired the imaginations and hopes of millions. Its conception and projection was a creative event. Yet the uniqueness of the concept was less extraordinary than its historic timing, the way in which it entered into and became a part of existing currents of thought and feeling.... To usher in a new era in relations between peoples—an era in which the energies released in co-operative enterprises eventually outstrip those dedicated to defence or destruction—not one or two ideas but a whole sequence of new concepts is needed. One of the lessons of the Marshall Plan appears to be that for an idea to be effective in the international sphere, as has been true in the industrial sphere, it must be addressed to a situation that is ripe for it.

Recall the starkness of the European situation in 1947. The Marshall Plan was born of the frustration and failure of the Moscow Conference and was designed to be "a broad and dramatic effort." To-day, in the context of nuclear proliferation, the rise of West European nationalisms, the decline of U.S. influence on the European continent, the growing frustration in West Germany, and the increasing opportunities in the more divided East, there is again a need and an increasingly ripe historical opportunity for a bold and creative idea.

As long as the West is militarily strong and clear about its goals, we need not fear to extend to the Communist world a sincere offer of economic co-operation designed neither to strengthen nor to weaken those who have made themselves our adversaries, but to bind us all together so that we cannot consider warring against each other. Even in the darkest days of the 'forties, the Policy Planning Staff of the U.S. State Department felt (and rightly so) that "American effort in the aid to Europe should be directed not to the combating of Communism as such, but to the restoration of the economic health and vigor of European society."

THE IDEA OF THE Atlantic community was a creative and effective response to a challenging Russia. The challenge we face is no longer the same. The Atlantic idea alone is not an adequate response to the opportunity presented by a weakening Soviet bloc and to Europe's quest for identity. The proposed initiative would have the merit of creating a larger context for continued American-European co-operation, somewhat subsuming the inherent tendency for European processes to become also an expression of the European desire for autonomy from the United States. A larger conception of a co-operative community, involving eventually four major units, America and Russia as the peripheral participants, and West Europe and East Europe as the two halves of the inner core (in time perhaps becoming even more closely linked), would provide a more constructive and politically appealing image of to-morrow than a troubled Western partnership implicitly based on the notion of continued European partition.

A broader conception, of which the Atlantic partnership could be one component, would be more likely to keep the United States relevant to Europe's future, to prevent the recrudescence in Europe of narrow nationalisms or the perpetuation of xenophobic national Communisms, and to create a new political context in which the legacies of World War II can at last be settled. The West can set itself no nobler or more timely task than to end the partition of Europe.

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Robert Musil

The Lady from Portugal

IN SOME OLD CHARTERS they were called the seigniors delle Catene, in others Herren von Ketten, both of which mean: of the Chains. They had come down from the North, stopping at the very threshold of the South. They proclaimed their loyalty now to the Guelph, now to the Ghibelline cause, as it suited them, and at bottom regarded themselves as owing no allegiance to anything or anyone but themselves.

It was to one side of the great highway leading across the Brenner Pass into Italy, somewhere between Brixen and Trent, on an almost sheer, lone crag, that their castle stood, with a wild torrent coursing five hundred feet below it, raging so deafeningly that if a man put his head out of one of the windows, he could not have heard even the pealing of church bells in the room behind him. It was an impenetrable curtain of solid noise, through which no sound of the outer world could pass into the castle of the seigniors delle Catene. Only the gaze was unimpeded and, piercing that protective curtain, plunged headlong into the deep encircling panorama.

All the lords delle Catene or von Ketten had the reputation of being keen and alert, and there was no advantage that escaped them as far as their arm could reach. And they were cruel as knives that always cut deep. They never turned red with anger or rosy with joy: in their anger they darkened, and in their joy they shone like gold—a shining as perfect and as rare. All of them, without exception through the years and the centuries, were said also to resemble each other in this: that white threads early mingled with the brown hair of head and beard, and that every one of them died before his sixtieth year; and in this too, that the enormous strength each sometimes displayed seemed not to have its seat and origin in his body, which was slender and of medium stature, but to emanate from the eyes and forehead. This, however, was merely the legend among their overawed neighbours and their villeins. They took whatever they could get, going about it honestly or accomplishing it by violence or cunning as the case might be, but always imperturbably, inexorably. Each lived out his short life without haste, and for each the end was swift, death cutting him down when he had accomplished his task.

IT WAS THE CUSTOM among the Kettens not to form ties of marriage with any of the nobility who held the surrounding manors, but to seek their brides far off, and rich brides too, in order not to be hindered in making their alliances and carrying on feuds as they chose. The Herr von Ketten who had brought home a beautiful Portuguese bride twelve years earlier was now in his thirtieth year. The marriage had been celebrated in her country, and the very youthful bride was

ROBERT MUSIL, *one of the masters of contemporary European prose, died in Switzerland in 1942. This story appears here for the first time in English. The translators—Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser—are completing Musil's* The Man Without Qualities, *of which three volumes have already appeared in England (Secker & Warburg, London) and two in the United States (Coward McCann, New York).*

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expecting her confinement by the time the jingling procession of attendants and menials, horses, maidservants, baggage-mules, and dogs crossed the boundary of the Catene land. The year had passed like one long honeymoon. For all the Catene were brilliant cavaliers, yet they proved it only in the one year of their lives when they went wooing. The brides they chose were beautiful, for they wanted handsome sons, and without courtly graces they could not have won such wives abroad, where they did not count for so much as at home. But they themselves did not know whether it was in that one year they revealed their true selves, or only in all the other years.

A MESSENGER came to meet the cavalcade, bearing weighty news; and though the bright-coloured garments and pennants still resembled a great butterfly, Herr von Ketten himself was changed. When he had galloped back to rejoin the company, he continued to ride slowly beside his wife as though he would not allow any other concern to press him, but his face had altered and was now forbidding as a bank of storm-clouds. Then suddenly, at a turn in the road, the castle towered up before them, scarcely a quarter of an hour's journey ahead, and with an effort he broke his silence.

He told his wife he wished her to turn back and return to her native country. The cavalcade came to a halt. The Portuguese lady pleaded and insisted that they should ride on, urging that there would still be time to turn back when the reasons had been heard.

The Bishops of Trent were mighty lords, and the Imperial courts pronounced in their favour. For generations the Kettens had been at feud with them over a question of territory, and sometimes they had invoked the law against each other, sometimes their demands and counter-demands had led to bloodshed, but always it had been the seigniors von Ketten who had been obliged to yield to their opponents' superior strength. In this one matter the gaze that missed no other chance of advantage waited in vain to glimpse it. And father handed on the task to son, and through the generations their pride continued to wait, and never relented.

It was for this Herr von Ketten now that the luck seemed to have changed. He was dismayed to realise how nearly he had missed his chance. A strong party among the nobility was in rebellion against the Bishop, and it had been decided to make a surprise attack and take him prisoner. Ketten's return home might tip the scales in favour of the rebel party. Having been absent for more than a year, Ketten did not know how strong the Bishop's position was; but he did know this would be a long and fearful struggle that would last for years and that the outcome was uncertain, and he also knew it would be impossible to count on each of their party to the bitter end if they did not succeed in taking Trent at the very beginning. He resented it that his beautiful wife had, by her mere existence, almost caused him to miss the opportunity. True, as he rode at her side, keeping one pace to the rear, he delighted in her as much as ever; and she was still as mysterious to him as the many pearl necklaces that she possessed. A man could have crushed such little things like peas, weighing them in the hollow of his sinewy hand—so it seemed to him, as he rode beside her—and yet there they lay, incomprehensibly invulnerable. It was only that this enchantment had been displaced by the news he had received, had been thrust aside like winter's muffled dreams when all at once the boyishly naked, first, sunlight-solid days are there again. Years in the saddle lay ahead, and in them wife and child turned to strangers, vanished from ken.

BUT MEANWHILE the cavalcade had reached the foot of the cliff on which the castle stood, and the lady from Portugal, having listened to all he had to say, once more declared that she would remain with him. How fiercely the castle reared into the height! Here and there on the rock-face a few stunted trees sprouted like sparse hair. The rising and falling of the line of wooded mountains was so violent that no one could have imagined

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that savagery who knew only the waves of the sea. The air was full of some spicy chill, and it was all like riding in a huge cauldron that had burst, spilling everywhere this alien green that it contained. But in the forest there was the stag, the bear, the wild boar, the wolf, and perhaps the unicorn. Further beyond, there was the realm of chamois and eagle. Unfathomed gorges harboured dragons. Many days' journey wide, many days' journey deep this forest was, where the only tracks were those where wild beasts made their way; and high above, where the crags towered, the realm of spirits began. There demons lurked amid the storm and the clouds. No Christian had ever set foot there, or if ever one had the audacity to try to scale those heights, ill-luck followed—stories that the maids told in hushed voices round the fire in winter, while the serving-men smirked in silence and shrugged their shoulders, because a man's life is full of dangers, and such adventures can easily befall one. But of all the tales the lady from Portugal heard, there was one that seemed strangest. Just as no one had ever yet reached the place where the rainbow ends, so too, they recounted, no one had ever yet succeeded in looking out over these great stone walls: there were always more walls beyond, and between them there were ravines like outspread blankets full of stones, stones as big as a house, and even the finest gravel underfoot was no smaller than a man's head. It was a world that was not really a world at all. Often in her dreams of this country, whence came the man she loved, she had imagined it as being of his own nature, and she had imagined the man's nature according to all that he had told her of his native country. Weary of the peacock-blue sea, she had expected a land tense with the unexpected, like the string of a drawn bow. Then, when she came face to face with the secret, she found it unimaginably hideous and longed to escape. The castle was like an agglomeration of hen-houses: stone piled on rock . . . dizzy walls where mould and lichen grew . . . here rotting beams, there unseasoned, unhewn tree-trunks . . . farming tools and war-gear, stable chains and axle-trees. But now that she was here, it was here that she belonged, and perhaps what she saw was not really hideous, perhaps it had a beauty of its own, like a man's ways, to which one had to become accustomed.

Herr von Ketten watched his wife riding up the mountainside and could not bring himself to stop her. He felt no gratitude. Her action was something that neither bested his will nor yielded to it, but eluded him, luring him on into some other realm, making him ride after her in awkward silence, helpless as a lost soul.

Two days later he was again in the saddle.

AND ELEVEN YEARS LATER it was still the same. Too rashly attempted, the attack on Trent had failed, costing the nobles a third of their force at the very start, and with it more than half their boldness. Herr von Ketten, though wounded in the retreat, did not at once return home. For two days he lay hidden in a peasant's hut, and then he rode from castle to castle, trying to re-awaken his allies' fighting-spirit. Having come too late to take part in their councils and preparations, after this setback he clung to the plan as a dog will cling to a bull's ear. He expounded to the other knights what lay in store for them if the Bishop's forces made a counter-attack before their own ranks were closed again; he urged on the faint-hearted and the miserly, squeezing money out of them, bringing up reinforcements, providing arms—and finally was chosen to be their captain in the field. At first his wounds still bled so profusely that he had to change the bandages twice a day; and, riding and counselling and trying to make up for his earlier absence, he gave no thought to his lovely Portuguese bride, who was surely anxious for him.

It was not until five days after he was wounded that he came to her, and then he remained only one day. She looked at him without asking questions, yet keenly, as one may follow the flight of an arrow, wondering if it will strike its mark.

He gathered his men together, down to the meanest lad on whom he could lay hands,

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manned the castle to withstand a siege, issued commands, and saw to everything. That day was all a shouting of men-at-arms, a neighing of horses, hauling of beams, clang of iron and stone. In the night he rode away. He was kind and tender as to some noble creature that one admires, but his gaze went straight ahead as if from under a helmet, even when he wore none. At their leave-taking the lady from Portugal, suddenly overwhelmed by a woman's feelings, pleaded to be allowed, at least now, to bathe his wounds and bind them afresh. But he refused and took leave of her more hastily than was necessary, laughing as he did so. And then she also laughed.

THE WAY THE ENEMY fought out this campaign was violent wherever it could be so, as befitted the hard man of noble blood who wore the episcopal robes; but it was perhaps from these long womanish robes that he had also learnt to be supple, deceitful, and stubborn. Wealth and extensive possessions gradually proved what they could do, and ground was yielded only inch by inch, always only at the last moment, when rank and influence no longer sufficed to engage the help of allies. It was a way of fighting that avoided decisive action. As soon as resistance stiffened, there was a withdrawal; wherever it seemed to be slackening, there would be an onslaught. So it happened that sometimes a castle would be overrun and, if it had not been abandoned in time, all the inmates put to the sword. But at other times troops might be encamped in a district for weeks and nothing worse would happen than that some peasant's cow would be stolen or a few hens would have their necks twisted. The weeks lengthened into summer and winter, and the seasons revolved into years. Two powers were contending with each other, the one fierce and aggressive, but lacking in strength, the other resembling an indolent, soft, but dreadfully heavy body, made heavier still by the weight of time.

HERR VON KETTEN was well aware of all this. He had trouble in preventing the weakened, sullen forces of the knights from squandering the last of their strength in a sudden, hasty attack. He was always on the outlook for the exposed position, the turn of events, the unlikely constellation that only chance could bring about. So too his father had bided his time, and his father before him. And if one waits long enough, even the most unlikely event may come to pass. So he waited for eleven years.

For eleven long years he rode to and fro between the nobles' castles and his fighting-forces, keeping resistance alive. In a hundred skirmishes, again and again, he earned a name for reckless courage, in order that none might reproach him with being timid in leadership; and at times he even manoeuvred both sides into a great bloody encounter, lest his allies' taste for battle should falter. But he too avoided decisive action, just as the Bishop did. More than once he received slight wounds, but he was never at home for more than twelve hours. He was battle-scarred and weather-beaten from his roving life. Doubtless he feared to stay at home longer, just as a tired man dare not sit down.

The restiveness of horses hitched to a tree, men's loud laughter, torchlight, flames of a camp-fire rising like a pillar, like a tree-trunk of golden dust in green-glimmering woodland, the smell of rain, curses, boastful knights, dogs sniffing at the wounded, women's petticoats lifted high, scared peasants—such things were his amusements in these years. In the midst of it all he remained slender and graceful. White began to show among the brown hairs of his head, but his face was ageless. He had to find retorts to coarse jests, and did so like a man; but his eyes would remain quite still. Wherever discipline slackened, he restored order with an iron hand; but he did not raise his voice, he spoke quietly and briefly, and the soldiers feared him, for anger never seemed to take possession of him, it was something that streamed out of him like a light, and his face would grow quite dark. In battle he forgot himself. Then everything followed a single course—a wild slashing and blood-letting, a frenzied dance drunk with blood;

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he did not know what he was doing and yet he always did the right thing. For this his soldiers idolised him, and a legend arose that in his hatred of the Bishop he had sold his soul to the Devil, who dwelt in his castle in the guise of a beautiful outlandish woman that he visited there in secret.

THE FIRST TIME he heard this Herr von Ketten neither frowned nor laughed: but his face became dark golden with joy. Often, when he sat by the camp-fire or at some peasant's hearth and the hard day behind him would seem to soften in the warmth, as rain-stiffened leather will grow soft again, he would think. He would think, at such times, of the Bishop of Trent, who slept on fresh linen, was surrounded by learned clerks, and had painters in his service, while he himself roamed like a wolf, circling round the enemy. He too could have that. He had installed a chaplain in his castle so that the needs of the spirit might be provided for, and a scrivener to read aloud, and a merry maid-in-waiting; a cook had been brought from a great distance, so that the castle's mistress need not hanker for the dishes she had known at home; wandering scholars and students would be given hospitality so that their conversation might afford some days of distraction; costly stuffs and tapestries came, so that the walls might be covered. Only he stayed away.

FOR A WHOLE YEAR, in that far country and on the journey, he had practised pretty speeches and flattery. For just as every well-made thing, be it steel or strong wine, horse or fountain, has a spirit of its own, so too the lords delle Catene had, and were not lacking in wit. But during that time he was far from his homeland and his essential being was something that he might ride towards for many weeks without reaching it. And even now he would sometimes unthinkingly make gallant speeches, but only so long as the horses were being rested in the stables. He would arrive late at night and ride away the next morning; or else he would be there from when the bell rang for Matins till the Angelus. He was as familiar to her as a thing long worn on one's person. When you laugh, that familiar thing also laughs—is shaken to and fro; when you walk, it goes with you; when your hand touches your own body, you feel the presence of that thing: but if you raise it up and contemplate it, it remains silent, it avoids your eyes. If he had ever remained longer, he would have had to be truly as he was. But he recalled that he had never said: I am this; or: I wish to be that. He had talked to her of hunting, of adventures and of things that he did. Nor had she ever done what young people so often do and asked him what he thought about this and about that, or said anything about what she would wish to be like when she was older; lively as she had been before, she had simply bloomed, silently, like a rose, and she had stood on the church steps ready to depart, as though on a mounting-block from which she would step into the saddle and ride into that other life.

He scarcely knew the two children she had borne him, but these two sons of his also loved him passionately—that remote father with whose fame their childish ears had rung since they could remember. It was a strange memory, that of the evening to which the second son owed his being. There she was, when he came home, in a soft light-grey robe patterned with dark grey flowers; her black hair was already plaited for the night, and her finely chiselled nose cast a sharp shadow into the smooth yellow of a book on which the lamplight shone, illumining the mysterious pictures it contained. It was like magic. Tranquilly the woman sat there, in her rich gown, the skirt flowing down in countless rippling folds—a figure rising out of itself and falling back into itself, like the water of a fountain. And is the water of a fountain anything that can be ransomed and redeemed, can it be set free by anything but magic or some miracle, and thus issue forth wholly out of its self-borne, swaying existence? Embracing the woman, might he not suddenly be brought up short by the force of some magical resistance? This was not so —but is tenderness not even more uncanny?

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She looked at him, as he entered, like someone recognising an old cloak that one has not worn for a long time, has not even seen for a long time, and which remains a little strange, and yet one wraps it round oneself.

WHAT INTIMATE, familiar things, by contrast, did the strategies of war, and political cunning and anger and killing seem to him! An act is performed because some other act has preceded it. The Bishop relies on his gold pieces, and the captain on the nobility's powers of endurance. To command is a thing all clarity; such a life is day-bright, solid to the touch, and the thrust of a spear under an iron collar that has slipped is as simple as pointing one's finger at something and being able to say: This is *this*. But the other thing is as alien as the moon.

Secretly Herr von Ketten loved this other thing. He took no delight in ordering his household or increasing his wealth. And although he had for years been fighting about possessions not his own, his desire was not a reaching out for the satisfaction of gain; it was a yearning from his very soul. It was in their brows that the Catene's power lay; but all that their power produced was voiceless actions. Every morning that he climbed into the saddle he again felt the happiness of not yielding, and this was the very soul of his soul. But when he dismounted at evening, often a sullen weariness of all the violence he had been living with would sink upon him, as though that day he had been straining all his resources lest, through no doing of his own, he should suddenly be radiant with some inner beauty for which he had no name. The Bishop, that slippered priest, could pray to God when Ketten pressed him hard. Ketten could only ride through standing corn, feel the horse's stubborn, billowing movement under him, and conjure up goodwill with blows of his iron gauntlet. But he was thankful that it should be so. He was glad that a man could live and cause others to die without that other thing. Thus one could deny and drive off something that crept towards the fire when one stared into the flames, something that was gone the moment one straightened up, stiff from dreaming, and turned round. Herr von Ketten sometimes became entangled in the long, intertwining threads of his thoughts when he remembered the Bishop to whom he was doing all this, and it seemed to him that only a miracle could straighten it all out.

His wife would summon the old steward and roam through the forest with him when she was not sitting gazing at the pictures in her books. Forest opens up before one, but its soul withdraws. She would press through the undergrowth, clamber over boulders, come upon tracks and spoors, and catch glimpses of animals, but she never came home having had more than such small adventures, difficulties overcome, curiosities satisfied, things from which all the life vanished as soon as one emerged from the forest. And that green *fata morgana* of which she had heard tell before she came to this country—as soon as one was no longer entering into it, it closed again behind one's back.

RATHER INDOLENTLY, meanwhile, she kept some order in the castle. As for her sons, neither of whom had ever seen the sea—were they really her children? At times it seemed to her they were young wolves. Once she was brought a wolf-cub that had been taken in the forest. And she looked after him too. He and the great hounds treated each other with uneasy tolerance, letting each other be without exchanging any sign. When the wolf-cub crossed the castle yard, they would stand up and watch him pass, but they neither barked nor growled. And even if he cast a sidelong glance at them, he would keep straight on, scarcely slackening his pace, only a little more stiff-legged, lest he should show any fear. He followed his mistress everywhere. He gave no sign of affection or of familiarity, merely turning his intense gaze to her often—but his gaze said nothing. She loved this wolf for his sinewiness, his brown coat, and the silent ferocity and intensity of his gaze, which reminded her of Herr von Ketten.

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AT LAST THE MOMENT came for which a man must wait. The Bishop fell ill and died, and the cathedral chapter was without leadership. Ketten sold his goods and chattels, mortgaged his land, and employed all his means to equip a small army entirely his own. Then he negotiated. Faced with the choice between having to continue the old struggle against newly armed forces and coming to terms, the chapter decided for the latter, and it was inevitable that Ketten, the last captain remaining, strong and menacing, in the field, should make advantageous terms for himself, while the cathedral chapter extorted what compensation it could from weaker and more hesitant foes.

So there was an end to what, by the fourth generation, had become like the wall of a room, a wall one sees facing one every morning at breakfast and does not really see at all. All at once this wall was not there. Hitherto everything had been as in the lives of all foregoing Kettens, and all that remained to be done in this Ketten's life was to round things out and set them in order, an artisan's aim in life, no goal for a great lord.

And then, as he was riding home, a fly stung him.

His hand at once began to swell, and he became very tired. He dismounted at the tavern in a small, poverty-stricken village, and, sitting at the greasy wooden table, he laid his head down on it, overcome by drowsiness. When he woke, at evening, he was in a fever. He would nevertheless have ridden on if he had been in haste; but he was not in haste now. In the morning, when he tried to mount, he was so dizzy that he slipped and fell. The swelling had already spread up his arm to his shoulder. Having forced his armour on, he had to be unbuckled again, and while he was standing there, letting it be done, he was shaken by such a fit of shivering as he had never known. His muscles twitched and jerked so that his hands would not obey him, and the half-unbuckled pieces of armour clattered like a loose roof-gutter in a gale. He felt this was unworthy of him, and laughed, with grimly set face, at his clattering; but his legs were weak as a child's. He sent a messenger to his wife, another to a surgeon, and yet another to a famous physician.

The surgeon, who was the first to arrive, prescribed hot compresses of healing herbs and asked for permission to use the knife. Ketten, who was now much more impatient to reach home, bade him cut—until he had half as many fresh wounds again as he had old ones. How strange it was to let pain be inflicted on one and not defend oneself! For two days he lay wrapped from head to toe in the healing herbal compresses, and then had himself carried home. The journey took three days, but this kill-or-cure treatment, which might indeed have caused his death by exhausting his remaining strength, seemed to have halted the malady: when they arrived, he lay in a high fever from the poison in his blood, but the infection had not spread further.

THIS FEVER was like a plain of burning grass, smouldering on day after day, week after week. Daily the sick man dwindled, being consumed in his own fire, but the evil humours also seemed to be gradually consumed by it. More than this even the famous physician could not say, and only the lady from Portugal knew secret signs that she chalked on his door and the bedposts. When, one day, there was almost nothing left of Herr von Ketten, only something like a shape filled with soft, hot ash, suddenly the fever diminished—remaining a mere faint glimmer under the ashes.

IF IT WAS STRANGE to suffer pain against which one did not fight, what followed now was something that the sick man did not experience like someone who was himself in the midst of it. He slept a great deal, and was absent even when his eyes were open. But when his consciousness returned, this body without any will of its own, this body as warm and helpless as an infant's, was not his at all, and neither was this weak soul that the faintest breath of air could agitate. Surely he had already died and was all this time merely waiting somewhere, as though

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he might have to come back again. He had never known that dying was so peaceful. Part of his being had gone ahead into death, separating and scattering like a cavalcade of travellers. While the bones were still lying in bed, and the bed was there, his wife bending over him, and he, out of curiosity, for the sake of some diversion, was watching the changing expressions in her attentive face, everything he loved had already gone a long way ahead. Herr von Ketten and his moon-lady, his nocturnal enchantress, had issued forth from him and softly withdrawn to a distance: he could still see them, he knew that by taking a few great leaps he could still catch up with them, only he no longer knew whether he was already there with them or still here. Yet all this lay in some immense and kindly hand that was as benign as a cradle and which nevertheless weighed all things as in scales, imperturbable, unconcerned as to the outcome. Doubtless that was God. But even though he did not doubt it, it did not stir him either. He was waiting for whatever was to come, not even responding to the smile that hovered above him, and those caressing words.

Then the day came when all at once he knew this would be his last if he did not gather up all his willpower in order to remain alive. And it was on the evening of this day that the fever ceased.

When he felt this first stage of returning health like solid ground beneath him, he began to have himself carried out every day to the little green patch of ground on the rocky bluff that jutted, unwalled, above the precipice. Wrapped in blankets, he would lie there in the sun—now dozing, now waking, never sure whether he was asleep or awake.

Once, when he woke, the wolf was there. Gazing into those bevelled eyes, he could not stir. He did not know how much time passed—and then his wife was there beside him, the wolf at her knee. He closed his eyes again, pretending he had not been awake at all. But when he was carried back to his bed, he asked for his crossbow. He was so weak that he could not draw it, and this amazed him. Beckoning to the servant, he bade him take the crossbow. "The wolf," he said. The man hesitated. But Herr von Ketten raged like a child, and that evening the wolf's pelt hung in the castle yard. When the Portuguese lady saw it and learnt only then, from the serving-men, what had happened, her blood froze. She went to his bedside. There he lay, pale as the wall behind him, and for the first time he looked her straight in the eyes again. She laughed and said: "I shall have a hood made of the pelt, and come by night and suck the blood from your veins."

When he wanted to send away the chaplain, who once had said: "The Bishop can pray to God, and that is a threat to you"—and who had later, time after time, given him Extreme Unction. But this he could not do at once, for the Portuguese lady exerted herself on his behalf, begging him to have patience with the chaplain a short while longer, until he found another place. Herr von Ketten yielded. He was still weak and still spent much time drowsing in the sun, on the patch of grass.

Once—another time when he woke—there was the friend of her youth. He was standing beside the lady from Portugal, having come from her native country, and here in the North he seemed to resemble her. He saluted Herr von Ketten with a nobleman's courtesy, uttering words that, judging by his look and gestures, must have been all grace and cordiality. And the lord of Ketten lay in the grass like a dog, filled with shame.

Unless, indeed, that was not until the second time—for his mind sometimes wandered even now. It was a long time too before he noticed that his cap had become too big for him. The soft fur cap that had always sat so firmly on his head now, at a light touch, slipped down to where his ears stopped it from going further. The three of them were together, and his wife said: "Dear heaven! Your head has shrunk!"

His first thought was that he must have let his hair be cropped too short, though at the moment he could not remember when. Fur-

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tively he passed his hand over his head. But his hair was longer than it should have been, and matted since he had been ill. Then the cap must have stretched, he told himself. But it was still almost new—and how should it have stretched, lying unused in a chest? So he made a jest of the matter, remarking that in all the years when he had been living among men-at-arms, instead of with courtly cavaliers, his head might well have shrunk. He felt how awkwardly the jest came from his lips, and it did not even remove the question—can a skull become smaller? The strength in the veins may grow less, the fat beneath the scalp may melt away in fever: but what does that amount to? Now at times he would make a gesture as of smoothing his hair, or pretend to be wiping away sweat, or he would try to lean back into the shade unobtrusively and then, swiftly, using two fingertips as if they were a mason's compass, would measure his skull, placing his fingers now this way, now that. But no doubt remained: his head had become smaller, and if he fingered it from within, with his thoughts, it was even smaller, like two small thin shells fitted together.

THERE ARE, of course, many things that one cannot account for, but one does not carry them on one's own shoulders, feeling them every time one turns one's neck towards two people who are talking while one seems to be asleep. Although he had long forgotten all but a few words of that foreign language, once he caught the sentence: "You do not do what you would, and you do what you would not." The tone seemed to be urgent rather than jesting—what could it mean?

Another time he leaned far out of the window, right into the rushing sound of the torrent; he now did this often, as a sort of game: the noise, as confused as wildly whirling hay, closed the ears, and when he returned out of that deafness, his wife's conversation with the other man suddenly stood out clearly, very small and far away. And it was an eager conversation. Their souls seemed to be in harmony with each other.

The third time it was simply that he followed the other two when they went out into the courtyard again in the evening. When they passed the torch at the top of the outside steps, their shadows must fall across the tops of the trees. He bent forward swiftly when this happened, but among the leaves the shadows all blurred into one.

AT ANY OTHER TIME he would have tried to drive the poison out of his body by calling for his horse and his men, or would have tried to burn it out in wine. But the chaplain and the scrivener gobbled and drank till the wine and food dribbled out of the corners of their mouths, and the young knight would clink the canikin with them, laughing like one setting two dogs at each other. Ketten felt a disgust for the wine that was swilled by these two clerks, mere oafs under their veneer of scholasticism. They would argue about the Millennium, and about learned doctoral questions, and would talk bawdy, now in German, now in Church Latin. A journeying humanist would translate whatever was needed to complement this gibberish and that of the Portuguese; he had sprained his ankle and had every intention of staying on until it was thoroughly strong again.

"He fell off his horse when a rabbit ran by," the scrivener said banteringly.

"He took it for a dragon," Herr von Ketten said with sullen mockery, standing nearby, unsure of himself.

"But then so did the horse!" the castle chaplain bellowed. "Else it would not have shied. And thus the magister understands better than the lord what comes from the horse's mouth!"

The drunken company guffawed at the lord's expense. Herr von Ketten looked at them hard, took a step towards them, and struck the chaplain in the face. He was a plump young peasant, and he turned very red, then deadly pale, but he remained seated. The young knight arose, smiling, and went in search of his friend, the lady of the castle.

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"Why did you not stab him to the heart?" the rabbit-humanist hissed when they were alone.

"He is strong as two bulls," the chaplain answered, "and moreover, Christian teachings are truly of such a nature as to afford consolation in such circumstances."

But the truth was that Herr von Ketten was still very weak, and his life was returning to him all too slowly. He could not reach the second stage of recovery.

THE VISITOR did not resume his travels, and the mistress of the castle failed to understand her lord's hints. For eleven years she had been waiting for her husband, for eleven years he had been her far-off beloved in an aura of fame and glory, and now he went about castle and courtyard, wasted and worn by illness, looking commonplace enough beside the other's youth and courtly grace. She did not give it much thought, but she was a little weary of this country that had promised things beyond the power of words to tell, and she could not bring herself, just because of a cross face, to send away her childhood friend, who had brought back to her the very fragrance of her homeland and thoughts that one could think with laughter. She had nothing to reproach herself with. She had been a shade more superficial during these last weeks, but that was pleasant, and she could now sometimes feel her face lighting up as it had done years before.

A soothsaying woman, whom he consulted, prophesied to Herr von Ketten: "You will be cured only when you accomplish a task." But when he pressed her to tell him what task, she fell silent, tried to slip away, and finally declared that that was hidden from her.

He could easily have put a quick, painless end to this visit, for the sanctity of life and the sacred laws of hospitality are of little account to one who has spent years as an unbidden guest among his enemies. But in his enfeebled convalescent state he was almost proud of being clumsy, and any cunning solution seemed to him as unworthy as the young man's frivolous readiness of tongue. Strange things happened to him. Through the mists of weakness that enveloped him his wife's ways seemed to him tenderer than they need be; it reminded him of earlier days, when sometimes, returning home to her love, he had wondered at finding it more intense than at other times. For his absence alone could not, he thought, be the cause. He could not even have said whether he was glad or sorry. It was just as in the days when he had lain so close to death. He could not make any move. When he gazed into his wife's eyes, they were like new-cut glass, and although what the surface showed him was his own reflection, he could not penetrate further. It seemed to him that only a miracle could change this situation. And one cannot make destiny speak when it chooses to be silent. One must simply harken for whatever is on its way.

ONE DAY when a company of them came up the mountainside together, they found the little cat at the gate. It was standing outside the gate as though it did not want to jump, cat-fashion, over the wall, but to enter as human beings did. It arched its back in welcome and rubbed itself against the skirts and boots of the towering beings who were strangely surprised by its presence. They let it in, and it was like receiving a guest. The very next day it was apparent that what they had opened the gate to was no mere kitten that had come to stay; it was almost as though they had adopted a small child. The dainty little creature's tastes were not for the delights of cellar and attic. It would not leave the human beings' company for a single moment. And it had a way of making them give up their time to it, which was all the less comprehensible in that there were so many other and grander animals at the castle, and the human beings also had their own affairs to occupy them. The fascination seemed positively to originate in their having to keep their eyes lowered, watching the little creature, for it was very unobtrusive in its ways and just a shade quieter, one might almost have said sadder and more meditative, than seemed appropriate to a

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kitten. It romped in the way it knew human beings expect a kitten to romp; it climbed on to their laps and was, it seemed, studiously charming to them, and yet one could feel that it was also somehow absent. And precisely this—this absence of whatever would have made it into an ordinary kitten—was like a second presence, a hovering double, perhaps, or a faint halo surrounding it. Not that any of them had the hardihood to put this into words. The lady from Portugal bent tenderly over the little creature lying on its back in her lap, in its childlike way beating its tiny paws at her playful fingers. Her young friend, laughing, bent low over too—over the kitten, over her lap. And this casual frolicking reminded Herr von Ketten of his illness, now nearly gone, as though the illness and its deathly gentleness had been transformed into that little animal's body and so were no longer merely within him, but there in the midst of them all. A serving-man said: "That cat is getting the mange."

Herr von Ketten was astonished that he had not noticed this himself. The serving-man spoke again: "It will have to be done away with before long."

MEANWHILE, the kitten had been given a name taken from one of the fairy-tale books. It had become gentler and more sweet-natured than ever. Soon everyone began to see that it was ill and growing almost luminously weak. It spent more and more time resting in someone's lap, resting from the affairs of the world, its little claws clutching tight in mingled affection and anxiety. And now too it began to look at them, one after the other: at pale Ketten and at the young Portuguese sitting bent forward, his eyes intent on it or perhaps on the breathing movement of the lap where it lay. It looked at them all as though asking forgiveness for the ugliness of what it was about to suffer—in some mysterious way for all of them. And then its martyrdom began.

One night the vomiting began, and the little animal continued to vomit until the next morning. When daylight returned, it lay languid and dizzy as though it had been beaten over the head. Perhaps it was merely that in their excess of love for it they had given the starving kitten too much to eat. However this might be, after that it could not be kept in the bedroom, but was given to the serving-man to look after. After two days the serving-men complained that it was no better; and indeed it was probable that they had put it outside in the night. And now it not only vomited but could not hold its stool, and nothing was safe from it. And this now was an ordeal, a grim trial of strength between that almost imperceptible halo and the dreadful filth, and it was decided—since it had meanwhile been discovered whence the little creature came—to have it taken back there: to a peasant's cottage down by the river, near the foot of the hill. This was a kind of deportation, done in the hope of evading both responsibility for the animal and ridicule for all the attention they paid to it. But it weighed on their conscience, and so they also sent milk and a little meat and even money in order to make sure that the peasants, to whom dirt did not matter so much, would look after the cat properly. Nevertheless, the servants shook their heads over their master and mistress.

The serving-man who had carried the kitten down recounted that it had run after him when he left it and that he had had to carry it back again. Two days later it was once more up in the castle. The hounds avoided it, the servants did not dare to drive it away for fear of the master and mistress, and when the latter set eyes on it, it was tacitly agreed that nobody would now refuse to let it die up here.

It was now very thin and lustreless, but the disgusting malady seemed to have passed off; now it was merely growing thinner all the time, losing flesh almost before their very eyes. For two days everything was, to a heightened degree, just as it had been before: there was the slow, affectionate prowling about in the refuge where it was cared for; an absent-minded smiling with the paws while striking at a scrap of paper dangled before it; sometimes a faint swaying out of weakness, in spite of having four legs to

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support it—and on the second day it sometimes collapsed on to its side. In a human being this process of disembodiment would not have seemed so strange, but in the animal it was like a metamorphosis into a human being. They watched it almost with awe. None of these three people, each in his or her peculiar situation, could escape the thought that it was his or her own destiny that was being vicariously accomplished in this little cat already half released from earthly bonds.

BUT ON THE THIRD DAY the vomiting and filthiness began again. The serving-man stood by, and even though he did not dare to say it again aloud, his silence said it clearly enough: it will have to be put away. The Portuguese bowed his head as though struggling with some temptation, and then he said to his friend: "It is the only way." It seemed to him he had accepted his own death-sentence. And suddenly everyone looked at Herr von Ketten. He had grown white as the wall, and rose, and left the room. Then the lady from Portugal said to the serving-man: "Take it away."

The man took the sick animal away to his own place, and the next day he had killed it. All of them felt the oppression of unspeakable guilt; something had gone from among them. Only the children felt nothing, finding it quite natural that the serving-man should kill a dirty cat that nobody could play with any more. But now and then the hounds would snuffle at a patch of grass on which the sunlight fell in the courtyard, and their legs stiffened, their hair bristled, and they glanced sidelong. At one such moment Herr von Ketten and the lady from Portugal encountered each other. They stopped side by side, looking across at the dogs and finding nothing to say. The sign had been given—but how was it to be interpreted and what was to be done? A great dome of silence surrounded them both.

IF SHE HAS NOT sent him away before nightfall, I must kill him—Herr von Ketten thought to himself. But night fell and still nothing had happened. Supper was over. Ketten sat looking grave, heated by a slight fever. After a while he went out into the courtyard, for the cool evening air, and he remained absent for a long time. He could not make the final decision that he had all his life found it so easy to make. Saddling horses, buckling on armour, drawing a sword—all of that, which had once been the very music of his life, now had a harsh, discordant ring; and fighting seemed a senseless, alien mode of action. Even the short way, the way of the knife, was now like an infinitely long road on which a man might die of thirst. But neither was it his way to suffer; he could feel that he would never be wholly well again if he did not wrench himself free of all this. And gradually another thought associated itself with these. . . .

As a boy he had always wanted to climb the unscalable cliff on top of which the castle stood. The thought was a mad one, a suicidal one, but now it was gradually gaining in obscure conviction, as though it were a matter of trial by ordeal, or something like an approaching miracle. It was not he but the little cat from the world beyond, it seemed to him, that would return this way. Laughing softly to himself, he shook his head in order to make sure it was still on his shoulders, and at the same time he realised that he had already gone a long distance down the stony path to the bottom of the hill.

At the bottom, down by the torrent, he left the path and clambered over great boulders with the water dashing between them, then through the bushes and up to the cliff. In the moonlight little points of shadow revealed crevices where fingers and toes could find a hold. Suddenly a piece of stone broke loose under one foot: the shock ran through his whole body, right into his heart. He strained his ears. It seemed an eternity before the stone splashed into the water far below. He must already have climbed a third of the height. Then it distinctly seemed to him that he awoke and realised what he was doing. Only a dead man could reach the bottom now, and only the Devil himself could reach the top. He groped above him. With each

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grip his life hung by the ten thin straps of sinew in his fingers. Sweat poured from his face, waves of heat flashed through his body, his nerves were like stony threads. But it was strange to feel how in this struggle with death strength and health came flowing back into his limbs, as though returning into his body from some place ouside him. And then the impossible was indeed accomplished. There was one overhanging ledge that had to be circumvented, and then his arm was thrust in through an open window. Doubtless there was no other place where he could have arrived but at this very window, yet it was only now that he knew where he was. He swung himself in, sat on the sill and let his legs dangle inside the room. With his strength his ferocity had also returned. He waited until he had regained his breath. No, he had not lost the dagger from his side. It seemed to him that the bed was empty. But he went on waiting until his heart and lungs were quite calm again. And more and more distinctly it seemed to him that he was alone in the room. He crept towards the bed: nobody had slept in it this night.

Herr von Ketten tiptoed through rooms, corridors, and doorways that no one else would have found at once without guidance —until he came to his wife's bed-chamber. Listening, he waited. There was no sound of whispering. He glided in. The lady from Portugal was breathing quietly in her sleep. He searched dark corners and fumbled along walls and, when he stealthily left the room again, he could almost have sung for joy, joy that shook the very fabric of his unbelief.

He roved through the castle, but now floorboards and flagstones echoed with his tread, as though he were in search of some joyful surprise. In the yard a serving-man called out to him, demanding to know who he was. He asked for the visitor and learned that he had ridden away at the rising of the moon. Herr von Ketten sat down on a pile of rough-hewn timber, and the watchman marvelled at how long he sat there.

All at once he was seized by the certainty that if he were to return to the Portuguese lady's chamber, she would no longer be there. He thundered on the door and went in. His young wife stared up as though in her dreams she had been waiting for this, and she saw him standing before her fully dressed, just as he had gone out that evening. Nothing had been proved, nothing had been disposed of, but she asked no question and there was nothing that he could ask. He pulled aside the heavy curtain hanging before the window, and beyond it there rose the curtain of torrential thunder behind which all the seigniors delle Catene were born and died.

"If God could become man, then He can also become a kitten," the lady from Portugal said.

And perhaps he should have laid his hand upon her mouth to hush this blasphemy, but they both knew that no sound of it could penetrate beyond these walls.

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POETRY

Moral Principles in Translation

By Robert Graves

THOUGH often having both translated, and been myself translated, I cannot claim to be a professional linguist: but at least to feel thoroughly at home in English; and to have picked up the main languages that formed it, more or less in the historic order of their appearance. That is to say I learnt, or rather absorbed, German as a child from my mother, whose family was Saxon; and from three long summer holidays spent on my grandfather's estate near Munich. Neither my accent nor my vocabulary has lost or gained much since I was eleven years old; and in conversation with Germans, idiomatic phrases float up unsought from the back of my mind. But I never learned to read the language in those days; so that now, if anyone writes me a German letter, I repeat the words aloud to myself and take them in through the ear. At Oxford, ten years later, Anglo-Saxon formed part of my English Literature course, and I found it easily understandable as a Germanic dialect.

French had been taught me at school by the hard way of irregular verbs and gender rhymes, such as *bijou, caillou, pou, chou, genou, hibou, joujou*; but at a period when we were on bad terms with France—the *Entente Cordiale* not having yet been cemented. The French master, an Englishman, though lavish with impositions if written work showed carelessness, never dared make us distort our mouths or lips for the correct pronounciation of *tu, du, pu, ému*, or *train, bain, métropolitain*, or *les feuilles d'automne*—he would have lost all control over the class.... I am still self-conscious about talking what Chaucer called "French of Paris" as opposed to "French after the school of Stratford-atte-Bow"; and though my frequent visits to France, Belgium, and Switzerland must add up to several years of residence, I seldom play the Parisian except over a telephone: for intelligibility. French remains a foreign language, not only because it was forced on me, but because I cannot think in the French way, and have a guilty sense of play-acting if drawn into complicated discussions with academicians or Left Bank intellectuals. Nor, apparently, can they think as I do, since fewer of my books have been translated into French than even into Hebrew, Finnish, and Magyar. Nevertheless, I do feel at home with the language spoken by our Norman-French ancestors. Since they owned extensive domains in Southern France, it came close to the *langue d'oc*, or Provençal; and so does Mallorquin, the domestic language of Majorca, which has been my home for thirty-five years.

FROM THE AGE OF seven to nineteen I studied Latin, never rebelling against its discipline—perhaps because my father persuaded me that every gentleman must be a Latin scholar—and came to respect it as the most sober, economical, and unambiguous of languages. Latin first made me conscious of the translation problem. German and English, even French and English, have close syntactical resemblances, but Latin taught me to think in a fascinatingly different way: with ablative absolutes, gerunds, and intricate Chinese boxes of clauses piling up to the resonant verbal finish. In the Latin Composition hour, each English sentence had to be recast Ciceronically. I can still write Latin hexameters or elegiac couplets on almost any subject at the drop of a hat; and (every second June) prepare a Latin oration, to be delivered at the Oxford *Encaenia*, in a sufficiently correct draft for two kind-hearted classical dons to polish.... Mr. Charles Chaplin, who was being awarded an honorary doctorate on the 1961 occasion, told me afterwards how deeply he regretted never having had Latin included in his rough East End schooling. "It is the backbone of English," he said vehemently. And, indeed, in early Saxon times Latin was our sole literary language, and taught King Alfred, who translated Boethius and Bede from it, the art of clear expression.

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At school I also learned Greek; which is too extensive a language to read without a dictionary even by those who have won first-class honours in Classics at Oxford or Cambridge, which I never did; and demands taste as well as precision from its students. Not every important Greek writer—important in the sense of providing reliable historic information or neat philosophical theories—is a good writer of Greek. . . . Incidentally, attempts have been made to remove St. James' *Epistle* from the New Testament canon—on the ground that he wrote rather too well. But St. James was an educated Temple priest, not a Galilean fisherman or Syrian tentmaker, and Alexandrian Greek will have been his second language.

My early affection for Greek allows me to distinguish good writing from bad; and I am more aware of its poetic potentialities than of Castilian Spanish, which I have read daily since emigrating to Spain in 1929. It seems that unless driven by circumstances to adopt the customs of a foreign nation and break all contact with one's own, none but a born mimic can achieve full command of its idioms after his early 'teens. Besides, Mallorquin is the domestic language of Majorca; Spanish the official.

So I AM LUCKY TO HAVE BEEN educated in the main linguistic components of English: Latin; Anglo-Saxon by way of German; Norman-French by way of Mallorquin and French; Greek (which provides most of our scientific vocabulary); and Spanish, from which we have borrowed more than from any other vernacular except French. My interest in English is both loyal and practical. Since the age of fifteen I have been dedicated to one sole pursuit: that of poetry. And the writing of English poetry demands that one should know the language in depth as well as in breadth. A poem's emotional force depends on the strength and virtue of its component words; and the longer a word has been turned over by countless tongues and pens, and smoothed with use, the more powerfully will it strike home. This metaphor is, I suppose, suggested by the Old Testament account of how Israel's leading poet, King David, when he went out to fight Goliath, chose smooth pebbles from the brook as sling bolts. . . . Notice that this stark sentence—*David when he went out to fight Goliath chose smooth pebbles from the brook as sling bolts*—owes nothing to Norman-French. "Thought" is an Anglo-Saxon word; "fancy" and "imagination" are of Romance origin. The thoughtful depth of English seems to be mainly Anglo-Saxon; the imaginative breadth, Romance. But since the language has been constantly changing down the centuries, and at various social levels, a poet should know the history of each word he uses. So, to a lesser degree, should all translators.

FOR SOME YEARS I earned my livelihood by writing historical novels. There are two different methods. One is to enliven a chunk of ancient history by making the characters speak and behave in modern style. The central event in an early-Tudor novel published a few years ago was the Field of the Cloth of Gold, at which the heroine, a maid of honour to King Henry, remarked brightly to her chivalrous hero: "I do hate parties, darling, don't you?" This fancy-dress foolery started, I suppose, with Mark Twain's *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. The alternative method is suddenly to be possessed by a ghost with a grievance against historians, to re-live his life, and re-think his thoughts in the language that he himself used.

I wrote once:

To bring the dead to life
Is no great magic.
Few are wholly dead:
Blow on a dead man's embers
And a live flame will start.

Let his forgotten griefs be now,
And now his withered hopes;
Subdue your pen to his handwriting
Until it prove as natural
To sign his name as yours.

Limp as he limped,
Swear by the oaths he swore;
If he wore black, affect the same;
If he had gouty fingers,
Be yours gouty too.

Assemble tokens intimate of him—
A seal, a cloak, a pen;
Around these elements then build
A home familiar to
The greedy revenant.

The theme of my novel *Wife to Mr. Milton* came suddenly with the realisation that Milton was what we now call a "trichomaniac" (meaning, that he had an obsession about hair—his own, and women's). This discovery gave me the key to his lamentable marriage with Marie Powell of Forest Hill, truly a ghost with a grievance. Yet to keep any hint of modern psychology or sociology from intruding, I wrote the book in pure mid-17th-century style, avoiding all words later of occurrence than 1651, the year in which she died. The language had to vary greatly from character to character—Marie Powell's main associates being Royalists and rural; John Milton's Roundhead and urban. Worse, she wore a dark blue favour, he a light

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blue—miscegenation between the Senior Universities can be dangerous in the extreme....Here is Marie, accompanied by her humourless and ambitious poet, in London at the beginning of the Civil War:

> One early morning I went out with my husband to the Artillery Garden, where he performed military exercises in a company of volunteers from his Ward banded together by their common religious interest. He told me, as he went, that he was a pikeman, not a musketeer, and that pikes are more honourable arms than muskets, in respect not only of their antiquity, but also of the colours flying upon their heads; and because with them is the Captain's proper station, the musketeers being posted at the flanks. He himself, he said, stood in the most honourable post of any Gentleman of the Pike, namely in the hindmost rank of bringers-up, or Tergoductores, upon the right hand; which also had the advantage of security. Then with his sixteen-foot pike, which he carried with him, he showed me, as he went, the several postures of the pike—the trail, the port, the shoulder, the advance, the cheek—and discoursed upon the use of each posture, heedless of the jests of the citizens and the winks of their wives whom we passed in the street.

I also wrote two novels about Sergeant Roger Lamb, a self-educated Dubliner, who fought with the 9th and 23rd British Infantry regiments in the American War of Independence. His language had a totally different rhythm and flavour. Here he reports on events leading to the outbreak of war:

> Tidings of the Port Act were received by the Bostonians with most extravagant tokens of resentment. The text of the Act was printed on mourning paper with a black border and cried about the streets as a "Barbarous Murder." The terms "Whigs" and "Tories," for want of better, lately being introduced into America (the former covering those who favoured the action of the Bostonians, and the latter those who condemned it as turbulent and unwarrantable), a regular persecution of the Tories throughout New England now began. These Tories were for the most part people of property and education, descendants of the first settlers; but their barns were burned, their cattle driven, their families insulted, their houses broken into, and they themselves forced either to quit or starve. "A Tory," the Whigs held, "is one whose head is in England, whose body is in America, and whose neck should be stretched."

The most recent of my historical novels, *They Hanged My Saintly Billy*—Billy being Dr. William Palmer, the poisoner, whose effigy I tried ineffectually to release from the Chamber of Horrors at Mme Tussaud's Wax Works—was written in the newspaper style of the 1850s and contained a good deal of racecourse and hospital slang.

Here is a report from a former medical student, an associate of Dr. Palmer's:

> "Tell me more," he says, handing me an uncommonly good cigar and igniting it for me.
>
> "Well," I said, "it's this way. My 'chums,' as they call themselves, are sad dogs; very sad dogs indeed—though what the significance of 'sad' in this phrase may be, I'm sure I don't know. They are, in point of fact, confoundedly gay, so gay as to be perfect bores. The *summum bonum* of their happiness seems to consist in strolling along the Haymarket or Regent Street of an evening, clad in ruffianly overcoats, smoking foul black cigars, and peering under the bonnet of every poor little dressmaker or milliner making her solitary way home, wearied after a day's toil, and weighted down by a heavy oilskin-covered wicker basket. They call it a lark to ogle the unfortunate girls and put them out of countenance—I call it blackguardedly. Then, when the shops are closed, and they have refreshed themselves at some public-house bar with copious draughts of half-and-half, they call it a lark again to march arm-in-arm, four or five of them, down quiet streets and shouting 'Lullaliety!' at the tops of their voices."

THIS PERIOD-STYLE comes easily enough to whoever soaks himself in the contemporary literature and impersonates the characters. But what sort of English should be put in the mouth of an ancient Greek or Roman? Here we reach a more difficult moral problem. In my two Claudius novels, I relied on extant specimens of Claudius' literary style: his Latin speech about the Aeduan franchise and his Greek letter to the Alexandrians; besides numerous conversational fragments quoted by Suetonius, Dio Cassius, Seneca, and others. Suetonius records that Claudius wrote "ineptly" rather than "inelegantly": the easy Alexandrian Greek which he used for his historical works will have come more naturally to him than polished Ciceronian Latin. I tried to reproduce the effect:

> My tutor I have already mentioned, Marcus Porcius Cato; who was, in his own estimation at least, a living embodiment of that ancient Roman virtue which his ancestors had one after the other shown. He was always boasting of his ancestors, as stupid people do who are aware that they have done nothing themselves to boast about. He boasted particularly of Cato the Censor, who of all characters in Roman history is to me perhaps the most hateful, as having persistently championed the cause of "ancient virtue" and made it identical in the popular mind with churlishness, pedantry, and harshness. I was made to read Cato the Censor's self-glorifying works as textbooks, and the account

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that he gave in one of them of his campaign in Spain, where he destroyed more towns than he had spent days in that country, rather disgusted me with his inhumanity than impressed me with his military skill or patriotism.

In my novel about Count Belisarius, the 6th-century A.D. Byzantine general, I had to think in a less conversational and inept but equally fluent Greek, modelled on Procopius, Agathias, and other near-contemporary historians; and put into the mouth of Belisarius' secretary. This passage tells how Belisarius' wife, Antonina, a former Circus actress, won the distinction of being the only woman in history ever to unfrock a Pope:

> The Pope Silverius himself came to my mistress secretly, and said to her—I was present—"Most Virtuous and Illustrious Daughter, perhaps you will be able to persuade the victorious Belisarius, your husband, to give over his unwise intentions. It seems that he is intending to stand a siege in our Holy Rome, which (though abundantly blessed by God) is the least defensible city in the world, and in twelve hundred years of its history has never successfully stood a long siege. Its circuit walls, as you can see, are twelve miles in length and rise from a level plain; it is without sufficient food for its many hundred thousands of souls, and cannot easily be provisioned from the sea—as Naples, for instance, could be. Since your forces are insufficient, why not return to Naples and leave us Romans in peace?"
>
> My mistress Antonina replied: "Beloved of Christ, Most Holy and Eminent Silverius, fix your thoughts rather on the Heavenly City, and my husband and I will concern ourselves with this earthly one. Permit me to warn your Holiness that it is to your advantage not to meddle in our affairs."

For *The Isles of Unwisdom*, a novel that describes an abortive Spanish expedition to the Solomon Islands in 1598, I based my style on a Portuguese named Quiroz; and used an old-fashioned nautical English with sufficient Spanish flavour to remind the reader in what company he was sailing. After the Admiral's lamentable death his wife, Doña Ysabel, took personal command of the fleet:

> The savages were indeed remarkably white: and so closely resembled Spaniards in shape and feature that the Captain of Artillery felt shame that his wife should see them stark naked, and sent her below at once. "If they were monkeys," he said, "or African negroes, it would be a different matter; but it is shameful even for a married woman to be confronted by such indecent sights." Doña Ysabel and her sister, however, hung over the poop-rail and watched the scene below without even a flutter of their eyelids. The men were of graceful build: tall, muscular, clear-skinned, with good legs, slender fingers, the best teeth that ever I saw, and long curly hair, some of it very fair and arranged in fantastic coils and plaits. "God's death!" I heard the Colonel cry. "If these are the men, their women must be beautiful indeed!"

THE MAIN PROBLEM of translation into English, an extraordinarily pliable language, will always be finding the level of fiction that comes closest to the original. I have translated from five different languages, and consider French the simplest to handle because, even though Frenchmen occasionally rebel against their strait-laced academic style which hardened in the 17th century, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. A translator must let French take its own course: that is to say, he must imagine the author harnessing our barbarous English to his own inveterate elegance of speech. Here is a passage from my translation of George Sand's *Un Hiver à Majorque*:

> In the ruins of a monastery, two strangers met by the calm light of the moon. One appeared to be in the prime of life; the other, though bent beneath the weight of years, happened to be the younger of the two. Their encounter made them both tremble, for the night was dark, the road lonely, and the Cathedral clock tolled the hour with slow and mournful strokes.
>
> The bent stranger spoke first. "Whoever you may be, sir," he said, "you have nothing to fear from a man so weak and crushed as myself. You can take nothing from me, either. I am poor and destitute."
>
> "Friend," replied the other, "my only enemies are those who attack me and, like you, I am too poor to fear robbers."
>
> "Then, brother, why did you start so at my approach?"
>
> "Because, like all artists, I am somewhat superstitious, and mistook you for the ghost of one of those departed monks on whose shattered graves we are now treading. And you, friend, why did my approach equally startle you?"
>
> "Because, being very superstitious, like all monks, I took you for the ghost of one of my fellows, who once buried me alive in the grave beneath your feet."

This Anglo-French makes, I hope, inoffensive sense. It would have been wrong to mix vintages by translating George Sand into the crisper English style of her near-contemporary Dickens, perhaps as follows:

> Two strangers met by moonlight in the deserted ruins of a Spanish monastery, just as a cathedral clock began dismally tolling the hour. Both started back in alarm. The younger of the two, who seemed crushed by years of suffering, spoke first.
>
> "I do not know who you are, sir, but you have nothing to fear from a poor broken creature like

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myself; or I from you, since I am not worth robbing...." Etc., etc.

OTHER VENTURES in translation raised a new problem: namely, had I any right to disguise an author's foibles, follies, and clumsiness, or to omit a large part of his perhaps admirably sustained, but no longer endurable, rhetoric?

English translators, from King Alfred forward, have always felt free to deal how they please with their texts. John Skelton, in his early-16th-century version of Diodorus Siculus, is a good example of this. He did not, as a matter of fact, translate Diodorus' own Greek, but only Poggio's Latin abridgement, which he then expanded for the pleasure of Henry VIII's courtiers. Here is a passage from Diodorus' *Book iv, Chapter 17*—translated by George Booth, three centuries later, in a fairly literal sense:

> Then Hercules destroyed the wild beasts in the deserts, and made Africa so quiet and improveable (which was before full of hurtful creatures), that every part was fit for tillage and planting of fruit-trees; the whole country productive of wine and oil. In short, he so improved Libya (which, by reason of the multitude of wild beasts, was before uninhabitable), that no country in the world afterwards exceeded it for fertility and richness of soil.

This is clumsy writing, but not clumsier than Diodorus'. If asked myself to translate the original for ordinary readers, I should (like Poggio) cut out repetitions and integrate the sense at half the length:

> Hercules then freed Libya, deserts and all, of the wild beasts that overran it; thus reclaiming an immense acreage for farming and fruit growing. In fact, the country has since yielded more wine and oil than any other in the world.

Skelton's readers must have been extraordinarily relaxed; non-religious books in English were few, and time hung always heavy on their hands through the long winter evenings. He could turn Diodorus into courtly entertainment by amplifying him with rhetorical flourishes to twice his original length, and to five times mine:

> But Hercules having pity on the miserable depopulation and lamentable destruction of so noble a country, devised the means for to deliver them of this mischief. He animated himself to pourvey a redress, and by reason of this prudent policy he utterly destroyed all the wild beasts aforesaid and saved the country from all danger of the wild beasts aforesaid. And so all the coast adjacent he set in quiet and made them convenable and commodious to be inhabited, in making the soil apt for to be sown with all manner of grain, to plant and graft all manner of trees bearing fruit, to order their vines and improve the ground with such economical feats of husbandry that the ground was encrassate and enfatted meetly for the fructuous increase of their oils. Thus Hercules destroyed all the wild beasts and worms and so enprospered the region of Libya, that it flourished in worldly felicity and prosperous wealth more than any other realm of our knowledge or experience.

THE TRANSLATOR'S first problem is: what exactly does the reader need? Is it the literal text, in as faithful an English rendering as possible; or is it something a little more readable? If he needs a literal text, then Booth's version preserves most of Diodorus' felicities and clumsinesses. If he wants mere factual information, laid out in good order for his hasty eye to catch, then give him my version. If he wants fantastic chimney-corner entertainment in a rush-strewn medieval hall, give him Skelton.

WHEN MY OWN BOOKS are translated into foreign languages, I much prefer to have this done by someone who writes his mother tongue well—that is, someone who thinks clearly—than by an expert on English literature. The clear thinker may make minor errors of translation, but will seldom commit me to a crude, illogical, or ludicrous statement. Suppose, for instance, that he were French and I had made Lord Vere de Vaux ride out to the chase on his favourite steed, a flea-bitten grey.... He would hesitate to render this *son cheval gris rongé de poux*. Recognising that it must be an English idiom he would consult a dictionary of decent size and find that *moucheté* describes a horse of that peculiar coat. I never mind my sentences being cut and, some years ago, had only amicable feelings for the Finnish translator of *Count Belisarius* who wrote: "I propose to omit three chapters, the contents of which are familiar to every Finnish reader." And I am grateful to my younger daughter who has just edited a speech of mine for delivery at the Madrid *Ateneo* and made the English jokes sound Spanish; or, if that proved impossible, provided her own.

I have translated Marcus Apuleius' *Golden Ass*. He wrote a very ornate North African Latin, parodying the extravagant Greek with which street-corner storytellers of Miletus in Asia Minor used to impress their simple-minded audiences. William Adlington translated it into comparably extravagant Elizabethan English; and his version is still preferred by the Loeb Classics editors.

> Sic infortunatissimae filiae miserrimus pater, suspectatis caelestibus odiis et irae superum

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metuens, dei Milesii vetustissimum percontatur oraculum et a tanto numine, precibus et victimis, ingratae virgini petit nuptias et maritum.

Whereupon the miserable father of this unfortunate daughter, suspecting that the gods and powers of heaven did envy her estate, went into the town called Miletus to receive the most ancient oracle of Apollo, where he made his prayers and offered sacrifice, and desired a husband for his neglected daughter.

Since the stories need no rhetorical stiffening, I have translated them for the general public in the plainest possible English:

Her poor father feared that the gods might be angry with him for allowing his subjects to make so much of her; he therefore went to the ancient oracle of Apollo at Miletus, and after the usual prayers and sacrifices, asked where he was to find a husband for a daughter whom nobody wanted to marry.

This translation had two curious sequels. The Australian Government pronounced it obscene, and banished its importation, unaware that Adlington's less intelligible version had been on sale in Australia for a hundred years, and that *The Golden Ass*, when first printed in the 15th century, had been edited by a Catholic bishop. Next, a Stockholm publisher bought the Swedish translation rights.

As A RULE, I translate authors for whom I feel a strong liking: Apuleius, Suetonius, or Homer.... Once, however, I rashly offered to translate Lucan's *Pharsalia*, and hated every minute of it. Lucan had written this as a poem; but when Robert Frost defined poetry as "what gets lost in translation," he was not referring to literary epics where the poetry is lost before the writing begins. I found the task could be decently undertaken only in prose; even so, to disentangle Lucan's meaning from his rhetorical artifice was most wearisome. He often strained sense almost to breaking point, as when he wrote:

...excepta quis morte potest? secreta tenebis litoris Euboici memorando condite busto, qua maris angustat fauces saxosa Carystos et, tumidis infesta colit quae numina Rhamnus, artatus rapido fervet qua gurgite pontus Euripusque trahit, cursum mutantibus undis, Chalcidicas puppes ad iniquam classibus Aulin.

This has been translated in Bohn:

...The secret recesses of the Eubocan shore thou shalt possess, buried in a memorable tomb, where rocky Carystos straitens the outlets of the sea, and where Rhamnus worships the deity hostile to the proud; where the sea boils, enclosed in its rapid tide, and the Euripus hurries along, with waves that change their course, the ships of Chalcis to Aulis, hostile to fleets.

"Thou" refers to one Appius Claudius, whom the Pythoness at Delphi had ironically advised to escape the Civil War by "taking his solitary ease in Euboea, that haven of refuge." The sense is:

"Appius, you are indeed fated to take your solitary ease in Euboea: by being buried in a sequestered but famous tomb near the quarries of Carystos. It will face across the narrow sea towards the town of Rhamnus in Attica, sacred to Nemesis, the goddess who punishes human ambition. In between lie the so-called Hollows of Euboea, where the sea is disturbed by the rapid, constantly-shifting current from the Straits of Euripus: a current which sets the ships of Chalcis adrift and swings them across to Aulis in Boeotia—that fatal shore where long ago Agamemnon's ships assembled before sailing for Troy."

Since this is what the passage means, surely it should be so rendered? Why let sentences remain obscure, just because a few Latinists may nod appreciatively at the references to Agamemnon's marshalling of his naval forces against Troy; to the Goddess Nemesis' temple at Rhamnus; and to the asbestos quarries of Carystus?

FOOTNOTES DISTRACT the eye and should, whenever possible, be brought up into the text. Here another moral question arises: how far can one's readers be trusted to catch recondite allusions in a foreign language? What, for instance, is the English for *Monsieur de Paris l'aura*? Should one translate: "Monsieur de Paris[1] will have him?" Or should one avoid the footnote with "He's heading for the guillotine?" Or with the more colloquial "Jack Ketch will get him"—although Jack Ketch used the noose, not the blade? How far can one safely underestimate the general reader's general knowledge?

When translating Alarcón's *Niño de la Bola*, written in 19th-century Spain, I was doubtful whether to retain the entire text of this passionate novel, or cut at least thirty pages of sentimental rhetoric that add nothing to the story. I cut. When translating the *Iliad*, I omitted one or two post-Homeric interpolations that spoil the narrative: for instance, the later events at Patroclus' funeral games which had not been announced by Achilles' heralds, and are not eighth-century in mood. And I rearranged the *Catalogue of Ships* in easily understood groups, according to the peoples, cities,

[1] The Paris executioner.

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and islands that sent contingents. Homer repeats certain formal phrases of which one tires after awhile:

> So spoke the white-armed Goddess Hera, and the Owl-eyed Goddess Athene disregarded it not. Thus Hera the Goddess Queen, daughter of Great Cronus, went her way....

Once Hera has been established as the daughter of Cronus; and Athene as Zeus' virgin daughter, to whom the owl was sacred, why repeat this information? "Athene took Hera's advice, and went away..." is enough. And when Zeus calls Athene "the Alalcolomenean," surely the uninstructed reader—which includes most Classicists—should be told that Zeus was teasing his daughter: that Athene resented having been placed under the tutorship of Alalcolomenes the Boeotian, if only because the Boeotians were notorious for dull-wittedness?

Paradoxically, the more faithful a rendering, the less justice it does the *Iliad*. Here is a typical passage from *Book vi* of Professor Lattimore's unexceptionably professional version, written in broken-backed hexameters:

> *Bellerophontes went to Lykia in the blameless convoy*
> *of the Gods; when he came to the running stream of Xanthos, and Lykia,*
> *the lord of wide Lykia tendered him full-hearted honour.*
> *Nine days he entertained him with sacrifice of nine oxen,*
> *but afterwards when the rose fingers of the tenth dawn showed, then*
> *he began to question him, and asked to be shown the symbols,*
> *whatever he might be carrying from his son-in-law, Proitos,*
> *Then after he had been given his son-in-law's wicked symbols*
> *first he sent him away with orders to kill the Chimaira....*

In other words:

> The Olympians brought Bellerophon safe to the mouth of the Lycian River Xanthus, where Iobates received him splendidly: the feasting lasted nine days, and every day they slaughtered a fresh ox. At dawn, on the tenth day, the time came for Iobates to inquire: "My lord, what news do you bring from my esteemed son-in-law, Proetus?" Bellerophon innocently produced the sealed package, and Iobates, having read the tablets, ordered him to kill the Chimaera.

"Blameless convoy of the gods" and "Proitos' wicked symbols" means little to modern readers; nor will they recognise "Bellerophontes" as "Bellerophon," or "Proitos" as "Proetus," or "Lykia" as "Lycia," or "Chimaira" as "Chimaera."...

Professor Lattimore is at least a scholar; far worse things are done in the name of translation by literary amateurs. Not so long ago, *The Times Literary Supplement* applauded "the breath-taking magnificence and brilliant paraphrases of Ezra Pound's translation of Propertius." He was said to be "deliberately distorting the strict sense in order to bring out vividly Propertius' latent irony, and to have written what must surely prove to be a durable addition to, and influence upon, original poetry in the English language of this century." Very well; I looked up two of the couplets quoted by the reviewer:

> *Multi, Roma, tuas laudes annalibus addent*
> *Qui finem imperii Bactra futura canent.*
> *Sed, quod pace legas, opus hoc de monte Sororum*
> *Detulit intacta pagina nostra via.*

A word-by-word crib would run:

> *Multi, Roma*, many men, O Rome, *addent*, shall add, *tuas laudes annalibus*, praises of thee to the annals, *qui canent*, and shall prophesy, *Bactra futura*, that Bactria shall form, *imperii finem*, thine imperial frontier, [*i.e.*, that the Parthian Empire shall be absorbed], *sed*, but, *pagina nostra*, my page, *detulit*, has brought down, *hoc opus*, this work, *de monte Sororum*, from the mountain of the Sisters [*i.e.*, the Muses of Parnassus], *via intacta*, by an untrodden path, *quod legas pace*, for thee to read in time of peace....

Mr. Pound's translation depends on an almost perfect ignorance of Latin, and a guessing at Propertius' sense from the nearest English verbal equivalents. As one might translate a dramatic account of Louis XVI's execution with: *"À bas la Tyrannie,"* "A stocking is tyranny," *s'ecria Marat*, cried Marat to himself. *Le peuple, ému*, "the purple emu," *répondit*, "laid another egg." As here:

> *Multi tuas laudes*, many of your praises, *Roma*, O Rome, *addent annalibus*, will be added by annalists, *qui*, who, *Bactra futura*, being Bactrians of the future, *canent*, will sing, *fines imperii*, about your fine empire. *Sed*, but, *quod*, what about, *legas*, reading matter, *pace hoc opus*, when all this work is at peace? *via*, a few, *intacta pagina*, unsullied pages, *detulit*, brought down, *de monte Sororum*, from the hill of Soritis [a word which means "a forked complex of logical sophisms"].

Mr. Pound has dressed this up as:

> Annalists will continue to record Roman reputations.
> Celebrities from the Trans-Caucasus will belaud Roman celebrities
> And expound the distentions of Empire,
> But for something to read in normal circumstances?
> For a few pages brought down from the forked hill unsullied?

The book was advertised recently, with "Except for a few pedants like Robert Graves, this translation..." etc.

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I UNDERTOOK to translate Terence's *Comedies* three years ago, but found his Latin so pure and terse that a faithful rendering would have been too dull for the stage. Yet the formality of the plot, and the most un-English atmosphere, ruled out the use of modern slang. Luckily I came across a translation done in 1689, with fascinating vigour, by Lawrence Echard, a Cambridge undergraduate who later became Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral; and realised at once that Terence's plays were vastly more readable when dressed up in the language of Restoration comedy. Echard wrote that Terence's bluntness of speech did not suit the gallant manners of his own times, but that he had taken it upon himself to correct this fault and, in some places, had lent the scene greater humour than it originally contained, though always keeping a close eye on Terence's design.

Here is my own attempted version of a scene:

BACCHIS (*entering, to her maid*): It's not for nothing that Laches has arranged this interview, and I'm pretty sure that I can guess what it's about.

LACHES (*aside*): I must see that my anger doesn't prevent me from persuading her to do as I wish; or make me act in a way I might afterwards regret. I'll go up to her. Good-day, Bacchis!

BACCHIS: Good-day, Laches....

LACHES: I have no doubt that you wonder why I sent for you?

BACCHIS: Yes, I am a little timid when I consider what I am, lest your knowledge of my trade might be to my disadvantage; but I can easily defend my moral character....

And this is Echard's version:

BACCHIS (*entering*): I'll be sworn 'tis no small matter that makes Mr. Laches send to speak with me now. Yet, in truth, I'm mightily mistaken if I don't guess what the business is.

LACHES (*to himself*): I must take special care that my passion neither hinders me from bending her to my wishes, nor makes me do in haste what I may repent at leisure.... I'll accost her.... Mrs. Bacchis, your servant!

BACCHIS: Yours, good Mr. Laches.

LACHES: Truth, I don't doubt but what you somewhat wonder why I sent to speak with ye.

BACCHIS: And really when I consider that question myself, I fear lest the scandal of my trade should prejudice you against me. For, as to my honest behaviour in it, I defy the world to accuse me....

It will easily be seen how much better than mine Echard's level of English suits Terence.

DARING ESSAYS IN THE translation of Aristophanes have recently been made by a group of American writers. I do not dislike attempts at modernising ancient dramas, such as Jerome Robbins' *West Side Story*, which plainly depends on *Romeo and Juliet*; but I think it unfair to father sophisticated New World obscenities on Aristophanes not even hinted at in his text.

Mr. William Arrowsmith justifies a new version of *The Birds* as follows:

> *Rhetorical conventions and jargon.* What is true of dialects is also true of professional rhetoric and jargon: if they are to be comic, they have to be translated into an apposite convention of English rhetoric or jargon. Invariably, this means that their language must be heightened and made even more ponderous than it is in the Greek. The astronomer Meton, for instance, is used by Aristophanes to parody the jargon and abstruse pomposity of sophistic science. But because Greek scientific jargon was a relatively immature growth (at least when compared with the jargons of modern science), his words, literally translated, sound to modern ears merely somewhat silly. In the circumstances, I deliberately heightened this language, adding technical terms and jargonising it further, in the belief that only by so doing could I create the effect of gobbledegook that Meton's demonstration was intended to have for Athenian ears.

Here is Mr. Arrowsmith's handling of the theme:

PISTHETAIROS: And those tools?

METON: Celestial rules, of course.
Now attend, sir,
Taken *in extenso*,
our welkin resembles a cosmical charcoal oven or potbellied stove worked by the convection principle, though vaster. Now then, with the flue as my base, and twirling the calipers thus, I obtain the azimuth, whence, by calibrating the arc or radial sine—you follow me, friend?

PISTHETAIROS: No, I don't follow you.

METON: No matter. Now then, by training the theodolite here on the vectores zenith tangent to the Apex A, I deftly square the circle, whose conflux, or C, I designate as the centre or axial hub of Cloudcuckooland, whence, like global spokes or astral radii, broad boulevards diverge centrifugally, forming, as it were....

At this point in translation, I think, one should adopt the Victorian descriptive phrase: *"After Aristophanes."*

TO SUM up. A translator's first duty must always be to choose the appropriate level of his own language for any particular task.

His second duty is to beware of a deceptive resemblance between words in allied languages. For example, in Spanish *actual* means "contemporary"; *justificación* may mean "an apology"; *barba*, a woman's or a child's chin; and a *biftec* is as likely to be pork or lamb as beef. *Lechería* is a "dairy," not a brothel. The French for "encore" at a theatre is *bis*....

His third duty will be to treat the other man's work with as much respect as if it were his

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own, and present it with loving care—which means, in practice, correcting small faults and clarifying references. But, though entitled to abridge when boredom threatens, he must never foist new ideas on the original.

Finally, he must realise that translation is a polite lie, but nevertheless a lie.... *Ein Stückchen Brot, un morceau de pain, un trozito de pan,* are all similarly rendered in English as "a morsel of bread." But the altogether different sounds of these words convey immense variations in shape, colour, size, weight, and taste of the breadstuff to which they refer, and in the eater's attitude to them.

Perhaps my linguistic shortcomings have tempted me to over-emphasise the importance of knowing one's own language. You may recall the famous conversation—preserved, I think, by Charles Lever—between a musketeer of the Irish Brigade that fought at Fontenoy, and a French sentry:

> Qui va là? *says he.*
> Je, *says I, knowing their lingo.*
> Où est votre lantern? *says he.*
> Mon lantern a sorti, *says I.*
> Comment? *says he.*
> Come on, then, *says I; and with that I sthruck him.*

Small Celandine

Its petals close on to
A bland, contiguous sleep.
When open, they shoot from
That part large with organs
For the flower's size, hips and face merged
In a thick, capable frame.
Its high crutched head is genitalled
For survival by display.
Flowers' conduct is supreme:
Fruit cankers, but petals age.
Insect life feeds on
Not it but its ripe seed,
Excreting over it; shard, rind, and succulence
Pinched by the sharp, smooth jaws.
A flower survives this. Small Celandine
Has sharp petals, its intensifying
Of their length a self-absorption
That desires no further object.
Its lithe, green underside
Governs, with its greater thickness,
Each petal's direction. Leaves swaddle
The stem, as if near water.
It persists with little sleep,
Indifferent to light. It will
Not open or shut with what
Strikes into its senses.
It is insomniac
To that, merging it
With its form that presses little
Of itself into our minds.
We are not its leaf, its breathing.

Its adult, consciousless
Roots concert the sensuous
Nourishment of earth.

Jon Silkin

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ART

Visionaries

By Francis Haskell

ON JULY 10TH, 1789, the Paris crowd began to tear down the customs houses which had recently been erected at all the main entrances to the city. By the time they turned their attention to the Bastille four days later, forty of these fifty-four elegant *barrières* lay in smouldering ruins, for the cause of cheaper food anticipated that of personal freedom. Their architect, Claude-Nicolas Ledoux, was used to setbacks and was soon to undergo much greater misfortunes. Though patronised by many of the leading figures in society, he had been deprived of his commission for the toll houses some months earlier in one of those desperate drives for economy by which the *Ancien Régime* sought to stave off imminent disaster: he was, it was later explained, "*un homme très turbulent et extrêmement dangereux par ses projets extravagants de dépenses... il aurait ruiné le trésor royal.*" Within four years he was awaiting the guillotine, among the first of many artists to share this experience.

Such varied and uncomfortable brushes with authority were perhaps inevitable for a generation which was trying to revolutionise the whole conception of what was the true function of art. Though not active politically as was David, soon to be arrested in turn, Ledoux was always firm in his belief that it was the architect's job to "found a new Religion" and that "*tout est de son ressort, politique, morale, législation, culte, gouvernements.*" Such men, whose ideas on their role in society were at least as original as their manipulation of form, could hardly avoid trouble, and they inaugurate a long list which stretches as far as Siqueiros: but as with most creators, ideological considerations came second to opportunities for work—opportunities which could only be given by the powerful and rich. For all his "progressive" sympathies Ledoux had had no qualms about building the detested toll houses ("*le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant*"), and like David, on his release from prison, he welcomed the arrival of Napoleon. For him, however, military dictatorship brought no more advantages than had bankrupt royalty or the revolutionary Convention. He died, embittered and solitary, in 1806, having devoted the last years of his life to a splendid publication designed to illustrate those buildings which he had managed to have erected (suitably modified in the book in the light of his later beliefs) and the far greater number that had remained insubstantial but none the less magniloquent fantasies.

It was this later side of his activity, alongside projects by Boullée and the lesser known Lequeu, that was shown to a wide public for the first time in an enthralling Paris exhibition that has just closed at the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. By concentrating exclusively on plans, drawings and writings, the organisers inevitably somewhat falsified his position, for no evidence was given of his many successfully realised buildings, which ranged from a country house for Madame du Barry (decapitated while he lay in prison) to the ill-fated *barrières* (of which four still survive). But this was an exhibition of *Architectes Visionnaires*, and we were shown instead some of the strangest—and most uncanny—fantasies that men have ever designed for the use of their fellows. Visionary—or should it be, as some would insist—Utopian? The organisers had their own answer to this, for the exhibition took place under the auspices, as it were, of three famous and alarming images. Hanging high above the schemes for perfect synagogues and brothels, cemeteries and circuses were large reproductions of the frontispiece to Piranesi's *Carceri*, of a plate from Tiepolo's *Scherzi di Fantasia* and of Goya's *The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters*. This last was particularly apt, for the relationship between Boullée, Ledoux, and Lequeu to the Age of Enlightenment was an equivocal one and not without parallels to many aspects of European civilisation in the last fifty years. Indeed the implications of these architects for the social history of their age and of our own

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seem to have haunted most visitors to the exhibition, but we were also allowed to see that the differences between the three were at least as great as their similarities.

BOULLÉE, the eldest, was born in 1728. Though a few of his less significant designs were in fact carried out, he was important chiefly as an influential teacher and as the writer of an extensively illustrated treatise, which though it remained unpublished until recently was familiar to many other architects. He too was accused of royalist sympathies during the Revolution and he too had decided views on the didactic purpose of his schemes: "*le projet de cirque, que je présente ici, est conçu pour remplir des vues morales et politiques.*" In the light of our later experiences it must be said that these moral and political views often appear extraordinarily distasteful and anti-humane. The circus in question, which was designed to be an improvement on the Colosseum, would enable three hundred thousand spectators to watch young athletes and others demonstrating their ability to defend the Fatherland. We, alas, have seen to what use such rallies can be put, and Boullée had not. But, even allowing for this and for the fact that he also envisaged his circus as the setting for more cultural activities, we constantly find in his work an obvious dichotomy between nobly expressed intentions and a more deeply felt and disturbing visualisation of them. He plans, in 1792, a *Palais Municipal*, and in order to assert his republican sympathies, he lays great stress on the fact that, unlike a royal palace, this is the "*maison de tous.*" But when we turn to the illustration, we look in vain for the citizens for whom it has been designed. Eventually they emerge, tiny ant-like figures, barely perceptible even when we know they are there, and inserted only to emphasise the towering grandeur of his monument. His is a world of Lilliputians ruled over by the King of Brobdingnag. Brought up in the Age of Reason and dying in 1799, he yet belongs spiritually to that of Napoleon—if not of Mussolini. The spectator must be overpowered at all costs: "man must be annihilated by the extraordinary spectacle of an inconceivable space." Hence his admiration for the Gothic and for the Egyptian pyramids which turn up so frequently in his work. But Egyptian art appealed also for other reasons: it is essentially an art designed to commemorate the dead, and Boullée was powerfully attracted by the idea of death. How he would have revelled in the chance to construct Franco's mountain-mausoleum "to the fallen"! As it was he had to restrict himself to paper in his plans for a series of cenotaphs and cities of the dead which culminated in his most famous project, the monument to Newton (*see illustration*). Coming at the end of a century in which artists of all kinds and all nationalities had vied to honour the great scientist, Boullée's scheme is the most astonishing by far: resting on a cypress-covered socle was to be a vast sphere with its apex perforated by holes to let in daylight in the shape of the stars and planets; at the base inside stood a small, simple tomb from which, because of the spherical walls of the mausoleum, the visitor would find it impossible to move. Trapped like a beetle in a jam jar, stunned by his impotent pettiness, he would be compelled to gaze up at the infinity of the heavens. Artists hitherto had celebrated Newton for bringing reason and order into the universe; Blake and the Romantics were to reject him just because of this. But for Boullée, half way between two worlds, Newton was the "*esprit sublime, Génie vaste et profond, être Divin,*" who had revealed an immeasurable grandeur which even he himself, for all his soaring imagination, could hardly hope to rival.

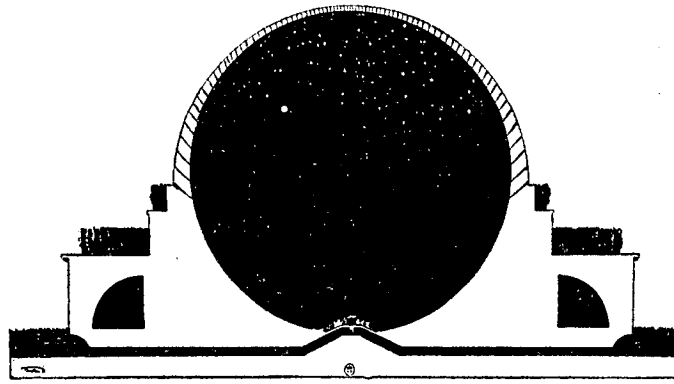

Fig. 1. BOULLÉE: Project for a cenotaph for Sir Isaac Newton

Though Boullée must have realised that most

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of his projects were unlikely to be carried out—it is significant that he had originally wished to be a painter and that even in a plan for enlarging the *Bibliothèque Royale* which was made before the Revolution, the figures are in classical costume as if in acknowledgement of its purely academic interest—his ideas were important for his contemporaries, and much has been made of his possible connection with the architecture of our own age. He broke almost completely with rococo conventions without ever succumbing to the prevailing dogma of neo-classicism. Male, massive, noble, dignified—these are the words that dominate his text; and his architecture is correspondingly made up essentially of simple, unadorned, geometric shapes. Certain forms, such as the sphere, appeal to him above all, but anyone who saw the exhibition must surely carry away the memory of one particular image, so often repeated as to seem obsessional: huge, severe pyramids and cones always truncated near the summit—symbols, perhaps, though almost too blatant, of an overriding fantasy never able to achieve true fulfilment.

COMPARED to Boullée, Ledoux seemed pedestrian—but also more practical. His plans have a matter-of-fact quality which is lacking in the more visionary schemes of Boullée, and this may be partly because, though born eight years later, he had far more building to his credit than did the older man. His book, *L'Architecture considérée sous le rapport de l'art, des moeurs et de la législation*, was published in 1804 at his own expense and dedicated to Alexander I of Russia, son of the Grand Duke Paul who had admired his work more than twenty years earlier and who might just—for one brief moment, from a great distance—have looked like the last of the Enlightened Despots needed to put into practice something like his scheme for an Ideal City. At first only the by-product of his practical and limited work as architect to the salt mines near Chaux, this scheme had grown ever more ambitious in his dreams until it dwarfed the realities of prison and destitution, and he began to fill page after page with plans and elevations.

Architecture on such a scale is by its very nature authoritarian, and if we make use of a perhaps unhistorical hindsight to see in Boullée's imagination traces of what would later appeal to the fascists, Ledoux by contrast seems at first glance to be the dry, methodical, pedantic town-planner of the dreariest type of Socialism: bleak houses destined for the workman and the engineer, in which the "*luxe des arts sera bannis*; *une façade simple convient à la modestie de l'homme qui met toute sa gloire à être utile à ses semblables.*" And yet he too had a weird and fanciful imagination. His book is often dismissed as mere rhetoric, but it contains bold passages which remind us as vividly as do the pictures by his English contemporary, Joseph Wright of Derby, of the excitement which the Industrial Revolution could arouse in sensitive artists: "*Les temples de la Divinité sont ruinés, les palais des rois transpercés; l'empire du dieu Pan fracassé, et la seule compression de l'air renverse, tue ce qui s'oppose à elle.*" And there is surely fantasy, as well as a tenacious if strange logic, in a man who can give the plan of a phallus to his House of Sexual Education (*see illustration*)

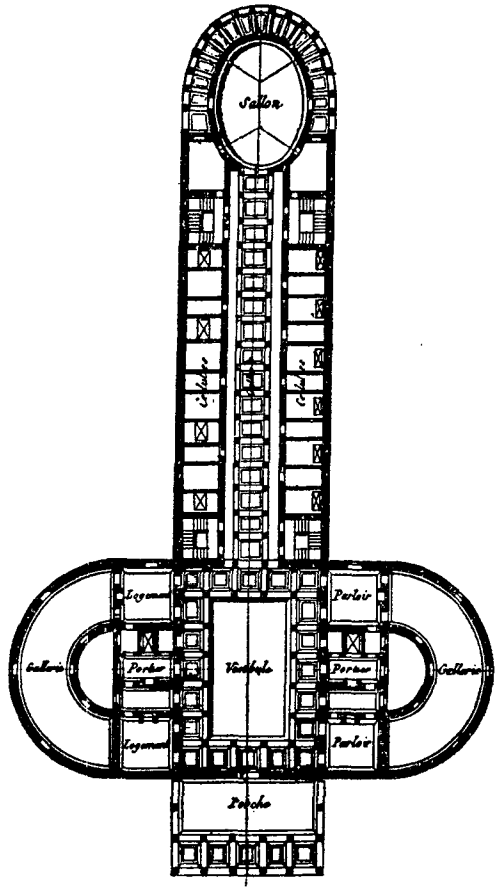

Fig. 2. LEDOUX: Plan of Oikema

—a beautifully located brothel whose function was to inspire disgust for immorality.

Despite this and despite the fact that Ledoux was a pioneer in his integration of town and country and in the unprecedented attention he paid to housing for the humble, existence in the Ideal City would probably have been more strenuous than exhilarating. Everything was dominated by the director's mansion standing at the centre of a series of circles, and com-

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munal life was designed to be resolutely improving. A *Panaréthéon* in the shape of a cube —the symbol of immutability—was dedicated to all the virtues, although exactly how these were to be communicated is not made clear by the architect. The purpose of the *Pacifère*, temple of reconciliation, was only slightly more practical. It was to replace a Palace of Justice, which would no longer be necessary, as men living in the Ideal City were bound to be less criminal than those outside. It, too, consisted of a cube (this time the symbol of Justice), surrounded by flaming altars. On the walls were to be *fasces* and stone tablets engraved with words from the ancient and modern moralists, and inside would sit a judge, beloved by the people, who would "in pleasant and gentle tones reconcile their conflicting interests and compel them to embrace before him...." But Ledoux also provided opportunities for dancing in the *Maison de Récreation*, and there were always the undenominational church and the public baths. In fact the complex symbolic function of so many of his buildings both recalls some of the strange allegorical ceremonies that flourished during the Revolution and anticipates that of later communities devised by the Fourierists and Robert Owen.

THE CLAIM THAT Ledoux was a crucial figure in the development of modern architecture rests, of course, on quite different foundations, and its most ardent supporter was forced to assert that he clothed in symbolical language what were for him considerations purely of function or geometry because only in this way could they be made acceptable to his age. But though it is true that certain shapes, such as the cube, constantly recur in his plans and are exalted by him as being of particular beauty, this view largely ignores the whole cast of his mind as well as his repeated self-contradictions. All artists deal in shapes, but to isolate this aspect only is—at least with those of the past—to miss much of their complexity and richness. Ledoux *could* be highly functional and is often at pains to stress the hygienic advantages of his projects, but he could also design a House for the Surveyors of the Loue as a massive cylinder through which the waters of that river were to pour in an unceasing torrent.

EXTREME SYMBOLISM of this kind was carried to the point of caricature in the proposals of Jean-Jacques Lequeu, the third and most intriguing—even if least significant—of the three architects shown at the *Bibliothèque Nationale*. A self-portrait drawing revealed him gazing at us with an expression of bewildered anxiety—and no wonder. Born in 1757, a full generation after Boullée and Ledoux, he produced very little work before the Revolution, during which he too experienced a moment of extreme danger and only escaped the guillotine, so he claimed, by designing a gateway to Paris on which was to be seated an enormous Hercules in Phrygian cap crushing the attributes of royalty with his club. As the régimes changed, so too did the symbolic content (but not the extravagant fantasy) of his drawings. By 1815 he was planning a mausoleum to honour the victims of the Revolution, including Louis XVI. But by then he was already virtually forgotten, and his remaining ten years were spent in misery.

After a fairly conventional early phase in which his Baroque manner was strongly tempered by neo-classical influences, Lequeu embarked on a series of frenzied experiments. Styles of all periods and civilisations were adapted to the widest range of functions: from Gothic dairies to Islands of Love, from Oriental hen-houses to Temples of Virtue—all shown in beautiful little drawings and water-colours accompanied by very precise descriptions of his aims. This wild eclecticism was common to many dilettantes: the link with Boullée and Ledoux can be found not in any formal resemblances—over, rather than under, decoration is the hallmark of Lequeu—but in their common urge to create a kind of architecture capable of giving eloquent expression of its destination if necessary at the expense of practical convenience: here it leads to a cow-shed in the shape of a cow, an entrance to a deer forest in the form of antlers topped by animal heads. Even Gaudí seems tame by comparison. The "*architecture parlante*" of the Newton monument or the House of Sexual Education comes to its logical conclusion in delirium.

By the middle of the 18th century, feeling against the Baroque was strong all over Europe, and—as the exhibition made clear with a series of well-chosen documents—travellers were beginning to study seriously a wide range of buildings that had not hitherto made any important contribution to the central tradition of European architecture. Side by side with a return to classicism a few theorists in Italy and France were already advocating something far more functional, and their ideas were clearly of at least indirect importance for Boullée and Ledoux. Had the items in the exhibition been chosen from this angle, a different picture would have emerged. None the less, to concentrate on those of their formal inventions—simplicity, boldness, clearly defined shapes, interpenetration of voids and masses, and so on —which have affinities with some 20th-century

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architecture would be as misleading as to dismiss them wholly as "visionaries" without further qualification. Architectural historians have often forgotten that many painters at this time were also indulging in strange new styles that were only temporarily submerged by a rigid neo-classicism before they erupted into Romanticism. It seems clear that all these architects began at least to plan their fantasies well before the outbreak of the Revolution, and the temptation to link their innovations with the ferment of ideas that heralded the big political change has naturally proved irresistible. But the connection, if it exists, is not a simple one.

In a recently published and lavishly illustrated book, which aims to relate the art, ideas, and history of the 18th century,[1] Professor Starobinski defines Boullée and Ledoux as the "architects of will-power (*volontarisme*)" and suggests that they and their circle were rebelling against that domination of Nature, which had for so long been the touchstone of 18th-century taste, however variously interpreted. As he also emphasises, the revolt came, as it were, from within the doctrine of "nature" itself, as can be seen in some of Ledoux's more fanciful projects to accommodate man's "natural" inclinations. Certainly the aggressively masculine style of many of the designs produced by these two men is far from suggesting any allegiance to Rousseau, and Professor Starobinski could have pointed to at least one curiously revealing instance of this change from submission to mastery. When he was actually in charge of the saltworks, Ledoux built a carpenter's cottage, which was as delightfully simple and rustic as anything that Marie Antoinette herself could have hoped for. Later, when designing his Ideal City, he altered this into something far grander with an enormously long colonnade stretching out in front of a bare façade broken only by doors and a Palladian window. And, at a time when the *volontarisme* of Boullée and Ledoux had long since been forgotten, the example of Nietzsche was there to prove that a derivation from Rousseau could still lead to some strange conclusions.

[1] Jean Starobinski, *The Invention of Liberty, 1700–1789* (Skira, 1964).

Gull

(*For L. and C.*)

Flung
far down,
as the
gull rises,
the black
smile of
its shadow
masking its
underside
takes
the heart
into the height
to hover
above the ocean's
plain-of-mountains'
moving quartz.

Charles Tomlinson

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NOTES & TOPICS

Collective Guilt?

IT IS NOT EVERY DAY that debate in the United Nations touches on an issue in the realm of philosophy. This is what happened, however, last December 11th, in the course of debate on the controversial operation whereby Belgian paratroopers had, some two weeks earlier, rescued foreign hostages held at Stanleyville and Paulis by the Congolese rebels under Mr. Christophe Gbenye.

For two days before December 11th, agitated African representatives in the Security Council had been denouncing Belgium and the United States (which had supplied the airplanes for the operation) in such terms that, for the honour of the United Nations and of the countries involved, one wishes that their remarks could be expunged from the record. In the competitive violence of language that had developed among the speakers, racial hatred had at last been invoked and one among the races of mankind had, at least by implication, been collectively indicted for something like moral turpitude.

After two days of this, Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium made his response in a long and moving address that had a quality almost unknown to political oratory since the days of Woodrow Wilson. He said that, so as not to aggravate the racial antagonisms already aroused, he would refrain from detailing the atrocities committed against those whom Mr. Gbenye had held as hostages. Having, however, made even so light a reference to atrocities committed in Africa, he had the grace to follow with a reference to Buchenwald and Auschwitz, the scene of atrocities committed by white men in Europe. Then he said:

> My sincere belief is that there is no such thing as a guilty race. My sincere belief is that there is no such thing as a guilty people. My sincere belief is that there are only misguided men and contemptible men. Hitler was a contemptible man. I am sorry to say that Gbenye is a contemptible man.

I cite this passage because it is exceptional in its rejection of the doctrine of collective guilt, a doctrine that has been used to justify massacre and genocide since the day when the population of Sodom was exterminated in retribution for the offences committed by some of its members.

The question whether a race or a nation is guilty of crimes committed by some of its members is a philosophical question, but one with the greatest practical implications. Although I have referred to Sodom, our own time is rich in examples. It happens not infrequently among us that bewildered Jewish school-children find themselves accused of having crucified Jesus. Under Hitler this kind of thinking led to the slaughter of some six million Jews.

It is the doctrine of collective guilt, above all, that twice in this century has prevented the termination of a world war by the conclusion of a veritable peace. During World War I, Woodrow Wilson had insisted that not the German people but the Kaiser's régime was the enemy. This, however, was too sophisticated a view for popular acceptance. In popular thinking an abstraction was made of the German people as a ravening monster bent on conquering the world; so that the decent Weimar régime, after it had replaced the Kaiser's régime, was compelled, on behalf of the German nation, to sign an admission of guilt, and to take the punitive consequences.

From the beginning of American participation in World War II, President Roosevelt explicitly attributed the war-guilt to the German people, of which he held Hitler's régime to be simply representative. Consequently, the Atlantic allies gave no encouragement to the movements inside Germany for the overthrow of Hitler's régime; they insisted on the unconditional surrender of the German nation under whatever kind of régime; and they adopted the impracticable post-war objective of keeping Germany prostrate and helpless, under whatever kind of régime, for an indefinite future. It was the insistence on the total elimination of German power that, in turn, made possible the alarming westward expansion of the Russian empire—and this insistence was based on the concept that the Germans, like the Italians and the Japanese, were an "aggressor" people (by contrast with the "peace-loving" peoples of Russia, China, Britain, and the United States).

In a book published in London in 1941, entitled *The Behaviour of Nations*, Morley Roberts wrote: "...we are being told that if Germany discards Hitler all will go well, that the Germans will cease to be Germans, and may safely be admitted as citizens. They are, however, cunning enough in defeat to discard him, while attributing to him tribal acts long meditated." Here was a conception of the Germans that corresponded to Hitler's conception of the Jews. As in the case of Hitler, it led Mr. Roberts to the logical conclusion that, "if the Germans are again overcome, it must be held that the massacre of a whole population is justifiable if no other means can secure an inoffensive nation

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or nationality." The implication of the doctrine of collective guilt is genocide.

My purpose is to suggest that it is not enough to proscribe genocide or racial persecution. The concept of collective guilt on which they are based must be discredited. This has become a matter of central importance to-day, as we enter an era in which racial antagonisms might tear the world apart.

THE CONCEPT of collective guilt represents the substitution by childlike minds of a conceptual abstraction, in the form of a mythical collective person, for the real men, women, and children of flesh and blood. There is the abstraction of the Jew illustrated by the cartoonist's image of a hook-nosed monster sitting on his money-bags. There was the abstraction of the Japanese people illustrated by the wartime cartoonist's image of a hissing villain with fangs for teeth. To-day there is the abstraction of the "imperialist" or "colonialist" or "neo-colonialist" nation that seeks by sinister devices to enslave the young and innocent nations of the world. Much of the word's press and public opinion remained unmoved by the atrocities committed in the Congo simply because the men, women, and children who were its victims were not thought of as real persons in the sense that the members of one's own family are real persons. They were, rather, abstract symbols of "imperialism." The rules of humanitarianism and decency do not apply to such abstractions. The debauching of nuns, as part of the fight against "imperialism," represented a sort of justice. They were imperialist nuns.

We see all around us, to-day as in the past, how the philosophical question of collective guilt has the most impressive practical consequences. Nevertheless, any attempt to open a debate on it produces a sort of embarrassed silence. One reason for this, I think, is simply that we live in an anti-philosophical age, that we are in our time averse to philosophical inquiry. We don't understand it, or it seems to us out of place in the world of practical affairs. Another reason is that, while all of us object to particular applications of the doctrine of collective guilt, we find other applications of it plausible if not congenial. There are those among us, for example, who object to the collective condemnation of all Jews but not to the collective condemnation of all Germans.

A more important reason for silence, perhaps, is that our evolving civilisation has its origin in a conceptual world dominated by the doctrine of collective guilt, so that to question it touches all of us in the very roots of our cultural being. According to what is by far the most widespread interpretation of the doctrine of Original Sin, we are all guilty of the disobedience of a man called Adam, who lived long before our time, and we deserve to be punished by eternal hell-fire. For all who accept this interpretation, the very foundations of Christianity are threatened by calling the possibility of collective guilt into question.

Then there are the sanctified examples from the Old Testament. The primitive Jehovah of the Pentateuch was wholly dominated by the concept of collective guilt. (He did, however, in *Ezekiel* 18:19, say: "The son shall not suffer for the iniquity of the father, nor the father for the iniquity of the son; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon himself, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon himself.")

From the earliest times, our civilisation has accepted the doctrine of collective guilt. From the earliest times, however, there have also been individual voices to protest against it. Abraham protested against its application to Sodom (*Genesis* 18:22). David protested most movingly against it in *I Chronicles* 21: 16–17. Pelagius, in the 5th century, got into serious trouble with the authorities by denouncing it. Darwin, in the 19th century, rejected it. And last December, almost unnoticed, an orator in the United Nations spoke against it.

My own belief is that, in the long evolution of human civilisation from primitive to sophisticated conceptions, the doctrine of collective guilt, which has caused such widespread death and suffering in the 20th century, will fall into discredit and come to be regarded, by future anthropologists, as a property of primitive man. When that time comes it may at last be possible to conduct relations among human societies on a humane and intelligent basis that the cultural immaturity of our present still forbids.

Louis J. Halle

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Marxist Mask & Romantic Face

Lukács on Thomas Mann — By ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

"The dictatorship of the proletariat, the politico-economic means of salvation demanded by our age, does not mean domination for its own sake and in perpetuity; but rather in the sense of a temporary abrogation, in the Sign of the Cross, of the contradiction between spirit and force; in the sense of overcoming the world by mastering it; in a transcendental, transitional sense, in the sense of the Kingdom. The proletariat has taken up the task of Gregory the Great, his religious zeal burns within it, and, as little as he, may it withhold its hand from the shedding of blood. Its task is to strike terror into the world for the healing of the world, that man may finally achieve salvation and deliverance, and win back at length to freedom from law and from distinction of class, to his original status as child of God."

NAPHTA in THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

"In The Magic Mountain *the spokesman of the reactionary Fascist, anti-democratic* Weltanschauung, *the Jesuit Naphta. . . ."*

LUKÁCS in ESSAYS ON THOMAS MANN[1]

"LUKÁCS, who is anyhow well-disposed towards me (and who plainly has not recognised himself in Naphta)..." wrote Thomas Mann in a letter in 1949.[2] That Georg Lukács' essays upon Thomas Mann form part of the elaborate defences with which Lukács buttresses his inability to recognise himself as he was in his brilliant and many-sided youth lends to these essays a poignancy and a fascination which they certainly do not provide in their role as literary criticism. The pompous, ponderous style in which they are written all too easily conveys the impression of one Grand Old Man saluting another, the Gamaliel of Central European Communism (as a *Times* leader writer once called Lukács) applauding the Nobel Prize-winner. Nor is the translation to blame for this impression; the translator has rendered Lukács' professorial prose excellently. And the consequence might well be that the brief, uncomplicated, facile judgments on Lukács, which it has become fashionable to pass in the West, will not be shaken at all by these essays. Yet they are in fact further evidence of the enigmatic and complex quality of Lukács' achievement.

It is common knowledge that Lukács has publicly disavowed his youth. In Hungary in 1948 he was accused by György Somlyó of staging an "auto-da-fé" with his own early writings. Lukács replied vehemently that those works "which I have transcended with my own development and which were moving in an improper direction" should not receive attention either from himself or from others. He raged when Merleau-Ponty in 1955 discussed his *History and Class-Consciousness* of 1923 and spoke of "treachery" and of the "falsification of a book forgotten for good reasons." This un-Marxist attempt to separate his present from his past, the self from its deeds, has so strong an emotional charge behind it that one cannot but ask, *"Why?"* Unless one can answer this question posed in a very general way one is unlikely to answer satisfactorily the particular question of why Lukács, consciously or unconsciously, has refused to recognise his own features in those of Naphta. There is, of course, a strong presumption that the refusal is at least semi-conscious, even though Mann himself exhibited strong anxiety that Lukács should not recognise himself in Naphta and was completely certain that he had not done so. The reason for doubting whether Mann's assurance was justified is simply that, in his references to

[1] *Essays on Thomas Mann.* By Georg Lukács. Translated by Stanley Mitchell. Merlin Press, 16s.

[2] For the facts about the Mann-Lukács relationship, see the essay *Zauberberg-Figuren* in *Tessiner Schreibtisch* by Karl Kerényi (Stuttgart, 1963). For a suggestive, but speculative interpretation, see *Georg Lukács' Marxism* by Victor Zitta (The Hague, 1964).

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Naphta, Lukács seems to rely upon his readers not actually having the text of *The Magic Mountain* available. How otherwise could he so confidently and without explanation characterise as Fascist a character who propounds belief in Communism, the abolition of classes, the dictatorship of the proletariat, and a version of the labour theory of value? Of course, Naphta (as Thomas Mann himself insisted) differs from the young Lukács in a large number of ways. Naphta is a Jesuit; Lukács is not. But the young Lukács was deeply involved with Christianity and often writes of God with immense seriousness. The influence of Dostoyevsky is strong in the years before 1914; so more surprisingly is that of Plotinus and of the German mystics, Eckhart and Tauler.

THE COMMONEST EXPLANATION of Lukács' rupture with his youth assimilates it to the recantations of intellectuals in the Stalinist period in Russia. There would be some room for doubt about the explanatory value of this parallel just because it is still unclear how far we understand the psychology of these recantations. But in any case Lukács' behaviour since 1924 bears all the marks of being not so much a response to pressures from without as a continuous self-inspired attempt to destroy what survives in him of his youth. He has, of course, not been able to avoid a continuous return to the subject-matter of his early writings. But he voluntarily and long before he went to live in the Soviet Union abjured their standpoint, as a result of the condemnation of *History and Class-Consciousness*. Ernst Bloch predicted in his original review of it that the Russians would dislike it: "Some of them will say that Marx had not placed Hegel on his feet so that Lukács can put Marx back on his head." None of the Russians were in fact as witty as this. Zinoviev nagged shrilly at the Fifth Congress of Comintern in 1924 that "we must not let this extreme left tendency grow up into a theoretical revisionism" and picked out Lukács' work in philosophy and sociology for special mention. Lukács was at once confronted with a dilemma whose roots were already obvious in the text of *History and Class-Consciousness*. For there he explains Marxism as the class-consciousness of the proletariat whose articulate representative is the Communist Party. Thus it is entailed by Lukács' own argument that if the Comintern holds that Marxism is not what Lukács says it is, then Lukács must be wrong. Or, rather, either Lukács is wrong or the Comintern is not the true Communist Party. But if it is not, then Marxism is only a theory, only an idea; it lacks any material incarnation. To have grasped this horn of the dilemma would have thrown Lukács

5

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back to his starting-point in an unbearable way. And his tragedy resides in his never having been able to return to it. But what was his starting-point and why would return to it have been unbearable?

IN ANSWERING this question we can also try to answer another. It is a commonplace that in *History and Class-Consciousness* Lukács produced a Hegelian interpretation of Marx that set Marx's own writings in a systematic framework quite different from and incompatible with that in which Engels had set them in *Anti-Dühring*. When in 1931–32 Marx's so-called *Economic-Philosophical Manuscripts* of 1844 became known, it was clear that Marx himself had defined his own thought near its outset in precisely the terms of that same Hegelian framework which Lukács had once more spelled out. This confirmation of Lukács' interpretation—Lukács could not possibly have known of the contents of the manuscripts in 1923—was a brilliant literary reconstruction for which his disowning of *History and Class-Consciousness* has never allowed him to claim the credit. What, in fact, enabled Lukács to do this was the degree to which he had in his own experience recapitulated Marx's intellectual development. In order to understand this, both Marx and Lukács have to be placed if in the briefest, most inadequate way, in relation to their own culture.

The seminal period of German culture is essentially philosophical in a way that English culture never is. It is therefore much easier to interpret it in terms of a unity of ideas and imagination, to narrate its history as a series of attempts to frame answers to pervasive questions that were at once Kantian and Faustian. The literary critic of this culture cannot evade, any more than the philosopher can, the relationships and the antagonisms between value and fact, law and inclination, reason and the passions, society and the individual. But the literary critic has to deal with these not just as conceptual oppositions, but rather with embodied, imaginative resolutions of these antagonisms in the Greece of Hölderlin's poems or in Goethe's later writings. One way of recounting Lukács' career would be to set out the history of his continuous reinterpretation of the central features of German culture between 1780 and 1850. If one did this, one would discover a recurrent instability in which the would-be settled views of any one period in his life are undermined by his insights at other periods.

At his worst in his self-willed Stalinist period before the war he writes in terms of the crude dichotomy between idealism and materialism fathered by Engels and by Lenin's *Materialism and Empirico-Criticism*. But these concepts, as Lenin himself understood later, are chameleons of the mind, taking colour only from the examples which they are ostensibly used to explain. So in the *Destruction of Reason* Lukács turned instead to the conflict between reason and unreason and tried to use this as an analytical tool. In so doing he continued his campaign against the interpretation of German Romanticism as essentially irrationalist, an interpretation which he stigmatised as anticipating Nazi interpretations of German cultural history. (This did not save him from being himself stigmatised as a revisionist for abandoning the cant about materialism and idealism.) The most important justification that Lukács has ever given for this view has, however, implications which he himself has never understood (or at least admitted). Discussing the Romantic opposition of reason to the passions in *Goethe and His Age*, Lukács argued that this opposition depends upon a falsely partial view of both reason and passions, an opposition which had been created by the rationalists of the 18th century. It follows that it is not reason itself, but a distorted view of reason against which the Romantic rebels. Yet if this is so, doubt is then thrown on Lukács' own categories. For in a culture where distorted concepts of reason and the passions are thrown up by the very nature of its social life and its definitive ideas, the man who claims to be able to detect the distortion must warrant his claims by showing how it is possible for him to escape the distorting influences which imprison everyone else.

NEITHER THE YOUNG Marx in the 1840s nor the young Lukács in 1918 were able to take Hegel's way out, that of claiming that in him the Absolute has finally broken through the relativities of history so that the thoughts expressed in the *Logic* are the thoughts of God himself, thinking them through Hegel's pen. But both have to try and find a vantage point outside their own society and culture. In order to explain Lukács' attempt to do this one cannot avoid attempting to explain Marx's; and this is not quite the boring rehearsal of stock platitudes about The Young Marx that it might seem to be, since The Young Marx is a plaster figure in whose lineaments it is fairly difficult to pick out the face of the young Marx.

The myth of the plaster figure runs: once upon a time there was a young humanistic Marx who inherited from Hegel and from the Left Hegelians the notion of alienation. This Marx was not yet preoccupied with socio-economics. But as he became so preoccupied he discarded the notion of alienation. Indeed his break with the Left Hegelians and his discard-

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ing of the notion of alienation are sometimes seen as two aspects of the same process. The *locus classicus* for this myth is Lewis Feuer's *What Is Alienation? The Career of a Concept,*[3] and in order to destroy the myth one has only to set two of Feuer's key theses beside what Marx actually says.

So Feuer writes: "In these early writings, Marx and Engels, as Freudian forerunners, regarded love, not work, as the source of man's sense of reality," and he quotes from *The Holy Family* (published in 1845 but written in the autumn of 1844). But already in the *Economic-Philosophical Ms.* (written in April to August 1844) Marx had clearly argued the central relationship between work and the sense of reality. And indeed the quotation from *The Holy Family* does not bear an entirely clear sense when placed in its context.

Secondly, Feuer claims that "The word 'alienation' was absent from Marx's mature analysis." But in the *Grundrisse* in 1857–8 (unpublished until 1939–41) Marx is still writing:

> The ancient conception in which man always appears (in however narrowly rational, religious, or political a definition) as the aim of production, seems very much more exalted than the modern world, in which production is the aim of man and wealth the aim of production. In fact however, when the narrow bourgeois form has been peeled away what is wealth, if not the universality of needs, capacities, enjoyments, productive powers, etc., of individuals produced in universal exchange? What, if not the full development of human control over the forces of nature—those of his own nature as well as those of so-called "nature"... In bourgeois political economy—and in the epoch to which it corresponds—this complete elaboration of what lies within man appears as total alienation...."[4]

This survival of the concept of alienation into Marx's mature writings is important for my immediate purposes; for had the concept not, as Feuer claimed, survived in them—although the word is admittedly not used in *Capital*—how could Lukács have correctly deduced the core of Marx's thought from the later writings which he knew? The survival of the concept is important for other reasons. The concepts of work and freedom in the mature Marx are in fact unintelligible unless related to the notion of alienation, and to precisely that notion of alienation set out by Lukács.

ALIENATION has at least four defining features. First of all men are divided within themselves and from each other, by not being able in their work to pursue ends that are their own, by having external ends imposed upon them. Secondly, means and ends are inverted. Where men should eat and drink in order to act, they have to work in order to eat and drink. Thirdly, men reify their social relationships into alien powers which dominate them. In virtue of this reification they become involved in conceptual puzzles and confusions. And finally, men find life irremediably split up into rival and competing spheres, each with its own set of norms, and each sphere claiming its own narrow and therefore deforming sovereignty. But all this makes it clear that alienation is essentially a contrast concept. We can understand what it is to be alienated only if we can also understand what it is or would be *not* to be alienated. Whence did Marx, whence did Lukács derive the notion of a form of human life in which man would create his own ends, in which conceptual confusion and contradiction would be resolved into a clarity about means and ends, so creating a human nature in which the ideal and the actual would at last coincide? The surprising answer may be that the unalienated men of the Marxist feature are the artists of the German Romantic ideal.

"Thus man also creates according to the laws of beauty." So Marx. Marx's description of the senses of reintegrated man finding their own proper aesthetic objects, his attempt to establish a connection between freedom and aesthetic activity, and his belief that in free, aesthetic activity the contradictions of unfree existence are resolved, is a re-issue of a theme in Schiller's break with Kant in the "Kallias" letters.[5] Even more, Schiller's concept of *Selbstbestimmung* is an important anticipation of Marx's "self-activity." The Hegelian concept of self-activity is not its only ancestor. It is hardly surprising that Lukács, coming across Schiller's declaration that it is man who plays (and play includes the whole realm of aesthetic activity) who is most truly man, should use this saying to interpret Marx in a sense relevant to his own problems. These were complex.

BOTH THE ENERGY and the "intellectual poetry" (his own phrase) of the young Lukács arise out of the tension between the conceptual and theoretical resources available to him to interpret reality and the impact of the reality itself. On the view of the young Lukács, the poet faced with the inadequacy of the first to the second creates his own reality. But the critic cannot rest content except with a grasp of both

[3] In *New Politics*, Spring 1962.

[4] Karl Marx, *Pre-Capitalist Economic Foundations* (London, 1964), pp. 84–5.

[5] Karl Marx, *Early Writings*. Translated and edited by T. B. Bottomore (London, 1963), pp. 160–2.

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poetry and social reality which can only come from a philosophy in which reality is disclosed. Lukács reads the history of past literature and criticism in terms of the attempted resolution of the tension between the realm of intelligibility and that of brute reality. Belief in God plays a key role here, especially in the definition of the tragic vision in which the hero who is confronted by the demands of a transcendence which he cannot discover anywhere in the empirical world must live out his tasks in conflict with a reality that never discloses the divinity he seeks.[6] The tragic vision in which meaning can only be conferred on the world from outside it, and yet the world is silent as to its own meaning, recurs in a conceptualised form in classical German philosophy. The tragic hero is transformed in turn into the epistemological subject of Kantianism whose categories can never reveal the *Ding-an-sich*, the Fichtean Ego, and the Hegelian self. But each of these philosophies finds itself still external to the reality it seeks to comprehend, reduced to spawning metaphysical fictions on a grand scale. It was the insight of Hegel, rendered into realistic social terms by Marx (and Marx's "materialism" consists in really no more than this rendering) that the escape from the contradictions and mystifications thrown up by this philosophy did not lie simply in intellectually dissipating them by greater clarity in conceptual analysis.

On the Hegelian-Marxist view such conceptual contradictions and mystifications express the incoherences of a whole form of life. To overcome them one does not have merely to philosophise more clearly, but to learn to act in a new way: revolutionary *praxis*, as characterised by Marx in the *Theses on Feuerbach*. Here Lukács sees the resolution of his new problems. The *praxis* in which contradiction disappears is that of the proletarian, not just that of the actual working-man but that of the essential proletarian for whom the Hungarian Soviets of 1919 provided a spokesman. So the contradictions of tragedy are overcome; transcendence re-enters the world; the immediate ends of man become meaningful. The Kingdom of God will have been taken by storm. To read *History and Class-Consciousness* as a solution to the problems of *The Soul and the Forms* is to read it as the work of Lukács-Naphta.

THUS LUKÁCS staked his existence on the possibility of integrating art with social life in a *praxis* in which life should itself have the coherence and meaning of art. He analyses bourgeois social reality with the tools derived from Georg Simmel and Max Weber; he understands art and literature in terms of the Romantic ideal. And he invokes Marxism to link the two analyses so that the aesthetic may be at home in the world. But in so doing he creates insoluble problems for his own future activities as a critic, problems that are nowhere more apparent than in his writings on Thomas Mann.

Lukács' immense sympathy for Mann derives from the fact that the externality of art to bourgeois society is itself a central imaginative theme for Mann; Lukács' difficulty in writing about Mann is that Mann was always ambivalent in his attitudes both to art and to bourgeois society. This Lukács concealed from himself by simply not seeing in Mann's work every tendency which might underline the *necessary* gap between art and social life to the possible non-existence of which Lukács' whole critical career is pledged. Thus Lukács cannot acknowledge himself in Naphta because the manifestly desperate character of Naphta's enterprise corresponds to the latently desperate character of Lukács' own enterprise. What is desperate and neurotic, of course, is not Lukács' Communism or his wish to resolve the contradictions of theory with the conceptual scheme of a new form of social life; it is his impatience with history, with the slow pace of social development. This he himself was to recognise, but his recognition of this impatience was turned into an acceptance of the sub-intellectual world of Stalinist materialism and thereby into a disowning of both the origin and the meaning of his own enterprise.

Lukács' arbitrary excision from Mann's work of all that does not fit into the role which he imposes on Mann—that of the bourgeois realist who disowns the decadence of modernism—is most obvious when Lukács simply writes off the opinions Mann professed in his essays. So Mann's expressed admiration for Freud is dismissed and *The Holy Sinner* read as a refutation of Freud. Equally Mann's expressed attitude to Nietzsche has to be discounted. For Lukács wants to see Adrian Leverkühn in *Dr. Faustus* as a contemporary Nietzsche. But of course there *is* a strong element of Lukács' anti-modernism in Mann; neither Mann nor Lukács really understand Schiller's notion of art as play, which underlies so much modern art. Both are therefore least at home with music. And Lukács' attack on Schönberg (like his distaste for Joyce) is rooted not in social perceptiveness, but in a clinging to the values of the bourgeois 19th century. This clinging is truer of Lukács than it is of Mann. There is in Leverkühn more of Mann than Lukács could allow and Mann's attitude to the narrator, the old-fashioned

[6] The best account of this phase of Lukács' thought is in Lucien Goldmann's *The Hidden God* (London, 1964).

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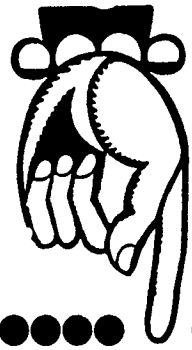

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classical humanist, Serenus Zeitblom, contains far more irony than Lukács can detect. This is because there is in Lukács more of Zeitblom than he realises. In an age when the formality of art and its autonomy have been among its chief safeguards from degeneration (this is what the Nazi attacks on Schönberg and Joyce signify) the attitudes of the older Lukács smack more than a little of the "power-protected inwardness" which he condemns in Bismarckian Germany.

YET IN THE LATEST of these essays, on *The Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man*, that Lukács is a genius still appears. The comparison of the Joseph saga with Felix Krull is full of insight into Mann's handling of character. But it is by now genius that has paid a high price for survival. Lukács most resembles one of Stendhal's characters. Like them, he has lived in a post-revolutionary age in which the price of survival is to pay more than lip-service to the values of petty, bourgeoisified despotisms. And the romantic aspiration to embody art in life itself could not have continued to inspire as it has done, if Lukács had not reincarnated it so often in the Protean doctrines with which he disguises the unchanging inheritance from *The Soul and the Forms* and *History and Class-Consciousness*.

Like Julien Sorel or Fabrice, Lukács has involved himself in countless stratagems; like Sorel he has faced the death penalty, like Fabrice he has avoided it. But the declining quality of his writing suggests that time has done its work, that the face behind the mask has taken on the aspect of the mask. Naphta's suicide was one way of paying the debts of romanticism to reality; the long, tortuous, intertwining of enlightenment and deception that Lukács has practised is another.

What Went Wrong?

Soldiers, Scholars, Strategists — By MICHAEL HOWARD

ALL SOLDIERS, naturally enough, like clear and immutable "principles" to guide them through the chaotic uncertainties of their profession. Even the pragmatic British teach their officer cadets "the principles of war," though they tell them almost immediately afterwards that these are a lot of balls anyway, and they should use their common sense. But the search by the French General Staff, not merely for principles but for *une doctrine* based on those principles, has been pursued for the past ninety years with a fanatical intensity in which the dogged determination of the soldier has been reinforced by the passionate concentration of the scholar. Time after time the resultant *doctrine* has led to catastrophe. The *doctrine* of the offensive led to the holocaust of 1914. The *doctrine* of the continuous front led to the collapse of 1940. The *doctrine* of revolutionary warfare ushered in the collapse in Algeria. Now they are working out a *doctrine* of Indirect Strategy. Back to the old drawing-board.

Not that we can talk. The Royal Navy had its *doctrine* in the First World War and the Royal Air Force in the Second, and neither has stood up very well to scrutiny; while the lack of any *doctrine* at all has been at least partially responsible for the series of disastrous fumblings at the outset of all its major wars which make the study of the history of the British Army such a depressing affair. A little more of the rigorous intellectual analysis which has for so long characterised the French military leadership might have done us a power of good. But we can certainly learn a great deal from the really spectacular disaster which overtook the last attempt of the French army to apply rational calculation, on a grand scale, to their military tasks; not only about those tasks in particular, but about the problems of Western civilisation as a whole.

In their conflict in Indo-China the French met an adversary whose solemn intellectual approach matched their own. The Viet-Minh leaders, good doctrinaire Marxists, also believed that they owed their success to the systematic application of *une doctrine*, the doctrine of the great Marxist master of war, Mao Tse-tung. Now in fact Mao *is* a military writer of genius; but the value of his work does not lie in any universally applicable theories that it may contain, but in sensible and severely practical instructions on guerrilla warfare based on a decade of fighting the Japanese. He has much more in common with such working masters as Maurice de Saxe and Frederick the Great than with the great systematisers, Jomini and Clausewitz. Stripped of their verbiage, his writings constitute a collection of tricks of the trade, based on a shrewd analysis of the political situation and social structure of the country,

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for guerrillas fighting a foreign invader. Wherever conditions resembling those of China in 1932–45 repeat themselves, wherever the population of a large agrarian community is held down by a well-armed and well-disciplined occupying force, or where the native government and its troops can be represented as the instruments of such an occupying force, the techniques taught by Mao are likely to be effective. Government forces may find themselves forced to choose between two alternatives; either imposing a reign of terror and so abandoning all pretence of governing by consent—the German technique in Russia and the Balkans in 1941–45; or gaining and retaining the active support of a major part of the population, which an occupying force can normally do only by abdicating all its rights and status.

IT HAS ALWAYS been the hope of Western governments fighting to retain their foothold in foreign territories that they could overcome the drawback of being so unmistakably alien by dissolving national and racial differences in some kind of ideological solvent; creating the feeling that all, British, Malay, French, Vietnamese, American, Korean, Filippino, are colleagues in an undifferentiated Free World. They have sometimes been remarkably successful. But they have to contend with the disadvantage, not only of being foreigners (and very rich foreigners at that) but of preaching a political doctrine which is in itself alien to the customs of the society which they are trying to conciliate. We are witnessing throughout the world an irritated reaction against those values—British institutions, French civilisation, the American Way of Life—which not so long ago we believed to be the self-evident destiny and privilege (*pace* the Communists) of all mankind to share. It has not been easy, in spite of V.S.O. and Peace Corps activities, for the West to identify itself with the cultures of Africa and Asia; and where it has destroyed those cultures, the abiding reaction is not one of gratitude. And if such identification has not been easy, the alternative, systematic repression, is made more difficult by the very nature of Western pluralistic society. A democracy cannot, in the age of *Life* and *Paris-Match*, employ systematic terror in its dependencies and remain an open society itself. When the French tried it, France herself trembled alarmingly on the edge of totalitarianism.

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"REVOLUTIONARY warfare," in the formulation of the French analyst Colonel Bonnet, is compounded of partisan war and psychological war. Its study, therefore, takes us far beyond the military techniques of subversion and repression. These are the surgeon's tools, but they cannot be used without an expert knowledge of the patient's anatomy—the social and political structure of the society concerned. But the operator—to strain the metaphor further—resembles less a surgeon than a psychoanalyst, in that he needs a full understanding of himself, of his own society and its ideology, before he can set about trying to "cure" others. For the object at which he aims, the order which he is trying to create or restore, will have been shaped by the society from which he himself derives; and unless he knows what this is —and *why* it is—he is in no position to indoctrinate others.

A work on revolutionary warfare must therefore always be, in the last analysis, a political study; and that is what Dr. Peter Paret has now written.[1] Paret is a highly professional historian, learned, expert at assessing evidence, and gifted with a lucidity of style rare among contemporary military theorists. This 125-page book, not only an authoritative and exhaustively-documented survey of the doctrine of *la guerre révolutionnaire* but virtually its epitaph, is a little classic, and firmly establishes Dr. Paret—no doubt to his embarrassment, for his heart lies in the age of Scharnhorst and Clausewitz—as one of the leading authorities on military affairs in the West to-day.

The book is not likely, however, to be very popular with military establishments. Dr. Paret is pretty cavalier about some of their most cherished myths. Foremost among these is the view expressed by such writers as General Allard and Jacques Soustelle, that what the French were really doing in Indo-China and Algeria was defending vital areas of the Free World against simple Communist subversion, rather than fighting native nationalist movements which drew far more strength from the local populations than they did from any outside support. If the teachings of Mao were effective, points out Paret, it was not because he had worked out any universal doctrine to which a counter-doctrine had to be devised. It was because the methods which had worked against Japanese occupation forces in the 1930s could be applied in the very similar circumstances in which Vietnamese and Algerian insurgents were fighting the equally alien French. If Mao had never written, his disciples might have learned much from studying the activities of the Israelis before they achieved independence; or the Irish during The Troubles; even the Spaniards in the Napoleonic wars. Marxism imposed a valuable discipline on a branch of military thinking that was incomplete without some measure of social analysis, but the real inspiration for all these movements must be traced to the ideas expressed by another 19th-century thinker, Giuseppe Mazzini. *"Fuori i stranieri!"* ("Out with the foreigners!") is always likely to be a more effective rallying cry for the masses than "Workers of the World, Unite!"

There is no sign in any of the works quoted by Dr. Paret that the French Army ever fully appreciated this fundamental disadvantage under which they suffered, of being foreigners; or the paradoxical ring which the slogan *l'Algérie française* must have had in the ears of the Moslems they were trying to conciliate. It was not necessarily a crippling disadvantage. The British overcame it in India, Malaya, and Africa, by making clear that they recognised the transitory nature of their own régime. The Americans, philosophically inured to unpopularity, try to keep out of sight in installations as self-sufficient and hermetically-sealed as spaceships on the moon. But the French believed that

[1] *French Revolutionary Warfare from Indochina to Algeria.* By Peter Paret (Pall Mall Press, London, 1964).

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the superiority of what they had to offer, their *mission civilisatrice*, could in itself ensure their victory, if only they could themselves employ the methods of brain-washing and indoctrination used by their adversaries. Such a positive programme, it was hoped, would win over the population and leave the terrorists isolated, fish choking to death (to use Mao's famous metaphor) in a bowl from which all the water had been drained.

Dr. Paret makes clear how well this belief accorded with some of the finest traditions of the French Army. For a hundred years past it had been taught to regard its overseas role as *une mission civilisatrice*, and in the days of Lyautey it had carried out that mission with selfless dedication. But there were other and less happy traditions which had been prevalent in French military circles since 1871. A mistrust and contempt for the operations of parliamentary democracy; a strong inclination towards clerical authoritarianism; a hankering after some kind of corporate State—Dr. Paret shows how directly the ideas of Argaud and Trinquier and their disciples derived from this stream of political thought which came to the surface in the days of Dreyfus and of Pétain, but which has never run very far underground.

In fact it is interesting to note how, on both sides of the Atlantic, the voices which have proclaimed most stridently the need to defend and extend "Western values" have often been those of minority groups on the extreme Right which are so profoundly out of sympathy with nearly all the social and political developments which have taken place in the West over the past 150 years, and who regard such concepts as "parliamentary democracy" and "democratic socialism" with a scorn which even a Communist would be hard-put to it to equal. It is also unfortunate, though not entirely surprising, that such views are not rare among members of the military profession. Those who hold them are often honourable, courageous, and immensely likeable men. In this country they tend to insulate themselves from politics altogether by professing a sincere contempt for the entire activity and for its practitioners of every party. But when they do not do so, and when in addition they are men of high intelligence and a dedicated sense of mission, their nuisance-value can be incalculable. They may burn themselves out among the bored indifference of colleagues who, even if they share their general assumptions, regard them as crackpots. But occasionally events can put them in control.

Such an occasion occurred in the French Army a decade ago. In April 1956, after the lessons of the defeat in Indo-China

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PEOPLE WHO SHAPE SOCIETY READ NEW SOCIETY

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had been digested, a *Service d'Action Psychologique et Morale* was set up under Colonel Lacheroy. It was the function of this organisation to wage that battle for men's minds which had been lost in Asia and which the French were determined to win in Algeria. It operated through *Bureaux Psychologiques* which were created, as *5e Bureaux*, in all commands. These *bureaux* rapidly grew from advisory bodies into independent executive organs. Their task was to win the confidence of the native population; to break down the psychological resistance of their opponents and re-educate them; and to enlist the active understanding and support of their own (largely conscript) troops. All these tasks were necessary. The organisation was admirably conceived. What went wrong?

We have already noted one difficulty; that the new order being offered was anyhow an alien order, unlikely to appeal to the Moslem élites on whose co-operation the French had ultimately to rely. But the doctrine preached by these specialists was not only alien to the Moslems: it commanded remarkably little sympathy among the French themselves. "The doctrine's premises of a monolithic, authoritarian society," Dr. Paret points out, "were never accepted by a majority in the services and the country." Nor did the methods of "re-education" employed commend themselves to many Frenchmen who learned about them. The propaganda of the *5e Bureaux* among their own troops fell on stony ground.

> As the continuing distaste for revolutionary methods of the majority of troops showed, [their] publications proved less effective in moulding the opinions of the military public than in expressing the point of view of an increasingly isolated minority.

When "re-education" merged into torture, those who had constituted themselves the spokesmen of the West found themselves loudly disowned by their own society. There was nothing left for them except to set about changing that society, re-moulding it in the image they were trying to project. The *5e Bureaux* thus became deeply involved in local politics, until their open intrigue with *colon* pressure-groups compelled the High Command, in February 1960, to abolish them altogether. Many of their ablest members then enlisted in the O.A.S. and set about waging *la guerre révolutionnaire* within France itself. For, as Dr. Paret paraphrases their doctrines,

> To defeat them [the Communists] we must match their ideological strength; but this we cannot do under the present liberal republican system under which our will to fight is weakened by corruption, decadence and treason. To win we must first reconstruct our own ideological and counter-revolutionary base—metropolitan France. Revolutionary war abroad must be met by counter-revolutionary war: subversion and incipient Communist revolution at home by counter-revolution.

For the speed and skill with which de Gaulle dealt with this situation the West owes him a debt of gratitude which has not yet been adequately assessed. The story thus had a comparatively happy ending. France, like the United States in her recent Presidential elections, showed herself well capable of providing the antidotes to the poisons bred within her own system. But the experience is likely to make us all think rather harder about the nature of that system, before we can again confidently offer it as a model for others.

The Corporation

By Stuart Hood

THEY SAY you can spot a Communist—or ex-Communist—by the way he will talk about "the Party" *tout court*. By the same token anyone who refers to the BBC as "the Corporation" is—or has been—its servant. What the verbal habit reflects is the same in both cases: the sense of belonging to a closed community; of having received certain truths about the nature of politics or of broadcasting; of subscribing to the same ethos; of sharing with all other members certain attitudes of mind. The BBC, like the Communist Party, is run on a system of democratic centralism. There is a line formulated at high level and passed down. It takes some account of what is being thought and felt below. Its final shape may be the result of prolonged and lively debate. Once established it is more likely to be disputed in private than openly questioned. There are great shifts of power, which burst upon both staff and public like the top level changes in the Soviet régime. They are often preceded by months of prolonged in-fighting. The stakes are high. To lose is to run the risk of being posted to Ulan Bator—to be head of some overseas office or engineer in charge of some outlandish transmitter. It would

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be wrong to imagine that the Corporation, any more than the Party, is a monolithic structure without internal contradictions. In the bad old days, before Hugh Greene purged it, News Division was a stronghold of "Stalinism"; now the engineers have a great reputation for rigidity. In some parts of Television Service there exists a sort of New Economic Policy—private enterprise at play within the framework of public service. Television Talks has always been a nest of deviationists, reformists, and anarchists; it has also been fecund in ideas. The politics of the Eastern bloc are life in the BBC writ large. The only problem is to know who, so to speak, is a Malenkov and who a Khrushchev. The Molotovs are more easily identifiable. *Apparatchiks* abound. They are known as "good Corporation men."

The second volume of Professor Briggs' *History of Broadcasting in the United Kingdom*[1] deals with the period when this interesting, influential and nationally important organism was taking shape. The archives of the Corporation have been at his disposal. He has had the assistance of the men who shaped it. The result is an invaluable source book—a meticulously documented account of the organisation and activities of the BBC from 1927 to the outbreak of the War. Two things are lacking from it: a feeling of what it was like to work for the BBC and any critical questioning of the BBC's actions and motives. The files of the BBC are copious but—no doubt like those of any other great organisation—have their lacunae and their quota of re-written history. It is Mr. Val Gielgud in his *Years in a Mirror*[2] (a potpourri of faded attitudes) who gives us the flavour of those early days, which to any late-comer had a legendary quality—the days of the great generation of secretaries (some lingered on as formidable executives of wisdom and experience) when there was a titled lady to arrange the flowers. To Val Gielgud the crucial change—one for the worse—was from the happy improvisations of Savoy Hill to the organisational environment of Broadcasting House, that petrified battleship with the admiral's cabin at the wrong end and its corridors packed with pipes. In Professor Briggs' account Rear Admiral Carpendale, who rose to be Deputy Director-General, rightly has some fifty mentions in the index, for he was a great administrator. But it is Val Gielgud who brings him to life as the man who thought that Ibsen's *Ghosts* was one of "the friskier types of Paris Boulevard comedy" and, having read it to beguile a long train journey, found it "very long and very dull." The conjunction at a high level of Philistinism and administrative power can be an invincible combination.

One of the most interesting segments of Professor Briggs' history deals with the BBC's fight with Radio Luxembourg and the relay companies in this country. He describes—although he does not identify it as such—an archetypal pattern of Corporation behaviour. Faced with the possibility that relay stations with access to foreign stations broadcasting in English might break its monopoly or direct reception from abroad allow people to amuse themselves as they liked on Sundays, the BBC did not ask itself what it might do to attract listeners back or wonder whether there might not be something to be learnt from a "blatant American manner of presentation." Instead it took a high moral line. On its initiative the International Broadcasting Union passed a resolution that

> the systematic diffusion of programmes or messages, which are specifically intended for listeners in another country and which have been the object of protest by the broadcasting organisation of that country, constitutes an "inadmissible" act from the point of view of good international relations.

The Post Office was asked, in a delicate phrase, "to interfere with the stations in question." But suppression proved impossible. Professor Briggs reports that with great reluctance both Reith and Carpendale agreed: *Non possumus*. It will be interesting to see what cross-reference there is to this incident when his history comes to discuss the jamming of BBC broadcasts to Eastern Europe. The parallel with the Corporation's behaviour when Independent Television came into existence will be certainly inescapable—the same moral indignation, the same incredulity that the public might not wish to have an undiluted diet of BBC programmes. To many inside the Corporation—and to many without—its most unendearing trait is the way it will attempt to throw a moral mantle over the shifts of expediency.

Because the Corporation as we know it is the creation of Sir John Reith, it is traditional and easy to lay all the blame at his door: the son of the manse, the legendary figure with legendary sayings—as of the peccant announcer: "All right, but he mustn't ever read the Epilogue." It is too simple to say that he was an Establishment figure. When necessary he would fight the Establishment. His first and greatest victory was recounted in Professor Briggs' first volume. In 1926, against the passionate wish of Churchill, then Home Secretary, Reith insisted that both sides of the struggle should be reported, in the national interest. He swung the Cabinet narrowly to his

[1] *The Golden Age of Wireless*, O.U.P. 75s.
[2] The Bodley Head, 25s.

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side. In 1928 he was questioning the clause in the BBC's licence which ordered it to abstain from speeches or lectures containing statements on topics of political, religious, or industrial controversy. He complained:

> On most problems of immediate interest, the service is silent, and if controversial subjects are broached at all it is done in a halting, inconclusive and even platitudinous manner. The application of the present policy involves the neglect of many opportunities of informing public opinion in matters of vital importance.

Reith—unlike John Buchan, that other son of the manse and true Establishment man—did not think that a democracy could be run by laconic sages in clubs. His determination to broaden the scope of news was constant; as was his faith in the virtue of accurate reporting. Writing in 1935 on the position of the BBC in war he foresaw the necessity for the responsibility and reliability of the BBC's News Service to be established beyond all doubt. Everyone who today works in the field of public affairs or news, in radio or television, in BBC or ITV, is in his debt. It was not an easy fight. The politicians of the '30s were mostly as obscurantist on the subject of public communication as the old newsreels of them, spatted and frock-coated, would lead one to expect. Thus Chamberlain, invited in 1933 to talk about his Budget, replied through his secretary that

> it would be very undesirable, especially in difficult and critical times like these, to make the Budget the subject of a controversial debate on the wireless before an audience which is uninstructed in all the complexities and problems of the financial position at home and abroad.

These were the days when an adult education series, *The Changing World*, was quoted, on the strength of its title alone, as evidence of left-wing bias.

It is, however, on Reith that the blame must rest for party political broadcasts, which arose from a conversation with MacDonald in 1929. The first round of broadcasts, Professor Briggs reports, did not greatly impress the public. They continue to have the same effect. "I was not aware," said Churchill, caught in a long vendetta with Reith and smarting at exclusion from the microphone, "that the parties had a legal basis at all, or that they had formally been brought into your licence."

THE GENERATION which grew up in the '30s—or some of them at least—owes a more general debt to Reith and the BBC. From it we heard not only innumerable palm court orchestras and a lady playing her cello to an elusive nightingale in a Surrey wood but our first Proms; not only Flotsam and Jetsam and Stainless Stephen but Ibsen, Chekhov, and Shakespeare—often produced by Gielgud himself, who by putting on *Othello* violated the rule that no play might deal with the Eternal Triangle. There was M. Stéphan teaching French; the Savoy Orpheans—if you ran home fast from school; and—incredibly—the Fourth (or maybe the Sixth) Book of the *Aeneid* read, in instalments, in the original, at peak listening times.

The BBC emitted a cultural mixture adapted to the assumptions and attitudes of the professional middle and lower middle classes—Sabbatarian, respectful of scholarship, dedicated to the idea of public service and the Protestant view of work. (There was something symbolical about the siting of our aerial at home—against the wall of our schoolhouse garden and just topping the trees of the manse next door.) Val Gielgud may have fretted at the inhibitions of Broadcasting House and its remoteness from the entertainment world, but it was not from his Savile Club that anything would come to crack this middle-class, golden-voiced instrument, which was busily establishing that reputation for being "they" rather than "we," which the Corporation still cannot shake off. This was the period when the transcendental theory of the BBC first took root. Professor Briggs quotes an early text:

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> The BBC is one Corporation and can only be thought of by the listener as an individual. It has many voices but one mouth.... It is a commonplace that all announcers sound alike. That is a tribute to their training.

Later—and I believe unrecorded—sayings of the same kind are still quoted in the BBC. One from an eminent (retired) official says: the Corporation is greater than the sum of its programmes. The other, touching on the theory of communications, says: there are certain programmes which would be worth broadcasting even if no one listened to them.

PROBABLY THE most valuable and certainly the most fascinating part of Professor Briggs' volume deals with the rivalry between Baird and the BBC, set out here for the first time in full detail. It should be studied by anyone who still feels inclined to call the BBC "Auntie," for what is revealed is a tough, ruthless organisation, holding out for power to control both radio and television, confident that the future lay not with Baird's mechanical contraptions but with electronics. Its conviction was well founded; its behaviour almost jolts Professor Briggs out of his benevolent neutrality. What he makes clear is the fundamental difference between Baird and Reith. Where the new medium was concerned Baird had vision, Reith had not. Carpendale, predictably, was a doubter. In 1933 we find him diluting a statement that television would probably soon be a practical proposition to "It is *possible* that television *may* become a practical proposition...."

Reith, asked by the Chairman of a government committee whether he thought people would ever in any numbers buy combined licences for radio and television, replied: "No, I do not ever envisage that." The chairman, Lord Selsdon, knew better. "I frankly do," he said. But then they did not like each other. Selsdon had been PMG when the BBC came into being and Reith thought he had bungled it. They were to meet again, to Reith's dismay, when the Ullswater Committee was set up in 1935 to examine the Corporation's future. Reith, in prophetic anticipation of the Pilkington Committee, had hoped for members "of such a sort as we would be quite happy with and sure of." However neither committee nor commission thwarted Reith's plans. The one gave the BBC responsibility for running a television service; the other extended the licence for ten years, endorsed the work of the BBC and approved all major points in the BBC's recommendations to it. It was the signal for a burst of self-congratulation which the *Spectator* found "a little too strong"—a mild remark, but these were before the days of Quoodle.

Two threats remained. One Reith forestalled; the other, the war disposed of. They were the suggestion that the BBC must have some form of staff representation—met by the setting up of a company union—and the proposal that the very substantial costs of television should be met by sponsorship of programmes. The latter was strongly backed by the Treasury, who found it "difficult to understand the BBC's reluctance" —if it wished to give a real impetus to television —"to adopt the measure which is, of all measures, most calculated to ensure this result."

Inevitably, lukewarmness towards television found its reflection in organisational structures. Thus the Director of Television was subordinate to the Controller (Programmes) and Television a department on a level with music, schools and Children's Hour. Caution was the watchword where programmes were concerned, with plenty of repeats—"it is the novelty of being able to see that matters, not what can be seen"—and caution in allowing the Director of Television initiative. (An Assistant Controller was appointed expressly to keep an eye on him.) Carpendale, who doubted if television would stand up to the cinema for a long time to come, called on heads of departments to consider "the possibility of eventual amalgamation in some fields of Television and Sound Broadcasting activities." Gielgud, although he recognised that television was the Cinderella of Broadcasting House, argued in what Professor Briggs oddly considers a "percipient memorandum" for the integration of the two media. The myth of "ambidexterity" which still bedevils Corporation thinking—at least in Portland Place—has deep roots.

Val Gielgud, as one of Sir John Reith's young men, dislikes the colour of the horse which now "stamps and frets" in Sir Hugh Carleton Greene's stable. In this he shows a certain colour-blindness, for *TW3*—to which he takes great exception—was, in fact, a programme in the best Reith tradition, pushing out the boundaries of broadcasting. Reith left the BBC, says Professor Briggs, "tired of the Director Generalship, tired of its committees, of some of its Governors, of a few of his subordinates. . . ." He had created an organisation which, for many years to come, was to be less conscious of his courage than of his inhibitions. Hence the tradition of resentment—it still persists—at television's intrusion into a quieter and more gentlemanly world, at this lively graft which contrives to live in the air of competition; for (who knows?) radio, too, may one day have to exist in the same climate.

The thought is not cosy. It was the reactionary side of the Reithean tradition that stuck television in double harness and re-affirmed the mystical doctrine of one Corporation. It is still a basic article of faith.

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EAST & WEST

Russians and Germans

A RECENT RUSSIAN VISITOR to West Germany found that, all things considered, Russians and Germans had "more in common" than he had originally assumed. For one thing, both the Russians and Germans were "capable of weeping" (unlike those inhuman Englishmen, unable to give free flow to their feelings, if indeed they had any). The former editor of *Izvestia* had gone to Bonn to pave the way for his father-in-law, the former Soviet prime minister; whether he was an experienced and knowledgeable judge of national character is a moot point. (He seemed to be unaware that the Anglo-Saxon taboo on weeping is of comparatively recent date, and has been disregarded from Pitt and Fox to Curzon, Churchill, and Gaitskell.) But he was not alone in stressing the common traits of character, the bonds of interest and sentiment, and the general affinity between Teuton and Slav. Any discussion of Russian-German relations during the last two hundred years which ignores the tremendous German impact on Russia and the strange fascination Russia exerted on so many Germans is incomplete and misleading. There has been a great deal of goodwill, friendship, and even admiration in both countries towards each other which goes back far into history and has outlasted Adolf Hitler. It is equally unrealistic to ignore the profound distrust and the enmity towards each other, deeply embedded in the national consciousness of both Russians and Germans. Relations between groups are even more complex than those between individuals, capable at the same time of loving, hating, admiring, and despising each other. To say that a "love-hate relationship" has prevailed between Moscow and Berlin for a very long time is to state no more than the obvious; but it is nonetheless a basic fact of modern history, which has contributed to the outbreak of two world wars, and one that even now periodically aggravates the world situation. Much of the tension between the two countries in the past was caused by genuine conflicts of political and economic interest. But relations between the two nations have been affected at least as much by prejudice, fear, and misunderstanding.

WALTER LAQUEUR'S *contributions to* ENCOUNTER *include "Remembering Stalin" (March 1963), "Homecoming" (December 1963), and "Nazism & the Nazis" (April 1964). He is the editor of "Survey", and has been recently appointed Director of the Wiener Library in London. His new book (to be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson and Little, Brown in the spring) is an historical study of the relations between Germany and Russia since 1850.*

Pride & Prejudice

IN 1902, the *United Services Magazine* published an article with the somewhat mystifying title, "The Russian Battle of Dorking." It described the surprise and the growing anger of a Russian Rip van Winkle who had fallen asleep in December 1897 to wake up at the end of thirty years, only to find that his country had in the meantime been taken over by the Germans. There had been a six-weeks war. Because of their decisive superiority, especially in the field of science, the Germans had simply crushed the Russians. The Tsars had disappeared, Finland and Bessarabia were no longer part of Russia, the capital had been moved to Nizhni Novgorod. What remained of Russia was a German dependency, while almost everywhere the Jews were in charge of local government (the *zemstvos*). Throughout all the Russian lands the natives were reduced to the status of hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Such fantasies were not uncommon at the time and reflected the very real fear that had prevailed among many Russians for a long time —that their country would somehow, some day, be taken over by the Germans. It would be idle to deny that these fears had no basis in fact; Peter the Great's 18th-century reforms had brought many foreigners to Russia, and with them they imported the German language and German customs. Some decades later the Birons, Muennichs, and Ostermanns, and other German courtiers really did gain control of Russia albeit for a very short time. Even so, *Bironovshchina* is remembered to this day not only as a particularly brutal and corrupt episode in Russian history but as the very symbol of foreign domination and exploitation. Whether government in Russia was any less arbitrary or corrupt before or after (as some maintain) is quite immaterial; for it was obviously less annoying to be oppressed by local than by foreign tyrants. This resentment against German invaders and usurpers, fanned by the old nobility and the new gentry alike, was the first assertion of Russian nationalism. Russian national consciousness thus came into being in opposition to German encroachments.

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If the Germans were disliked, they were nonetheless needed in Russia as technical specialists, merchants, private tutors and, above all, in the army and the civil service. The higher posts usually went to the Baltic Germans; the tutors, technicians and artisans were more often newcomers from Germany proper. The Russian aristocracy and the emerging intelligentsia showed no particular eagerness to join the civil service—it was neither highly remunerative nor highly esteemed. Some Tsars (*e.g.* Nikolai I) actually preferred Germans because they were bound to be more pliable tools than his own subjects in carrying out unpopular and repressive policies. Even in the 1880s, at the height of the Pan-Slavist propaganda, about 40% of the senior commissions in the Russian army were held by officers of German origin. In the ministry of foreign affairs and some other government offices they actually constituted a majority!

Anti-German feeling took various forms. Among the aristocrats there was contempt for "the obsequious, submissive German." Turgenev never forgot how his father had bodily thrown from a first-floor window a German tutor who had provoked his displeasure. This awkward, clumsy German tutor (or artisan, or minor government official) has been a stock figure of ridicule in Russian literature from Fonvizin to Gogol and beyond. Fonvizin (himself the scion of a completely assimilated German family) had written in 1784 after a visit to Central and Western Europe "that everything with us is better, and we are bigger people than the Germans...." This was probably one of the first manifestations of the contempt of the Russian *shirokaia natura* largesse vis-à-vis German *philistinism* (or *meshchanstvo*). In the eyes of the Russian observer the German lacked warmth, humanity, feeling, heart. One entire dimension was missing in his character and temperament. He did not really *live*. There was admiration for the French in Russia even while Moscow was burning in 1812—and derision for the German lack of *savoir vivre* even while Russia and Prussia were close allies. In their admiration of Goethe, Heine, and particularly Schiller, the Russians were second to none, but these great writers were thought to belong to "all mankind," *i.e.*, there was nothing "specifically German" about them. When Johannes Kohl, the author of a *Baedeker*-like guide book, visited Moscow in 1840 he reported a conversation with the writer Polevoi. Of Schiller and Goethe, Polevoi spoke with the warmest enthusiasm, as well as of Herder's *Ideas* (which was apparently in the hands of all educated Russians). But of the Germany of that day he exclaimed, raising his hands above his head, "My God, where has the genius of Germany hidden itself!" What annoyed Bakunin (and many other visiting Russians) was the philistinism of so many Germans: "Of their rich cultural tradition, not even the tenth part had been absorbed into their life!" He noted the inscription a Berlin tailor had affixed under the Prussian eagle which ornamented the front of his workshop: *Unter deinen Flügeln kann ich ruhig bügeln.* Ivan Kireyevski, an early Slavophile writing from Germany in the 1850s, compared it to a prison, a coffin in which people were buried alive. "There is no nation on the entire globe so dull, so soulless, so vexing as the Germans—in comparison with them the Bulgarians are geniuses." Years later one could hear similar remarks from Russian Jews about their German co-religionists. Chaim Weizmann's memoirs are illuminating in this respect. About the Ballins and Warburgs, Weizmann wrote: "the usual type of the *Kaiser Juden*, more German than the Germans, obsequious, super-patriotic, eagerly anticipating the wishes and plans of the masters of Germany...." The German Jews in their turn did not think highly of the *Ostjuden*: unkempt, loud, disorderly, talked through the night and got nothing done by day. I have quoted the opinion of an early Slavophile about Germany; many Russian Westerners shared these feelings though sometimes for different reasons. Radical Russian writers were never permitted to forget for long that the head of the "Third Department" (the chief political policeman and censor) was named Benckendorff, and his successor Dubbelt. For Alexander Herzen the high German official was a symbol of restriction, of everything oppressive and reactionary in Russia —"*l'empire knouto-germanique*," as Bakunin called it. Since so many Germans had chosen to serve Tsarist autocracy, Herzen and many of his contemporaries formed the mistaken opinion that autocracy was really "un-Russian," and only a German importation.

The "Inevitable War"

Up to the 1860s the presence of so many Germans in high places had been resented, but it was not really thought to be a mortal danger. For no one was behind these men-without-a-country. Germany at the time was "a geographical term," not a major power. The situation changed in 1870, when the second *Reich* emerged almost overnight as a dominant force in Europe and a potential foe of Russia. The whole equilibrium of the Continent was upset; there were fears in Petersburg that Germany would claim the Baltic provinces and restore an independent Poland. "Everyone up to the very highest society is against us," von

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Schweinitz reported from the Russian capital towards the end of the Franco-Prussian war. Russian industrialists now felt threatened by their more efficient and longer established German competitors; Russian landowners complained about the heavy duty Berlin had put on the import of Russian grain. The Pan-Slavists were solemnly announcing that only the sword would deliver them from the baneful influence of the intriguing intruder, that a struggle between Teuton and Slav was inevitable, a struggle that would be long, sanguinary, terrible. Statements of this kind filled the columns of large sections of the Russian press for many years.

Reading the Russian and German diplomatic reports of that time, one might think that but for the existence of the press the first World War would never have happened. Those who have studied the pre-history of the war have published many of the exchanges between ambassadors, foreign ministers, and emperors. Far too little attention has been paid to public opinion, and, above all, to the impact of the press. What happened was, very briefly, this. A Moscow journal would feature a sensational article on the "ORGANISATION OF GERMAN ESPIONAGE IN EUROPE," in which Prince Bismarck was accused of striving for German world rule. Soon other Russian papers, not to be left behind by their competitor, would follow suit. Meanwhile, a Russian General would give an interview to one of the Paris revanchist papers or publish a pamphlet about the desirability of a Russo-French alliance to defeat Germany. After a short while the German press would launch a counter-attack, drawing attention to the Russian military build-up in Poland or elsewhere. Russian diplomats in Berlin and their German colleagues in the Russian capital would spend a good deal of their time commenting on some newspaper article, denying it, explaining it, in any case continually preoccupied one way or another with the press. Apart from this permanent tension, there was a major war scare every two or three years. Many people, including some in high positions, persuaded themselves that war between the two countries was "just around the corner." After a while, tempers would simmer down. There would be a temporary *détente*. Then some new sensational publication would start it all over again. This newspaper war went on, almost without interruption, for forty years. Von Schweinitz, Germany's ambassador in Russia in the '70s and '80s, noted in his diary that never and nowhere had the press exerted a more negative influence on foreign policy than in Russia. In other countries it was merely *one* of the factors shaping public opinion; in Russia it was the only one, and the government hardly ever counteracted. One ought to add that the German press was little better; the papers of the *Alldeutsche* were slightly worse. But why blame the press? The attacks did not come out of the blue. The newspapers printed only what they thought the public would like to read or, in some instances, what they were paid to publish.

FROM ABOUT 1880 war against Germany would have been more popular in Russia than against any other nation (except, of course, Austria). Not everybody was blind to the danger. Giers, the Foreign Minister, said in 1888 that all those who wanted to overthrow the existing order wanted war. He exaggerated. Neither Social Revolutionaries, nor Mensheviks, and certainly not the Bolsheviks, can be held responsible for the outbreak of the first World War. But it certainly is true that the argument of the arch-conservative circles, especially after 1905, that Russia could not afford a war because it would mean the overthrow of the Romanovs and the victory of revolution, made little impression on public opinion. How could anyone actually have *wanted* war? We tend to forget that those Russians and Germans who had convinced themselves by 1910 that "war was inevitable" thought in terms of 1853, or perhaps 1870. They had not the faintest idea what war would involve, or that it would mean the end of the world as they had known it, triggering off a chain reaction of which the so-called "Great War" was but the first link. Typical of the unconcern, even the frivolity with which the "inevitability" of a war between Russia and Germany was envisaged is the unpublished report of a little episode which happened in Potsdam in November 1910, at the time of the Tsar's visit to Germany. It involved an anonymous German, probably a fairly high-ranking officer, and a few members of the Tsar's entourage, undoubtedly also military men, who were in conversation (probably at a well-known Berlin restaurant) in the early hours of the morning. The Russians argued that there were economic conflicts that could not be peacefully solved: Germany was basically an industrial country which the Junkers had artificially made into an agrarian country producing wheat and potatoes. "We Russians have to buy your industrial products but you close your border to our grain imports. Your press, being in the hands of the Jews, is almost uniformly anti-Russian...." It was a distorted picture but apparently a widely accepted one. "Too bad," the German said in his reply. "If so, war is now a possibility. Both sides will do their duty. But this should not prevent us having a very nice get-together in the Ritz in Paris after the war, when we shall tell each other how it was on the other side (*und wir koennen uns dann erzaehlen*

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wie es hueben und drueben war)." The records do not show whether that meeting in the Ritz ever took place. I rather doubt it. If it did, those present were undoubtedly much wiser and much sadder men.

IT HAS BEEN the fashion in Russia for some years to charge the German ruling classes with "hatred and contempt for all things Russian ever since the middle ages...." Such generalisations are of doubtful value, especially if they go back to a time when there was practically no contact between the two peoples. In the 19th century, at any rate, Prussian official policy was all in favour of friendship with Russia. When Nikolai I died, the arch-conservative *Kreuzzeitung* announced "Our Emperor has died...." Anti-Russianism in that period was found mainly among the Liberals on the Left, where there was much sympathy for the Poles —and considerable enmity towards the country that had emerged as the great bulwark of despotism in Europe, the main pillar of the Holy Alliance. German Left-wing nationalists regarded Russia (not without good reason) as the major obstacle to the unification of their country and proclaimed the necessity of a holy war against Russia. It was then that Freiliggrath wrote his famous poem about the two camps into which the world was divided:

Zwei Lager zerklüften heute die Welt
Und ein hüben, ein drüben nur gilt.

Everybody had to stand up and be counted; the free peoples of the West would in a last decisive battle defeat the slaves of the East. But this was the voice of the German Opposition, not of the Establishment. In this confrontation between the "revolutionary West" and the "reactionary East," German democrats tended to equate Tsarist rule and the Russian people. For a Russian public opinion which dissociated itself from Tsarist policy was scarcely audible in the West. Many of the early enemies of Tsarist autocracy regarded the "Polish question" as a family quarrel between brother Slavs; Western democrats suspected that both were really thinly disguised Pan-Slavists who wanted to conquer all Europe. Even if radicals (such as Herzen and Bakunin) took an unequivocal stand on the Polish question, this did not allay the fears of men like Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. The events of 1848 had taught them that Russia was a counter-revolutionary nation, and, in their eyes these "aggressive Western Chinese" (as Moses Hess put it) had all the faults but none of the virtues of primitive people; they were "barbarians," their victory would bring "perpetual night on Europe," a Slavic invasion would spell the "destruction of all civilisation and culture." Hatred of Russia (as Engels wrote Bakunin) was the "first revolutionary passion of the Germans." Russian history was interpreted by Marx in very unfavourable terms. What indeed could be expected of a people "whose very character had been formed by centuries of Mongol, Tartar, and Tsarist despotism," a nation which "had made territorial conquests far beyond her natural frontiers"? These pronouncements, needless to say, have been a source of embarrassment to latter-day orthodox Marxists of the Russian persuasion.

True, the attitude of the German Left was affected by the emergence of a strong Russian revolutionary movement towards the end of the century. But Tsarism remained the most dangerous enemy of socialism. Engels, as well as August Bebel and Karl Liebknecht, continued to justify a revolutionary war against Russia in the 1890s. Only with the revolution of 1905 did the downfall of Tsarist absolutism become a distinct possibility. Its failure, however, caused little surprise. Most German socialists had no high opinion of their Russian comrades. With their perpetual internal strife they had been a source of anxiety and embarrassment for the whole international movement. When the first World War broke out, the German Social Democracy, almost without a dissenting voice, stood for what their spokesman called "the defence of German civilisation" against corruption by primitive Russia. In the name of progress and a higher culture they joined the struggle against Tsarist despotism, for this, in their eyes, coincided with the interests of the international proletariat.

NOT ALL RUSSOPHOBES in Germany before 1914 were on the Left. There was a small but highly influential group which made a decisive contribution to the shaping of the German image of Russia in the 20th century. These were German Balts. Contrary to common belief not all of them were "Barons"; in many respects they were an attractive people with high cultural and moral standards, certainly more civilised than their equals in the *Reich*. But they had been a privileged minority for a long time, and it had made many of them haughty and overbearing. Their privileges came under attack around the middle of the 19th century; their cultural, religious, and educational anatomy was slowly whittled away by the Tsarist government. If the Balts had previously taken a poor view of how things were managed in Russia, their bitterness now became more pronounced. In answer to one of the leaders of Pan-Slavism their spokesman indignantly rejected the Russian claim to a "world mission." The Russians were, he ad-

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mitted, a very gifted people—but seriousness, moderation, perseverance were not among their virtues. They were too subject to moods and emotions and lacked discipline. Was there any other people so blind to the tremendous discrepancy between its aspirations and its real abilities? ...

Among those Balts who subsequently migrated to the *Reich* (to constitute the nucleus of German experts on Russia!) there was one, Victor Hehn, who, more than any other, developed an almost systematic "theory of Russophobia" and thus exerted a tremendous and baneful influence on the course of recent German history. It is unlikely that Hitler even knew of its existence; the *Führer* took his views on things Russian from Alfred Rosenberg, but what Rosenberg had to say on the subject was pure Hehn—often in literal quotation. Victor Hehn, naturalist and historian, is now remembered, if at all, as the author of a very learned history of "domestic animals in the Roman Empire" and some other monographs. What interests us here is a posthumous work entitled *De Moribus Ruthenorum* (a contribution towards a characterisation of the Russian *Volksseele*: Leaves from a Diary, 1857–1873). Hehn had spent many years in various parts of Russia as a young man, and he had found nothing to admire. The Marquis de Custine's famous critical work reads in comparison like the prospectus of a travel agency trying to sell sunny, fascinating Russia to the rest of Europe. Other contemporary writers found fault with the Russian government and the ruling classes, but Hehn reached the conclusion that there was nothing in the myth of the allegedly unspoilt common man either. The Russian, he insisted, lacked idealism and depth of feeling and emotion. Even Pushkin's talent was imitative; it lacked moral profundity and was enfeebled by a streak of frivolity. The age-old despotism had enervated and corrupted these "Western Chinese" who had no conscience, no honour. They were ungrateful, and loved only those whom they feared. They had no perseverance and were the world's greatest liars. They had no talent, and had never produced a single statesman of stature. They lacked the elementary gift of putting two and two together and lost their heads in any emergency; no Russian was able, for instance, to become an engine driver. Hehn did not like their looks any more than their character and he discussed at length their brutal faces, their lifeless skins and other physical attributes. The absence of cleanliness, the prevalence of fleas, ignorance of hygiene, made him despair. The Russians, he once wrote, are civilised only in the presence of others. They had invented nothing. They could be deleted from the list of civilised nations without any loss to mankind. (This is only one of his *obiter dicta* which recurs time and again in Rosenberg and Hitler.) They had no creative genius, no soul, no fantasy. They displayed "the terrible inability of a people which could not advance mentally beyond the stage of a German secondary school pupil. ..."

The educated Russian, too, was a miserable creature, and at the same time a great danger for Europe; after all, there were so many of these Slavs. Perhaps one day there would be a new Battle of Chalmons: the Mongols had once reached Silesia, and the Russians might well some day advance to the Atlantic. Hehn had only sarcasm for the Russian predilection for intellectual fashions; of course, they jumped at every new idea, *e.g.*, socialism; they had no tradition, no roots, no culture of their own to fall back on; all they possessed had been imported from abroad. In an interesting passage he discussed "the future of socialism in Russia." Socialism and communism, Hehn wrote, presupposed a very high degree of social and cultural development; for that reason Russia was the least likely place in which such an experiment could succeed. Harsh orders and the whip alone could induce the Russian to commit acts of heroism. It was a wonderfully amorphous mass ready to be shaped by a strict master—whether Varagians or German corporals. How could freedom and humanity grow in this moral climate?

AND SO IT GOES ON and on, the ravings, one would say in retrospect, of a madman, a German racialist and chauvinist. But Hehn was nothing of the sort, not at any rate when he wrote this diary. Much of his criticism stemmed from his opposition to Tsarist autocracy. He, too, had been among the suspect revolutionary elements to be arrested at some time or another by the "Third Department." Nor had he any illusions about the role his fellow-Germans played in Russia. In the eyes of the Russian people, he wrote, they were on the side of the bloodthirsty rulers, the corrupt court, and the obscurantist church: they had no heart for the sufferings of the Russian people. Hehn lived in an age in which "culture and civilisation" counted for more than "race"; at times he was bewildered by the enormous cultural discrepancy between the Germans and the Slavs, despite their racial affinity. It is true that he made much of "Russian degeneracy," but he was not the only one to do so. These were dark years in Russian history, when Chernyshevski was writing about "that miserable nation, a nation of slaves from top to bottom, nothing but slaves. ..." There was not all that difference

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between Hehn and the Russian radicals in their *analysis* of Russian society. The difference was in the prognosis, for Hehn saw no redeeming features at all, no prospect of change and improvement.

Hehn's views were a classical if extreme expression of German Russophobia. It would be tedious to discuss in detail the contributions made by his successors. Some, like the Pan-Germans, thought primarily in terms of German expansion eastward up to the Saratov region; others, like Paul Rohrbach, were liberals of sorts and advocated the "dissection of the Russian colossus" into its natural historical and ethnic components. Russia, he argued, could be split like an orange without cut or wound, and would yet survive, unlike Germany or France. An early sexologist named Stern published two huge volumes on what went on behind the stoves in the *izbas* of Russian villages during the long winter, providing more ammunition for those who thought that Europe ended at Ostrowo or Augustowo. During the first World War there was a fresh outbreak of this kind of writing both on the political and literary level in Germany, matched in the Russian magazines by the slogan "from Kant to Krupp." The litterateurs tried to write like politicians, and the politicians like Dostoievsky scholars. There was much talk about the imponderabilia of "the Russian soul," the deep instinctive "rejection of Romano-German culture," the nebulous *folie de grandeur* that was said to pervade the blood of every Russian. Nobody explained what all this meant, except that it was something aggressive, destructive, dangerous.

Many of these half-baked ideas were subsequently absorbed and simplified by Nazi writers. Their only new contribution, borrowed from H. S. Chamberlain, was the concept of "racial chaos": Russia had somehow got into this mess because of its inferior blood-mixture. The Russophobia remained, only the ideological justification was somewhat modified. The German "cultural" mission in the East of 1914 became a "racial" mission in 1941.

The Red & the Brown

There were, and are, in most European countries, philosophers, historians, and poets who have held violent or idiosyncratic views about their neighbours. The decisive question was (and is)—how important were they? In Wilhelmian Germany they did matter. Schiemann, who was Hehn's pupil and editor, was also the Kaiser's closest adviser on Russian affairs. When Wilhelm II ascended the throne he said that he did not want war with Russia "merely to satisfy a hundred crazy Junkers." But in his later years he became more and more convinced that war between Slavs and Germans was inevitable, was only a question of time. Towards this feeling of inevitability the German Russophobes undoubtedly made a major contribution. They had another field day under Adolf Hitler, when the clash between Bolshevism and Nazism added an additional dimension, as it seemed, to the age-old conflict between German and Slav.

In between there was a more promising interlude. During the Weimar Republic, relations between the two countries were friendlier than ever before or after. True, Germany was still capitalist, but it had the best and strongest Communist party in the world. Versailles, as some Right-wingers put it, had reduced Germany to the status of "a proletarian nation... very much like Soviet Russia." What was more natural than close collaboration between the two? The result was Rapallo, a name to conjure with to this day (although its real political importance was small, something like a marriage contract that is only partly consummated). Germany did not stay a proletarian or a pariah for long. A few years later the "Eastern orientation" became a liability in the eyes of most German foreign policy-makers. Stalin, certainly, could not help Stresemann to get what he wanted from Paris and London. There was resistance in Germany to a *rapprochement* with Moscow. The Social Democrats were resentful, remembering what happened to their comrades in the Soviet Union, and the constant attacks on them by the Communists did not make them more friendly disposed. The churches had been antagonised by Soviet atheism. German industrialists were concerned about profits and the future of capitalist society in general. But there was indeed close co-operation between Germany's *Reichswehr* and Russia's Red Army, and cultural and economic relations between the two countries prospered. There was a new wave of pro-Russian enthusiasm among German intellectuals—*Battleship Potemkin*, the Five-Year-Plan, the "Love of the Five Oranges," everything was eagerly accepted and discussed. Karl Radek wrote for arch-bourgeois newspapers like the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Many Soviet novels were translated into German immediately after they appeared in Moscow and found, like Soviet films and plays, enthusiastic audiences. Soviet trade with Germany was much more extensive than its economic exchanges with any other country. But how much goodwill did it generate? Eager exporters still tell us that foreign trade enhances the prospects for world peace. I have a suspicion that it accomplishes about as much in that direction as international soccer

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matches. Trade between Russian and Germany has been highest on the eve of a war or a grave international crisis—in 1913/14, in 1932, and in 1940/41. *Absit omen.*

THE RUSSIAN COMMUNISTS had, as Lenin once said, a special relationship with Germany. Marx and Engels, after all, were Germans. Before 1914 the Russians had looked up to the German party as the most advanced in the International. True, the Soviet leaders disliked the latter-day German Social Democrats and tried whenever possible to deal with pro-Russian conservatives instead. This made sense from their point of view, for a Count Brockdorff-Rantzeau would not lecture them on the virtues of democracy and the necessity of freedom in a socialist society. As for Hitler and Nazism, the Russians do not appear to have understood what it was really all about until it was quite too late. In 1930 they firmly believed that "Hitler was finished" (the German bourgeoisie did not need him any more and had dispensed with his services, or so the *Soviet Encyclopedia* said). Previously they had called Nazism "a radical petty-bourgeois movement"; later on they defined it as "the praetorian guard of monopoly finance-capitalism." Even an experienced observer like Radek did not think that Hitler could really succeed; there were "no facts and figures" in his speeches, only "unbridled emotion." Surely this was not good enough for sophisticated people like the Germans? The Soviet leaders never sensed the enormous appeal of nationalism *à l'outrance*, nor could they comprehend that Hitler was nobody's guard or servant or tool. Even when Moscow realised that the Nazis were up to no good, the Soviet leaders failed utterly to give a realistic appraisal of what they called "German fascism"; they assumed it was a new, somewhat streamlined edition of Wilhelmian imperialism. Many detailed Marxist-Leninist studies were published in the U.S.S.R. on far away countries in which there was scarcely a working class, much less a Communist party; one would be hard pressed to point to any Soviet book which attempted to analyse Nazism. Stalin certainly gave no lead to his ideologists; he never attacked Hitler personally, and about Nazism, too, he was singularly reticent. After the Pact of August 1939, anti-Nazi movies and books had to be withdrawn, only compounding the confusion. Of the new *Reich* the Russians knew next to nothing. They had known the Germans for a long time —sober and industrious, if somewhat pedestrian, people. Parts of Russia had been occupied by the Germans during the first World War, and it had not been a particularly horrible experience as occupations go. Psychologically and politically, the Russians were quite unprepared for what was to come.

IF STALIN MISJUDGED HITLER, Hitler in his turn entertained the most fantastic notions about "Judeao-Bolshevism." He did not, of course, believe for a moment all the *Unsinn* about socialism, planned economy, historical materialism, class war, collectivisation. These were mere phrases, a smoke-screen to hide the real motive and driving force behind it—which was a gigantic conspiracy by "the racial scum of the earth" against the "Aryan" race. The Nazi press provided chapter and verse. The body of the bishop of Voronezh had been cooked to make soup which the monks of the local monastery had been forced to eat by the *Cheka*. A monument had been erected in honour of Judas Iscariot. Fifty to seventy per cent of the Communist leaders were syphilitics. Trotsky had been an informer for the Tsarist police, and later was director of a firm of furniture movers in Petrograd. Stalin was a former stevedore in the harbour of Tiflis....[1]

Occasionally, Hitler took Bolshevism more seriously. In a speech in 1932 he predicted that the Communist *Weltanschauung* would slowly shatter the entire world; if unchecked, it would change the world as completely as Christianity had done. It was not merely a question of a different "mode of production"—"if the movement continues to develop, 300 years from now Lenin will be regarded not only as one of the revolutionaries of 1917, but as the founder of a new world doctrine, and he will be worshipped as much perhaps as Buddha...." But these apocalyptic visions never lasted long, and soon gave way to Hitler's more usual cocksure aberrations. In a way he did not regret the victory of Bolshevism in Russia (he said), for it made it much easier to carry out the great task which was the destiny of the German people—to expand eastwards. For Bolshevism, once challenged by a superior political and military power, would collapse like a house of cards. He regarded the Soviet Union as an extension of the German Communist Party, and he would defeat the one as easily as he had destroyed the other. Some Nazi leaders (including the early Goebbels and the Strasser brothers) did not share

[1] The rise to power of Joseph Stalin presented difficulties for the racialists—for had not Stalin removed the Jews from the supreme leadership? At this point the Nazis realised that if they persevered in their racial comments, they would soon have to change their whole approach to Communism. This for a variety of reasons they could not do; hence the decision to pursue their anti-Communist campaign regardless of what Stalin had done to his Jewish rivals.

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this view of Russia and at one time advocated a German-Russian alliance against the West. In 1925, in a little book called *The Second Revolution*, Joseph Goebbels had written, "Russia is an ally which nature has given us against a devilish temptation and corruption of the West...." He said he had not the slightest intention of joining the chorus of bourgeois liars and ignoramuses defaming Soviet Russia. But in the end it was, as usual, Hitler's wishes and visions that prevailed. The Nazi press carried daily stories about the impending downfall of the Soviet régime through sheer inefficiency, corruption, and self-destruction. Nazi Sovietology had one single assignment—to prove the Jewish descent of all Bolshevik leaders. There was no particular difficulty as far as Karl Marx was concerned, but the case of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin was more difficult,[2] and with Djhugashvili Stalin and most of his underlings it became very difficult indeed. But they were inventive chaps in Berlin. Kerensky was a Jew (Kirbis) and Lunacharsky was "re-translated" into German (*Mondschein*). Moonshine, indeed.

All in all, therefore, Russia was a country ruled by "racial scum," therefore doomed. The Nazis were in for a great surprise in 1941.

THERE HAS thus been a curse on Russian-German relations. Some say that Nikita Khrushchev's attempts to lift it were premature. The time, needless to say, is more propitious now than ever before. The war years had been a profound shock for the Russians, but it is now twenty years after and the Russians are bad haters. They have begun to realise that their predictions about post-war Germany have *not* come true. There has *not* been a "neo-Nazi revival"; the "revanchist attack against the East" has *not* taken place. As for the small-nation military power of the *Bundesrepublik*, Russian reflexes are conditioned, understandably perhaps, by the near defeats of 1941. They have absurdly exaggerated the military importance of the new Germany in a nuclear super-power age. Only recently has it dawned upon them that since 1945 Russia and Germany have been playing "in different leagues," and that for Bonn there is no possibility of promotion; militarily and politically the *Bundesrepublik* is no longer a major factor.

There has been, I think, a certain softening of West German attitude towards Russia during the last year or two. Dr. Adenauer understood that Russia was "no friend of the West"; in other respects he preferred to ignore a subject which basically did not interest him. For his compatriots Russia was more than ever a sinister riddle wrapped in dark mystery. Millions of them had been to Russia during the war, and the poverty and misery they saw there, greatly aggravated no doubt by the occupation régime, made it appear as if the Nazi slogans about the Slavic *Unter-Menschen* had ample foundation. And yet the Russians fought back with undeniable heroism, and showed great capacity to improvise and even to develop weapons that were sometimes better than any the *Wehrmacht* had at its disposal. Post-war events did not make the Russians popular in Germany; there was the question of the remaining prisoners of war, and above all the problem of a divided Germany.

Let us not be unfair to Konrad Adenauer; vis-à-vis Stalin's Russia it would not have made much difference had his understanding of "the Russian question" been more sophisticated. In the middle '50s, however, certain changes began to take place in the Soviet Union which German public opinion almost completely ignored until fairly recently. For in West Germany "Bolshevism" or the "Communist régime" always mean the East German DDR, or, as they prefer to say, the "Soviet Occupation Zone." What happens there overshadows, in German eyes, everything else in the Communist orbit. It is perhaps a natural reaction, but it is not one conducive to a balanced view of European and world affairs.

East Germany, everyone agrees, is the most disagreeable of the East European satellites. Economically the situation has improved, but there have been no concessions to popular needs and views as there have in all other East European countries. Instead there came the Wall, the very symbol of failure. Consequently, Ulbricht and his comrades are now regarded as "Stalinist die-hards." But is this really accurate? Given more suitable conditions he could certainly have tried to play the role of a Novotny or a Gheorgiu Dej, if not of a Janós Kádár. But these conditions do not exist; three-quarters of Germany lies outside his rule and has a tremendous attraction for the great majority of his citizenry. In these circumstances, Communist rule in East Germany is either repressive or it disintegrates. Ulbricht and his circle have bitterly complained about the criticism directed against his policy by his East European comrades, in whose "revisionist" eyes he has become more and more of a liability. *They* can well afford liberal gestures, but how could he, in an exposed position, bear "the brunt of capitalist penetration"? That is the official psychology of East Berlin.

[2] Mr. Louis Fischer, in his recent biography of Lenin, has critically sifted all the evidence about Lenin's maternal grandfather, a physician named Blank, who was presumably the basis of the tale of Lenin's "Jewishness."

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East Germany, then, remains the great stumbling-block on the road to any kind of "Russo-German *rapprochement*." Some Western observers (and, of course, the Chinese) have argued that Khrushchev was willing to give up East Germany as "part of a bigger deal." The same was said at the time of Stalin, and, in 1953, of Beria. I think they are demonstrably wrong. Faced with the Chinese threat, Khrushchev wanted to "normalise" the situation in Central Europe. But could he do so at this price? The German problem involves all of Germany's European neighbours. A united Germany, even if neutral—even if Communist!—would be a major threat in Polish and Czechoslovak eyes. The dilemma facing his successors is very much the same.

What, then, is the outcome likely to be? Certainly no new "Tauroggen," no new "Rapallo," for there is no common enemy against which Russia and Germany could now unite. West Germans are still convinced that though the idea of a divided fatherland may be intolerable, to have no homeland at all would be worse. The most then that one can hope for in this new phase of Russian-German relations is some understanding to "leave well enough alone in Berlin" or to find a new *modus vivendi* acceptable to both sides. Ulbricht surely deserves a rest and will be replaced one of these days by an Erich Honecker or a Willi Stoph. How much will change? There is scope for an extension of trade between the two parts of the country, and one or two minor issues could fruitfully be discussed. But there is not much room for manœuvre on the *major* problems. Like Jupiter, Brezhnev may well say of himself *"Me quoque fata regunt"* (his predecessor would have preferred an earthy Ukrainian proverb to Ovid).

Is THERE NO ESCAPE from destiny? Are the Russians and Germans fated to be enemies in the future as in the past, with the difference in social systems adding virulence to an old conflict? The long-range outlook is less bleak than appears at first sight, for the passage of time sometimes helps to solve the most intractable problems or at least reduces them to more manageable proportions. If Germany and France have buried the ancient and much-bloodied hatchet, new global tensions and conflicts may make the strife in the central and eastern parts of the European sub-continent appear equally small and senseless. Will one day the walls come down and new generations of Russians and Germans, untroubled by bitter memories of the past, work together in the "quest for a better world"? It is, I think, a noble vision and not altogether fanciful. But to-day, alas, these new horizons are not even visible. At best, it will be a very long drawn-out process. At most, there will be the first few and hesitant steps in that direction.

Walter Laqueur

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LETTERS

Opinion Polls

PROFESSOR H. J. EYSENCK is a man of outstanding ability. I understand that his work on the application of Pavlov's theories for the treatment of neurosis is of the highest order. It is therefore a pity that he has chosen to provoke a controversy in a field in which he is not only not an expert, but in which his knowledge of the facts is sketchy ["Are Opinion Polls Adequate?" ENCOUNTER, *February*].

It is particularly unfortunate because several of his ideas are good ones. There *is* a need for more research and for more published data. The establishment of an independent social science organisation of the kind he describes is an excellent suggestion (even if it is the universities who should be taken to task for their failure to follow the American example, rather than the polls). I understand that Dr. Durant is dealing with Professor Eysenck's general criticism in some detail [ENCOUNTER, March], but there are two points which particularly concern N.O.P.

Professor Eysenck writes that we use (for our political polls) "some kind of 'area sampling.'" Descriptions of our sampling methods have frequently appeared in the press. A more detailed description is available to anyone who cares to ask for it. Many people have done so.

Our national polls use probability samples of electors drawn from the electoral registers. "Area sampling" is used in countries in which current electoral registers are not available (for example, in the U.S.A.). The use of the electoral register as a sampling frame is so general here and has been the subject of so much comment that Professor Eysenck's ignorance on this point is all the more surprising.

Professor Eysenck makes another criticism which is novel, unfair and, I think, ridiculous. The polls, he writes, are parasites making use of the work of social scientists and never repaying the debt. But he does not seem to know, or want to know, what we have done. He is not apparently aware of the existence of our Monthly Bulletin, in which we publish the very material which he accuses us of not publishing. It is perhaps relevant to this discussion that our subscription list includes more American than British universities.

But the most dangerous assumption on which this particular criticism rests is that there is something wrong in making use of the methods and results of scientific research for practical ends. Would James Watt have thought British Railways "parasitic"?

G. P. HYETT

Managing Director,
National Opinion Polls,
London

Sins

IN HIS devastating and entertaining discussion of Buchmanism (ENCOUNTER, January 1965), Chaim Bermant pays his respects to religion in general and specific religions in particular with equal vigour.

He writes, "It is not important whether the sins confessed were ever committed. On the Day of Atonement, for example, an orthodox Jew seeks forgiveness for a list of forty-four sins. It would take a superman to commit half of them. . . ." It is good to see that Mr. Bermant knows that the "Great Confessional" on the Day of Atonement employs each of the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet twice in its catalogue of transgressions, all of which, incidentally, are ethical and not ritual in character. It would be even better if he knew that the confessional is couched in the plural and not in the singular, for example: "For the sin which *we have committed* before Thee by wronging our neighbour." The Jew is confessing not merely the sins which he has committed as an individual, but the collective sins of society, in which he is involved and for which he is responsible—in other words, the sins of commission, omission and permission. It would be pleasant to find one of these sins non-existent in our society today, or in any of its predecessors, for that matter.

But perhaps Mr. Bermant knows that the "Great Confessional" on the Day of Atonement is written in the plural and is collective in character. Perhaps he is merely illustrating the sociological principle that for the contemporary Jewish intellectual, any stick, however weak, is good enough to beat Judaism with.

ROBERT GORDIS

Jewish Theological Seminary,
New York City

As Professor Gordis suggests, I am aware that the Yom Kippur confessional is couched in the plural, which does not, of course, detract from my argument that one does not have to sin to benefit from confessions.

I am perplexed by his last sentence. It not only contradicts his first one, it is contrary to anything I wrote and indicates a readiness to see offence where none could possibly have been intended. This is common enough among my co-religionists in general, and it is sad to find it in a person of Professor Gordis' eminence—though in his case it may be due to nothing more untoward than an excessive preoccupation with exegesis.

CHAIM BERMANT

London

Death in Dallas

I SURMISE that you will have regretted the need to print in these columns the words "*The British 'Who Killed Kennedy?' Committee.*" Patriotism may not indeed be enough, but it is something, and one is not happy to meet the word "British" in a context where it does duty for adjectives like "meddlesome, puerile, thick-skinned."

W. L. RICKETTS

Midhurst, Sussex

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Hofstadter's Goldwater

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for my friend Richard Hofstadter to write poor prose, but I think it is important to note that (in the same fashion that others have random bouts with ulcers) he is troubled by occasional apocalyptic seizures in which he has visions of McCarthyism dominating the soul of the American masses. I suspected that his gloomy analysis of Goldwaterism in your October issue was a product of such a fit, but, since ENCOUNTER arrived after the election results were in, I applied the legal maxim *de minimus* and refrained from writing a critique.

However, his return to the battlefield in your January issue disturbs me. As I read his article, I see him asking the question "What kept the American people from following their innate Yahoo convictions?" And his answer, I take it, is that Goldwater was incompetent.

Without arguing the merits, I would like to suggest another answer: that *Goldwaterism* was absurd and that Goldwater's candidacy—far from being a threat to American liberalism—was the closest thing to a right-wing suicide pact that American politics has yet seen. British and European liberals and socialists may have been terrified by the spectre of Goldwater, but those of us who are operationally involved in American politics and who respect the sense and decency of the American people had no doubts from the outset.

JOHN P. ROCHE

Brandeis University,
Waltham, Mass.

Oxford (& Cambridge) Reformed

IN HIS SURVEY of the goings-on of the Franks Committee and its witnesses, Mr. Colin Clark refers to the suggestion that these two universities should become wholly post-graduate institutions. He does so, however, just as nearly everybody else who mentions the possibility, "only to condemn the dangerous idea," though he is good enough to allow it "superficial attractions."

It is a little difficult to understand from the rest of his article what he can suppose these attractions to be. For in spite of his very varied experience, and his position a little beyond the embattled citadel of the traditional curriculum, Mr. Clark seems as much at the mercy of the *Idea of the Ancient University* as anyone who lives within the statutory distance from St. Mary the Virgin in Oxford or St. Mary the Great in Cambridge. He believes unshakeably in the College System. He believes more moderately but still devoutly in tutorials (or supervisions as we should call them here). He believes, in fact or seems to do—I am sure he will correct me if I am wrong—in a very special type of education for the élite of our country.

The élite here means those who will turn into political leaders, high administrators, big-name lawyers and doctors, decorous Somethings-in-the-City, including Fleet Street in that influential area. That he does hold some such view seems to be implied by his opening remarks about the political and intellectual record of Oxford. They astonished me in an eminent statistician, adept at analysing what we should expect. How could Oxford, how could Cambridge, fail to have a galaxy of great names of this kind, given that they were the only two universities in the country until so very recently? He seems prepared to include the teachers in the very special product which his ever-so-slightly reformed Oxford is to go on turning out, not the school teachers of course, but university teachers. They are to be trained in greater numbers, though not apparently to be encouraged to take doctorates, and to have a Middle Common Room, between the undergraduates (really important) and the dons (important, too, especially in so far as they are efficient in training undergraduates).

I must say it does all seem to be a little out of date, and the whole Franks enquiry along with it. When the undergraduates return to Cambridge for term, and even more when I sometimes meet them in the Oxford quadrangles, I find myself remembering that Jean-Paul Sartre, when he came to visit, shrank from even trying to enter into conversation with such cock-sure representatives of ancient privilege. Or I remember that G. B. Shaw said as long ago as 1904:

> Our most ancient universities are too venerable for reform. Any attempt to adapt Oxford and Cambridge to modern industrial needs would be an act of Vandalism comparable to the turning of Westminster Abbey into a railway station. [Alas, the image is out of date before the sentiment itself has been taken account of.] They are the only two institutions of their kind in the world, and though it is conceivable that in the future their undergraduates and dons may be represented by wax figures and admission regulated by a turnstile, no real change is likely to be tolerated.

But let us return to the position of post-graduates within them and to the possibility of a post-graduate university. Post-graduate, let it be noticed, means a university of teachers and of learners who already have degrees, *not* an All Souls and *not* an institution where everyone is engaged in training or teaching for the doctorate.

That this notion has formidable difficulties is obvious to anyone who has paused for a moment to consider the complexity of the university situation in this country, now and as it is likely to be as expansion continues. It should be obvious, too, that in order to believe that it is a desirable aim for anyone who does think seriously on the future of English universities as a whole, as a system, it is not necessary to suppose that the undergraduates should drop out tomorrow, or within a decade, or

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within this century. The case for these two universities as the centres of the English university system is a long-term one, looking forward to the day when they could become the instruments for training the university teachers, co-ordinating academic activity (in so far as such co-ordination is necessary and desirable), providing for the whole university community those national facilities which at the moment they so patently lack.

It rests on much more than the judgment of élitism in university education as undesirable in itself—an unfortunate and dispensable overhang from an age when education after school was indeed reserved to the privileged few, who were in fact the only persons whom society could afford to train in this expensive way. There is the historical and geographical fact which no belated and unlikely outpouring of wealth on other universities could ever overcome, that Oxford, Cambridge, and London are the only three sites where work on English letters can be conveniently studied. This is a fact about the geography of the world (and not simply of our own country).

Nevertheless Oxford and Cambridge continue to be national and insular, less cosmopolitan than any American university of importance. Meanwhile the universities of the North American continent, of Australasia, and to a lesser extent Europe and even of Asia, require us to develop international scholarly communities at the sites of our ancient universities. The needs of the ever-growing departments of letters all over our own country require it even more urgently. This community, as I ventured to suggest in the broadcast talk which Mr. Clark refers to, ought to be the object of the endowments and the paraphernalia of our venerable colleges. They should not go on being devoted to the social pampering of a tiny section of the English meritocracy in training.

There is no need of course to exaggerate the concentration of research facilities, nor to underrate what could be done by determined acquisition on the part of other universities, or by simple travel. The potentialities of micro-photography or of intercommunication by television are of course enormous. There *could* be a system in which every scholar in the country might have access by a telereading system to every book in a copyright library, without leaving his study. There is no need either to accept Mr. Clark's apparently irrefutable objection that a post-graduate Oxford and Cambridge would ruin every other research school. For one thing the volume of post-graduate work is going to expand enormously everywhere, and is bound to be far greater than could go on in three select places, however much they were thrown open in the way already hinted at. For another thing, the first two or three years of a man's academic life are the introduction only to his research career. The university to which he returned after his stay at Oxford or Cambridge, retaining his rights of access there, would become and remain the research school to which he belonged. No rigid scheme need be decided upon in advance. We are in charge of the development of our university system. It does not simply have to go on growing, as and how it will.

Finally there is no need to treat the sciences and the arts in the same way. Perhaps the *University of England*, as it was called when it had its first airing, is not for the natural scientists. The pity of this might be that the two worlds might have to admit at last that they cannot inhabit the same house, or set of houses. There are two further considerations which can only here be registered.

One is that this notion, however, impractical, visionary and difficult, does at least present a long-term prospect to the nation as a whole. Are we really content to allow university and university, institute and institute, to go on growing, jostling, competing, connecting themselves only through Government departments, through Government finance? Can we really do without some headquarters for the huge university community which we are bringing into being? The role of Oxford and Cambridge is bound to change. Let us have some discussion of how, even if the post-graduate suggestion is as impossible to contemplate as Mr. Clark and all its other critics loudly proclaim.

But let us not go on pretending that anything of this kind, anything that could seriously affect the relationship of the ancient universities to the university system can be done by a Commission in Oxford or a Syndicate at Cambridge on the Ancient Universities.

Peter Laslett

Trinity College,
Cambridge

ROBERT GRAVES

MAMMON AND THE BLACK GODDESS

♦

Eight lectures selected by Graves himself – all of which demonstrate his philosophy that . . . "the political and social confusion of these last three thousand years has been entirely due to man's revolt against woman as a priestess of natural magic, and his defeat of her wisdom by the use of intellect."

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CASSELL

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London

Now *that the electronic computer has been applied to literary studies, can it prove that Shakespeare wrote the works that bear his name? The answer is probably yes. In every 2,000 words Shakespeare has about 61 "ands," Bacon 80, and Marlowe 75. Samples of over 6,000 words would show that neither Marlowe nor Bacon can have written any part of the works of Shakespeare.* THE TIMES

Carmarthen, Wales

THE WITHERED STUMP *at Priory Street and Old Oak Lane will not be moved for the time being, thanks to the sorcery and enduring power of Merlin the Wizard. Not even the renewed onslaught of the Ministry of Transport, following new representations by the Carmarthenshire County Council of "the danger to road users by the presence of this obstruction," could move borough authorities. Attached to the stump is a legendary prophecy, attributed to Merlin, that warns:*

"When Priory's Oak shall tumble down
Then will fall Carmarthen Town."

Arthurian legend runs strong in this part of Wales. NEW YORK TIMES

QUESTIONS *about whether a man alleged to be a commercial spy was a double agent between East and West were asked at Bow Street yesterday.*

Godfrey Conway, a film coater, of Drake Road, Harrow, and Alfred Kenneth Roberts, 42, film spooler, of Barchester Road, Harrow, both Kodak employees, were sent for trial accused of passing on technical information about photographic processes to an East German "commercial spy" named Soupert.

They pleaded not guilty and reserved their defence.

Asked by Roberts if he found any collection of photographs at the shed in his garden, Det.-Chief-Insp. Jenkins replied: "I saw 21 obscene photographs there. I saw a photograph of Mr. Khrushchev shaking hands with you."

Roberts: "That was not one of the obscene photographs?"—"No."

THE DAILY WORKER

Belgrade

PARTY LEADERS *in Ljubljana deemed it necessary to prohibit a monthly review called "Perspektive" which—like Djilas—wanted to see some sort of opposition party functioning. They also banned a play because it presented a Communist functionary as an inhuman dictator, and they disciplined a Slovene poet who satirised the party's tame intellectuals.*

The significant thing is the public rumpus that followed, and the fact that the régime then made no effort to gag the protesters. Seven editors of the review published an open letter inviting collective arrest so that they might take collective responsibility. A court order banned the play after a régime-organised section of the audience had howled it off-stage 20 minutes after the curtain went up on the première.

Letters to the local press immediately demanded more tolerance and less squeamishness about portraying things as they sometimes are. How, they asked could a play be judged, let alone banned, before it had even been heard?

N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

Oxford

SPEAKING *to a group of undergraduates the Archbishop of York said that the rapid growth in world literacy posed the great problem not only of helping people to read but of what they should read. "It would be an enormous tragedy if the church, which took the initiative in teaching people to read, lost the initiative in the matter of what people shall read," he said. "Have we got a counterpart, for example, to Aldous Huxley?" There was also a need for children's books and even strip cartoons. "I would like to see an illustrated edition of the revised catechism," he said.* THE TIMES

Manchester

PUBLISHERS *stopped smiling and looked hot and very sad at the meeting of the Children's Writers Group of the Society of Authors. Few books for older children were illustrated these days, and the main reason was that publishers have allowed themselves to be convinced that older children didn't want to be condescended to by illustrations. Children wanted to read books like adult books. Children of 13 and 14 were reading Salinger nowadays.* THE GUARDIAN

Paris

THOSE *who feel strongly about religion should probably abstain from Jean-Christopher Averty's programme at the Alhambra Music Hall. He hews to the best of the French tradition for anti-clericalism. The audience responds in the same tradition: Christ crucified on the backboard of a basketball court brings roars of delight. Elsewhere the programme includes inter alia a pregnant nun, a homosexual general and his boyfriend para, and a singer spitting on the audience.*

But the only time Averty really drew blood was a disrespectful reference to the late Edith Piaf. Some things are still sacred in France.

N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

Johannesburg

"UHURU," *Robert Ruark's novel, banned until now in South Africa, will go on sale next month. The author has switched the colour of one character to meet the Government's racial views.* DAILY MAIL

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The March to Nowhere

In his review of Christopher Driver's *The Disarmers*, Mr. David Rees [Encounter, February] takes the author to task on three main points: (*1*) that he idealises the history of CND to an unjustified extent, (2) that he allows an unjustified degree of moral superiority to the marchers—as opposed to the advocates of multilateral disarmament through the accepted channels, and (*3*) that he develops no theory of international relationships that could justify CND.

On the first point, I should have thought that Mr. Driver had not been unduly generous. He distributes praise and blame with a fairly impartial hand—as witness his condemnation of some of the more emotional and extreme utterances of CND spokesmen, and even (as in the case of Lord Russell's comparison between Western statesmen and Hitler) of spokesmen who were not in CND at the time. Mr. Rees might himself have achieved a more honourable balance if he had quoted some at least of Lord Russell's more cogent utterances (as, for example in his book *Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare*). Intemperate abuse is always regrettable; but CND certainly got as good as it gave of this commodity.

Mr. Rees quotes Canon Collins as saying (of the American government of the time) that it was "riddled with the folly of thinking in the past and with hysteria against Communism," and he instances this as yet another sample of wild exaggeration. But was it, in fact, so wild in the context of 1960, with the Bay of Pigs still fresh in the public mind, and "co-existence" still a dirty word? And if Mr. Driver does not dwell (as Mr. Rees would have him do) on the alleged concupiscence of the Aldermaston marchers, perhaps it is because he never regarded it as part of his job to indulge in second-hand and unsubstantiated *voyeurism* along the A.4.

On the second point, it is evident from Mr. Driver's own account that he was concerned, not with the moral superiority of the marchers over Mr. Rees and his kind, but with the fact that (to quote Mr. Driver) "Your average Aldermaston marcher, at least before the march became a predominantly teenage jaunt, could fairly pride himself with knowing more about the ills of the world and their causes *than most of his peers and coevals in Detroit and Denver*." My emphasis. Herman Kahn and his fellow-strategists in America hardly come in this category—and are certainly more widely read in CND than in any comparable group in this country or America.

As to Mr. Rees' third point (which I take to be that NATO is a permanent fact of international life to which CND offers no viable alternative), I should have thought that discretion was here the better part of valour. On the matter of the independent deterrent it was CND, after all, that pointed the way to what has since become official Labour (and Liberal) policy. With NATO in its present disarray, is it so impossible that CND is once again a few paces ahead of what may yet become received opinion?

On one point I am glad to agree with Mr. Rees: "a true marriage of idealism and realism" is most certainly necessary "in all discussion relating to defence policy." And, I would add, a greater measure of tolerance between CND and its critics. If the Campaign has not always been charitable to its opponents, Mr. Rees' review has only compounded the offence. Surely it is time to wipe the slate clean, and to conduct the most important dialogue of our time in an atmosphere of mutual respect.

Terence Heelas

Coach House Lodge,
Lustleigh, Devon

I have no intention of entering into a lengthy exchange of *tu quoques* with Mr. Heelas except to remark that the slightly irascible, confused tone of his letter is a reasonably good example of the CND's "higher thought." The gratuitous reference to the Bay of Pigs, for example, is revealing—Mr. Heelas even gets the year wrong, but what does it matter so long as it can be dragged in as an anti-American reference? Much the same syndrome underlies Mr. Heelas' propagandist defence of "coexistence." (When Khrushchev visited Denmark in June 1964 he was asked by a Danish journalist when he expected coexistence would be possible. He replied: "Under Communism.") Possibly the most otiose part of Mr. Heelas' letter, however, is his curious claim that somehow the disarmers, and not the Western policy of negotiating from strength, have been responsible for the Labour Party policy on the deterrent. If Mr. Heelas "and his kind" believe that—as of course they do!—they can believe anything.

David Rees

London

Translation

I was astonished to find, in the February number number of Encounter, page 55, a serious mistake in the translation of a common French idiom. Sartre's remark: "C'est bien fait pour lui!" does *not* mean: "It was made for him," which would have read: "*Il* est fait pour lui."—No; all Sartre meant was: "Serves him right!" Therefore, the second paragraph of the article is wide off the mark, as well as the beginning of the fourth.

G. H. Rochat

Porth (Rhondda),
Glamorgan

Keynes & Kingsley Martin

Mr. Kingsley Martin's article "Arguing with Keynes" [Encounter, February] makes depressing reading. The record of the *N.S.* in the field of muddle-headed political thinking and appeasement, once *vis-à-vis* Hitler's Germany and then *vis-à-vis*

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Russia, has long been common knowledge, but now its former Editor lays bare in his "Memoir" on Lord Keynes the calamitous errors of judgment committed by the *N.S.* over the years.

(Incidentally, Kingsley Martin is wrong in assuming that Keynes' *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, which he calls "the most brilliant pamphlet of our age," was "not seriously challenged until the eve of the Second World War"; in fact, it was challenged by the French vocally and in writing as well as by several East European writers; and by 1933 it was already clear to all serious political observers in Europe that Keynes was cruelly wrong in his analysis of Germany.)

Mr. Martin now admits that he regrets his "indiscretion" at the time of the Sudeten crisis—that "we should not be able to help the Czechs if we encouraged them to resist Hitler." If memory serves me right, the *N.S.* was the first in the field of appeasement even before the *Times* in the Sudeten crisis; this is not mentioned in Mr. Martin's distressing chronicle.

This "comedy of errors" which seems to be the *N.S.* political record is emphasised by Mr. Martin's account of the attitude taken by him at the beginning of the Second World War. He obviously sided with Bernard Shaw who wrote a memorable letter, a typical piece of political clowning, urging (to quote Kingsley Martin's own words) "that we ought to give up the pretence of war and leave the Russians and Germans to come to terms." That Bernard Shaw did not understand what it was all about, and that he did not see what Hitler's real ambitions were, and that the actual "theme" of Hitler's war was an attack on Russia, is a permissible interpretation; but that an experienced political commentator could not envisage the shape of things to come, and realise the issues involved, is truly pathetic. It is equally pathetic that in his summing up Mr. Martin says that "the most important thing seemed to me to avoid quarrelling with the U.S.S.R." This is really an embarrassingly diffident programme for a great power like Britain and for a leading political paper in this country. The means advocated over the years by the *N.S.* to achieve that modest aim now seems to be either naïve or confused. Even now Kingsley Martin seems to believe in the Russian version of the Katyn Wood murder of Polish officers, the version which laid the guilt at the door of Germany He quotes Lord Keynes' rather vague comment on this tragic incident which forces one to conclude that this brilliant economist was not very well informed about the whole matter.

Z. A. Grabowski

London

"Nigger"

I can only hope that some of your readers are not only amused by the tid-bits you cull for inclusion on your "Life & Letters Today" page. Last month you printed an earnest and terrible passage describing the attack in Mississippi on a Negro. And what did these brutal white hooligans want from the young man? Not his money, nor his life—only a word. They wanted him to say, not that he was "a Negro," but "a nigger." How much sicker can the racial neurosis of our day become than this miserable struggle to exort a single "dirty word" from a helpless victim?

Only a word? In Shakespeare's phrase, " a word and a blow." Words can wound, and the battle over words can murder. Yet in England a blithe insensitivity still seems to prevail. In the textile trade, the term "nigger brown" is still bandied about as if nothing has been happening in the world; many schoolchildren are, accordingly, instructed to buy their uniforms in that "proper" colour. And only the other day in the House of Commons, when the Labour Government won a vote with a majority of four, the following (*Daily Mail*, 10 Feb.) occurred:

> "Brigadier Terence Clarke (Conservative, Portsmouth West) shouted: 'Five nigger boys would have got a defeat!' A Labour M.P. asked if such a remark were in order. The Speaker said there was no impropriety."

No impropriety? What are we waiting for—new Notting Hill riots—until we awaken with sufficient moral sensitivity to the problem of linguistic humiliation? There are "words that teem with hidden meaning," and who amongst us are still "wogs" or "frogs," "wops" or "kikes" or "sheenies"? Is this still the people of the poets who said

"suit the action to the word, the word to the action"

and

"One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it. . . ."

G. D. H. Thomson

York

The Scent of History

The following correspondence should be of interest to all students of history. It opens up possibilities which were only briefly suggested in Huxley's *Brave New World* and some of the experiments of cinerama. Why shouldn't the historian use such means to recapture the past?

Peter Stansky
Assistant Professor of Histor

Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

October 31st, 1964

Dear Sirs,

As a student of the life and works of the late Edward Marjoribank[s], 2nd Baron Tweedmouth (you might at least have spelt his name correctly),

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I was most interested to see your ad. about him in the latest *New Yorker*.

> **Rigaud**
> **mourns the passing of**
> **Edward Marjoribank,**
> **2nd Baron Tweedmouth.**
> **He was precisely the sort of man who**
> **would have most enjoyed wearing**
> **Eau de Kananga,**
> **the cologne for the kind of man**
> **they hardly make any more.**
> **Eau de Kananga by Rigaud**

Considering that the man is 55 years dead (and presumably without any heirs to protect his memory), it is odd that you should have singled him out as being particularly likely to favour Eau de Kananga. But perhaps you know much more about the late Lord Tweedmouth than I do and I confess to a professional wish to share your knowledge. Whatever assistance you could give me on Tweedmouth would be deeply appreciated.

PETER STANSKY

November 16th, 1964

Dear Professor Stansky:

I apologise for our delay in answering your recent inquiry. I must explain that we are in our busiest period of the year, doing our best to ship Kananga and other products of ours to stores who want their goods immediately.

However your note stimulated some provocative questions on the nature of "the past," and whether it is possible to predict similar events that could happen in the past as well as in the future. I hope you'll allow me to express myself in an area where I claim no professional competence.

The questions your note aroused lead me in turn to ask: is it possible that time is finite and thus history, which is an element of time, is also finite? In that light perhaps one could say that historical events leave trace marks on the surface of time in a never ending pattern of variations. Birth and death start and end each tracery.

It may well be that Lord Tweedmouth was *not* the kind of man who would have enjoyed Eau de Kananga, but I can with assurance state that men to-day and in the future will like it and use it. Why not men in the past?

The sense of smell is sovereign to memory. Your own exploration into the tracery of past lives might be aided in unexpected ways by odour—an odour we believe Marjoribanks himself would have enjoyed. We're taking the liberty of sending you a flacon of Eau de Kananga. Perhaps it will be a help in sensing some of the fugitive aspects of your subject's personality.

DAVID MAYER
Vice-President for Sales

Rigaud,
New York & Paris

AUTHORS

Robert Musil's story will appear in a collection called *Tonka*, shortly to be published by Secker & Warburg in London....

Professor Z. K. Brzezinski's article has been adapted from a study for the Council on Foreign Relations in New York. It will be published later this spring by McGraw-Hill in a larger work entitled *Alternative to Partition*....

Robert Graves' essay on "Moral Principles in Translation" is included in his new book, *Mammon and the Black Goddess* (Cassell). His "Mammon" essay appeared in the June 1964 ENCOUNTER....

Stuart Hood was until recently Controller of Programmes for B.B.C. Television. After his resignation he joined Rediffusion Television in London as Controller of Programmes. He is also the author of *Pebbles from My Skull*, published by Hutchinson in 1963....

Louis J. Halle is the author of *Men and Nations* (1963) and the forthcoming *Society of Man* (Chatto and Windus). He lectures at the University in Geneva....

Cover design by **Colin Banks** and **John Miles.**

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ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd. (25 Haymarket, S.W.1), in association with the International Publishing Corporation (33 Holborn, E.C.1).
ENCOUNTER Books are published in association with Weidenfeld & Nicolson (20 New Bond Street, W.1).
MANUSCRIPTS for ENCOUNTER should be sent to 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupons, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details see page 1.

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES

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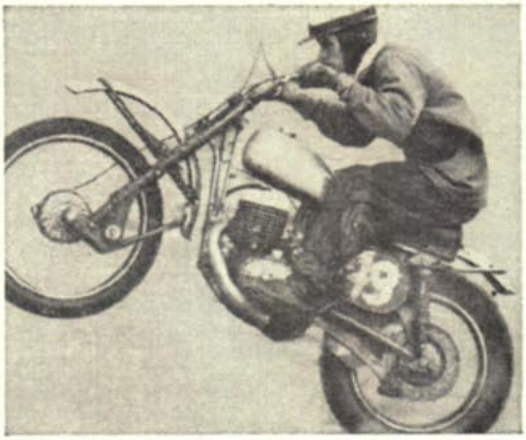
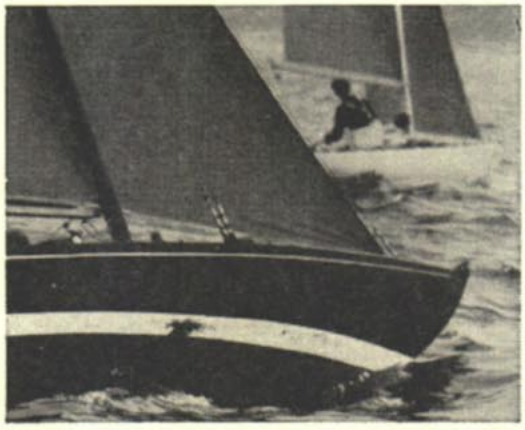


Mud-larking . . .



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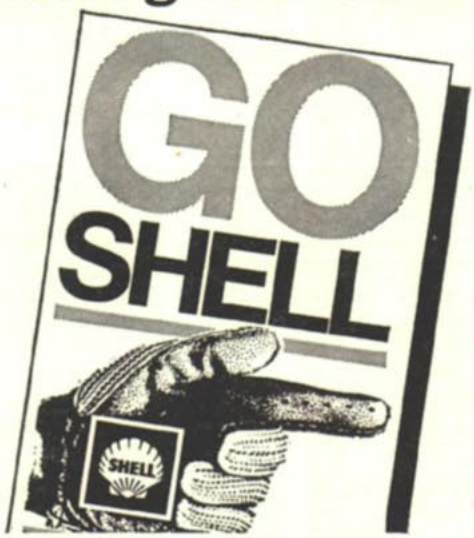

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